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Memoir of the life and work of William Julius Mann

Emma T. Mann

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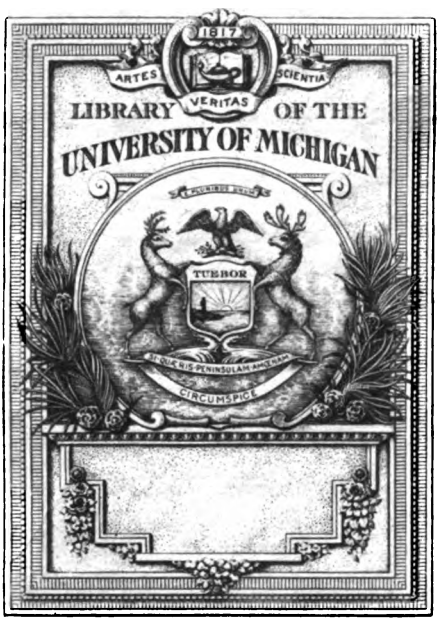

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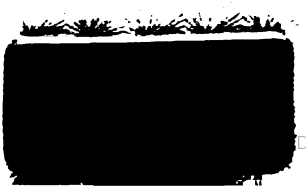

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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE AND WORK

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MANN.

TOGETHER WITH A FEW

SERMONS AND SHORT EXTRACTS.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

PHILADELPHIA:
THE JAS. B. RODGERS PRINTING COMPANY,
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1893.

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TO MY BELOVED

Mother,

THESE PAGES, WHICH SILENTLY SPEAK ALSO OF HER

LIFE-WORK IN THE PAST,

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY

Dedicated.

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" 'Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit!'
Du Heimathlaut in fremden Pilgerthalen!
Tiefdunkel ist die ernste Ewigkeit,
Doch wie durch Nachtgewoelk des Mondes Strahlen,
Glaenzt der Verheissung Licht durch Todesleid:
Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit.

"Bei Ihm versammelt! Seinem Salem geht
Die Wallfahrt zu. Wie oft in guten Stunden,
Wenn seiner Naehe Odem uns umweht,
Hat es Sein Volk, vor Ihm vereint, empfunden:
Das ist die Fuelle aller Seligkeit:
Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit.

" Du Gotteswort, dem froh der Glaube traut,
Wohl magst du allen Erdenjammer stillen,
Das finstre Thal, vor dem der Seele graut,
Mit Morgenroth und heil'gem Frieden fuellen,
O Heimathlicht aus dunkler Ewigkeit:
Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit!"

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PREFACE.

IN the first bewildering sense of sorrow after the death of one dearly beloved, memory seeks to hold fast the days that have forever gone, and gathers precious recollections of the past, to heal the wounds time is continually renewing. This record of events of my father's life and work came into being in the stress of sorrow that found much consolation in thinking and reading of him; it was not the fear that the picture of his strong personality and noble character might easily fade from the minds of those who knew him, nor because a better record of his labors had not been given by a more experienced pen. As his life work was so largely among those of his own nationality, and, on that account, less known to a large circle of friends, it was thought that a review of it, even by one who could only give a narrative of events, would not be without interest.

It may seem that a freer use of diaries and letters might have made a more complete picture, but the difficulty of selection, among so much that was at hand, was very great; and much, very naturally, was of too personal a nature to permit its introduction. As it is, the material used, especially the quotations from letters, has unavoidably suffered by translation.

In gathering exact information on some questions of family genealogy and in supplying the complete outline of the early years of my father's life, my uncles, Mr. Chas. G. Mann and the Rev. Adolph Mann, of Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, very kindly assisted me,

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and I herewith thank them most sincerely. My warm thanks are also due to my father's life-long friends, Rev. Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., who generously placed at my disposal the correspondence of forty-five years, and the Rev. G. F. Krotel, D.D., LL.D., who most kindly encouraged me, and assisted me in the preparation of the sketch of my father's activity in the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America. Nor must I fail to acknowledge my indebtedness to Rev. Prof. Adolph Spaeth, D.D. and his "Memorial of William Julius Mann," and to the Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk for his most valuable sketch of my father as professor.

Assured that to my beloved sisters and brothers, who share with me so many precious memories, this will be a welcome offering, I also indulge the hope, that in the still larger circle of relatives and friends, it may awaken many pleasant and tender recollections.

EMMA T. MANN.

PHILADELPHIA, Whitsuntide, 1893.

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MEMOIR.

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CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

WILLIAM JULIUS MANN came of an ancient, honored, German lineage. On his father's side, he traced his ancestry to the days of the Reformation; his mother was a descendant of the Bilfinger family, honorably named in the history of Wurtemberg in the last decades of the 15th century.

In 1540, and probably for many years before, his ancestors lived in Hirschlanden, a village of Wurtemberg, not far from Stuttgart; and only as recently as 1871 did the race become extinct there. The earliest parish register in existence, preceding records being destroyed in the later stormy days of the Thirty Years' War, contains on its title page this inscription: "Church-register of the Parish of Hirschlanden. This book was purchased by Johannes Mann and cost 4 florins. 1624." It was the treasurer of the congregation, called in the olden days "Heiligen-Pfleger," or "guardian of the sacred funds," who bought the parish books. He had the care not only of the monies, but, as well, of whatever property the Church possessed in fields, forest-lands and so forth. The incumbent of this office of trust was chosen from among the old, influential families of the community, and no one under forty-five years of age was permitted to fill it. The Manns in those early days were freeholders and landowners, and their name occasionally occurs among the mayors of the town.

Uninterruptedly the registers of Hirschlanden contain the records of births, marriages and deaths of members of the family. Offshoots from the original stock settled in

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the vicinity; and the ties of blood were evidently strong, for the baptismal records prove that Manns from neighboring villages frequently became sponsors to the rising generation in Hirschlanden. Between 1663 and 1730, the baptisms of no less than fifty-eight children of the name are recorded.

John George, the son of Johannes Martin and Anna Margaretta Mann, and the father of William Julius, was born in Hirschlanden on the 18th of January, 1778. He received his education in the Gymnasium (classical school) at Stuttgart. Upon the completion of his studies he entered a commercial house in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and afterwards was for a time connected with a mercantile business in Erlangen, Bavaria. In 1805 he established himself in Stuttgart and founded an extensive business in wool and colonial products, which he carried on until 1845, when he retired.

When a young man, he traveled extensively in the interests of business, and during the troublous days of the Napoleonic Wars made many a journey on horseback, with pistols hanging from his saddle-bow. He was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine when it was besieged by the French, and the house in which he lived was struck by a bomb. To avoid the meeting with a party of French soldiers, and the possible impressment into the service of his country's foes, he hid, on one occasion, in the moat, and gladly found protection, after the escape, within the city walls.

He was a man of strong personality and of grave and dignified manner, and he was a devout Christian, who loved the word and house of God and took an active part in the work of His kingdom. He was one of the fifteen citizens of Stuttgart, among whom were Count Seckendorf, prime minister of the kingdom, and the Prelates Flatt and Dann, who, on the 11th September, 1812, founded the Bible Society of Wurtemberg. In those days of despotic, kingly power, this good work was a dangerous undertaking, and

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was regarded suspiciously in high places because it savored of independent thought and action. It is difficult to realize at present that to raise funds for the purposes of the Society created less difficulty than to obtain the royal permission to carry on the work. His Majesty finally graciously announced that he was unwilling to frustrate the good intentions, etc.; but a public institution could only be allowed under supervision. Finally, the Dean of Stuttgart was ordered to appoint a committee of six of the founders of the Society, for whose character and social standing he was responsible, and to them the royal instructions were given. Mr. Mann was among the six named. At the first meeting of the Society he was made its treasurer, an office which he filled for nearly forty years with untiring zeal and conscientious devotion.

In the next year the royal favor obtained the freedom of postage for the Society; a matter of some consequence when it was about seventy per cent. higher than at present.

In 1819 an appeal for Bibles came from America; but a statute law forbade their sale into a foreign country without permission from the king. The Society wished neither to refuse the books nor to ask the royal favor. They therefore bought and sent a number of Bibles as private property to the Evangelical Lutheran St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation in Philadelphia for distribution, and made no record of this transaction on their minutes.

When, seventy years afterwards, Dr. William J. Mann, as Archivarius of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, was arranging the papers of the late Dr. J. H. Helmuth, he found among them, to his surprise and gratification, letters from the Wurtemberg Bible Society signed by his father.

After Mr. Mann retired from business in 1845, he accepted the office of City Almoner of Stuttgart, which to the close of his life in 1858 he administered with great fidelity. He introduced many new and practical measures to save the public funds and to further their equitable distribution.

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Dr. Mann's maternal grandfather was George Christopher Gentner, Ober-Amtmann (Judge) in Backnang, Wurtemberg. A fragment of his autobiography which has come down to us is written in a hand as firm and legible as print. He attended the Latin school at Goeppingen, and at fifteen entered the classical school at Blaubeuren, Wurtemberg. His mother had intended him for the service of the Church, but "after prayerful consideration, and with his mother's consent," he matriculated at Tuebingen as a student of law. In 1763 he "returned to his mother" and practised law in Nuertingen until 1765, when the Duke of Wurtemberg appointed him Ober-Amtmann in Freudenstadt, and after some years in Backnang, Wurtemberg. His father, Johannes Daniel Gentner, also Ober-Amtmann, died in 1749, when the son was only nine years old; and had also been prepared in the classical institutions at Blaubeuren, Wurtemberg, for his university course at Tuebingen.

The Gentners came originally from Saxony to Wurtemberg, and the name was in former times probably "Lindner;" and in the family escutcheon the branch of a linden tree figures prominently.

Rosina Fredericka Lang Gentner, Dr. Mann's maternal grandmother, was a highly-gifted woman, whose fine mind and superior education made her the leader of a social circle. She and her husband enjoyed the high esteem and friendship of Duke Charles Eugene of Wurtemberg. Her grandson well remembered her bright and lively manner and her witty conversation; and he treasured as one of his precious possessions the manuscript of a History of the Popes from the first Bishop of Rome to the 9th century, written by his intellectual and studious grandmother.

Her father, the Rev. Philip Heinrich Lang,—for seven successive generations the family held offices in Church or State,—married Maria Fredericka Weckherlin, a member of the family of that name well known in the annals of Suabia.

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The mother of this great-grandfather of Dr. Mann was Maria Elizabeth Bilfinger. Her family is honorably named in the history of Wurtemberg in the early days of the 15th century, and the descent from it secures through the male and female line several important privileges in connection with the University of Tuebingen.

A member of the Bilfinger family, an abbot, renounced Romanism in the days of the Reformation, and founded and endowed in the University town of Tuebingen a building known as the "Neue Bau." In it, descendants of the family studying at the University find rooms, board and service provided for them. The length of time they may enjoy these privileges during the four years course of study is limited only by the number of descendants studying at one time.

Dr. Mann's mother, Augusta Fredericka, the daughter of George Christopher and Fredericka Lang Gentner, was born in Freudenstadt, in the Black Forest, Wurtemberg, on the 29th of May, 1790. She had one sister and two brothers. Like her mother she possessed fine intellectual gifts, and had decided poetical talent. She was endowed with uncommon vivacity and sprightliness of mind and a lively imagination; her beauty of countenance made her as attractive as her charming and winning manners made her lovable. As a little girl she was a great favorite of the Duke of Wurtemberg, who was often her parents' guest.

But the characteristic which most strongly marked her was a deep and living faith in Christ, her Saviour. This pervaded her life and sanctified all her admirable qualities of mind and heart; from the Christian standpoint she estimated all things, and she valued them only in their relation to the kingdom of God. It was through the influence of the Rev. Mr. Handel, in Nuertingen, where her father lived after retiring from public life, and in the Christian circle that gathered about him and his admirable and gifted

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wife, that her religious impressions became deep, earnest conviction.

It was here that she met her husband, John George Mann, and on the 28th of April, 1816, she became his wife. He had been married before, and to his three motherless boys she became so devoted and loving a mother, that in after years, when her own three sons were growing up, neither they nor their brothers knew that they were not all children of the same mother. In the education of her sons, she displayed admirable firmness and wisdom, combined with devoted love. In the large circle of friends which gathered about her and her husband in their Stuttgart home, she was most highly esteemed, as well for her bright intellect as for her firm and loving Christian character. In the many-sided activity of her husband, she took most active interest, her ready judgment and admirable tact making her counsel most helpful. Among the men who frequented their home were the learned divines and eloquent pulpit orators, Christian Adam Dann and Wilhelm and Ludwig Hofacker; the poets, Ludwig Uhland and Gustav Schwab; the hymnologist, Albert Knapp; the philanthropist, Stephen Grellet; Dr. Pinkerton, of the London Bible Society; and the great preacher and inspirer of mission-work, Dr. Christian Gottlob Barth.

Of the five sons of the family who attained manhood, two entered mercantile life, and three studied theology and entered the ministry: one served the church in his native Wurtemberg; one labored in the mission-field in Africa; and the other found in America a wide field of activity and usefulness in the service of the Master.

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CHAPTER II.

BIRTH—CHILDHOOD. 1819–1825.

WILLIAM JULIUS MANN, the fifth son born to his father, came to the world on his mother's birthday, the 29th of May, in the year 1819, at Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. His brother Charles Gottlob was two years older than he; and in 1820, the family circle was completed by the birth of another son, Adolph.

Of the elder brothers, Heinrich, the first-born, died when Julius was not yet five years old. Rudolph and Victor were the leaders of their younger brothers in sport, and Rudolph, especially, was, in later years, as well their paragon in study.

They were a merry company and enjoyed in the healthy atmosphere of their Christian home a peculiarly happy and sunny childhood, that left among the cares and labors of after years a sweet savor of love and innocent joy. The wish for a sister was often expressed by the brothers. It is related that the little girls who visited the family were always royally treated by the boys, who wanted to adopt one of them as a sister.

One of the very earliest recollections of little Julius, grown somewhat vague, indeed, in the misty haze of years, was the form of the family doctor, the Medicinalrath Frank, who attended him and Charles when both were afflicted with measles. The doctor was a celebrity, who at the Carl's Schule at Stuttgart had been a class-mate of the great French financier Neckar, of Schelling, the father of the philosopher, of the sculptor Dannecker, and of the great Schiller. But to the little boys, his long black cloak, or-

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namented with the royal order of merit; his light gray knee breeches and high top-boots; and above all, his great gold-headed cane, ornamented with leather tassels a foot in length, with which they were allowed to play, were his distinguishing characteristics.

A number of anecdotes of Julius's childhood, which have come down to us reveal the straightforward, generous, lovable character of the boy, and to a degree, also, the energy, originality and humor which in later years so strongly marked him.

Of the old servants in the family, there is still living Frau Fischer, now an aged widow of four-score and ten, then known as "Rickele," the much-beloved nurse of the children and in after years the "Stuetze der Hausfrau" (head domestic), who was especially fond of Julius. She relates that when he was about four years old, he insisted upon being taken to a meeting, that he had heard a Quaker, a visitor at Stuttgart, was to address. In the assembly all was quiet and Julius sat expectant. But for twenty minutes, silence reigned supreme and his patience gave out. Tugging his nurse's dress, he said in a loud clear tone, "So gut kann ich's auch; komm, da gehen wir!" (I can do as well myself! Let's go!")

Another time, he had been given a "Zehnkreutzerstueck," (a dime.) He bought for it a dozen pretzels and was presently discovered at the street corner, the pretzels strung upon his father's cane, offering with a sweet smile to every passer-by a pretzel as a morning greeting. The brothers teased him greatly about this use of his money, but he stoutly maintained he had had a great deal of pleasure from it.

The family home for forty years was a large, typical Stuttgart house in the Houptstaedter Strasse, near the St. Leonard's Church, which was surrounded by the "Platz," that afforded a fine place for play. The old Gothic building was an object of wonder and admiration to the boys, and it was their great delight to explore its hidden nooks. The

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sexton was their devoted friend and it was regarded as an especial mark of favor to be allowed to ring the bell for service. In his baby days, Julius wanted to go to the "Thurm," a longing that was often satisfied in boyhood, and a propensity that marked him through life: a lofty position and an extended view always had a peculiar fascination for him.

Before the church, there stands a fine crucifix, twenty feet high, carved in stone. It is a feature of the "Kirchen Platz." One day, little Julius while playing in the dirt attempted to model the church. He was asked whether he intended to make the crucifix, too. Looking up seriously, he said, "Ja, wenn der Dreck langt!" (Yes, if there is dirt enough!)

The organ-loft and the organ awakened his curiosity and delight, and in very early childhood he determined to learn how to make music on the big instrument. When, in after years, as a boy of fourteen, he sat one day at the organ playing, he was surprised to find the Prelate Dann standing beside him and attentively listening. The great and good man patted him on the shoulder and said: "Julius, you have done well; never neglect your music." And indeed he never did.

When a little boy of five or six years, Julius liked to play church, an amusement to which Saturday evening was usually devoted. Arrayed in a long black shawl, with paper bands, he mounted a footstool behind the table in the nursery, and delivered his sermon. Little Adolph played beadle; the bell hung in the card-board tower of a church that had supplemented the Christmas decorations. The congregation consisted of the sexton, one or two boys of the neighborhood and the devoted "Rickele." The attempt to enlarge his audience as the speaker desired, did not meet with a great measure of success. But the preacher took his speeches quite seriously and on one occasion, being helped rather scantily to bread and jam at lunch, exclaimed with earnestness, "Wartet nur, des nachste mal predige ich

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vom Geiz!" (Just wait, the next time I shall preach on meanness!)

"When I was hardly six years old," he wrote many years afterwards, "I paid a first visit from my Suabian home to Switzerland." Over the beautiful Suabian Alb, he went with his father and brother Charles by way of Ulm to Friedrichshaven. The broad expanse of Lake Constance, seen on the evening of their arrival glistening in the moonlight made upon the boys a lasting impression. The next day in a steamboat, one of the first used on the lake, they crossed to Rorschach. This short voyage was memorable because fire broke out and was with difficulty extinguished. The incidents of the journey, the new experiences of travel, which in those days was enhanced by the leisure and pleasure of coaching, and above all, the majestic beauty of the snow-covered Alps, made this trip a delightful and well-remembered epoch in the lives of the little boys.

When visiting on one occasion the maternal grandmother in Nuertingen, where the brothers, by the way, enjoyed some of their liveliest pranks, Julius was shown, as a curiosity, an exquisite, tiny basket, symmetrically and delicately carved from a cherry stone. His eyes opened wide with wonder, and his admiration of the workmanship was great. In a few moments he said: "Ich moecht's auch probiren!" (I would like to try to make one!) Upon being given a small pen-knife and a cherry-stone, he set earnestly to work and actually accomplished, though only a little fellow of ten, the making of a tiny basket with a handle and several small ornamental openings at the sides, in imitation of the perfect little Nuremberg model before him.

Both the original and the father's work when a little boy are in possession of one of his children, highly prized, not only because of the workmanship, but as an earnest of that noble energy, that steadiness of purpose and the artistic taste that marked the great and good man.

By his little play-fellows, Julius was greatly beloved and

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they were generally willing to let him "play the Sultan," for he liked to take the lead in sport, and in snow-ball fights, it is said, he usually wanted to be the "captain." In the amusements at home, Rudolph, full of wit and fun, was the leader, as well because of his superior years as because of the zest and sympathy with which he entered into all the boyish plans of his younger brothers.

Once during vacation, all the boys were agreed that they would be perfectly happy, if they might for one day do just as they pleased. Permission was accordingly granted and no one was to interfere with their pleasures. The neighbors were amazed, we are not surprised to hear, to find them whitewashing the front door, a proceeding which somewhat abruptly curtailed their day of freedom.

One of the well-remembered exploits that showed the love of the brothers for fun, regardless of danger, was made to tease an old neighbor, whose daily habit was to consult his weather-vane from a favorable position on the Kirchen-platz. Horrified indeed was the old gentleman, one bright morning, to see a huge pumpkin perched on his vane, transforming it into a ludicrous and useless object. It had been no small matter to reach the high gabled roof of the old house; but the boys had enjoyed the fun and the danger, and Julius appeased the old friend's wrath by climbing up again and taking the big pumpkin away.

The fun and merry-making sometimes came suddenly to an end and occasionally left a deep impression on the young minds. High up under the gables of the house was a lumber and drying-room; hams, tongues, and such savory things, hung under the rafters, and in the autumn, fruit was dried there for winter use. One October day, the fact that pears and peaches had been put to dry was whispered about, and as the key to this lofty apartment was not in their keeping, the brothers planned to scale the side wall and enter by the window. One of the boys finally reached the window-sill and was about to jump in, when his face

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changed color and he whispered to the others, "Father is there!" At this there was a sudden scramble for safer quarters and the brothers had a serious talk. If they did not dare to enter when their father was in the room, they suddenly discovered that it was not fun to take the forbidden fruit; and so the escapade led to serious reflection.

It was in their code of honor to confess their faults. When anything was wrong, the author of the mischief had to tell all about it and take the punishment, if there was any. The mother, who sympathized at heart with all the merriment, was nevertheless very strict with her boys and insisted upon implicit obedience; their father, who was sometimes called in to pass sentence upon them, always tempered his judgments with mercy. Perfect confidence and true sympathy kept very close the bond of love between parents and sons.

The servants took great pride in the children, and, as happened more frequently in times past than now, they were in the family for many years. Julius was an especial favorite, because of his amiability and ready wit; nor did they forget when he had grown to manhood the affection they bore him. One "Dieterle" who was in his father's service for twenty-seven years, having accumulated some means, emigrated to America. Years afterwards, he heard that Mr. Mann was in Philadelphia. The faithful fellow shouldered his knapsack in Kittanning in Pennsylvania, and traveled to Philadelphia to see his "lieber Julius," whom he embraced with tears. And indeed the young clergyman was not less glad to see the faithful friend of his boyhood's days; for no one appreciated love and devotion more than he.

About a mile from their home, which was in the heart of the city, the family had a fine garden to which on pleasant days they always repaired. Julius and his brothers were devoted to the garden, where cherries and raspberries offered refreshment in the spring, and the ripening apples, pears and plums sweetened the summer. until in the autumn, the

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year was crowned with the rich harvest of juicy grapes. Forget-me-nots, roses, oleanders and carnations, and all the bright array of garden flowers bloomed there, too, in lovely profusion. In genial weather, it was customary to take the evening meal there, for which a substantial garden house afforded necessary appliances. On one occasion, when there was distinguished company, the Rev. Dr. Flatt and the Baron and Baroness von Gemmingen, Charles and Julius prepared a unique surprise in the garden for the parents and their guests.

Two elder trees were in bloom, near the arbor in which supper was shortly to be served. Mounted on a step-ladder and supplied with a charcoal fire, they bent low the branches of the elders and dipped the blossoms into a dish of batter which the housekeeper had prepared for them. Over the charcoal fire they fried the cakes on the trees and then let the branches return to their natural position. The brothers and the paraphernalia had disappeared when the company sauntered leisurely toward the arbor, where the strange sight greatly amused them. The boys afterwards laughingly told, that when on an afternoon walk at the Blaubeuren school, the nuns of the convent of Urspring had treated them to similar batter cakes.

Among the happiest reminiscences of childhood and youth were the afternoon walks over the vine-clad hills and into the lovely woods round about the city. The poet has likened the beauties of Stuttgart to those of Florence, comparing the Schloss-Garten and the Boboli Gardens; the old winding road between the vineyards to Degerloch with the road between olive gardens and vineyards to Fiesole; and the view into the blooming vales of Suabia with the prospect into the blooming plains of Tuscany. Certainly, the environs of Stuttgart invite the lover of nature to enjoy her charms; and the leisurely promenade to the family garden on one of the sloping hill-sides beyond the limits of the town, was a feature of Stuttgart life a generation ago.

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Long years after in his home in Philadelphia, those far-off days came back to Dr. Mann again and again full of sweet recollections. And they became very real to his wife and children, who knew Stuttgart, its Alte and Neue Schloss, the Schloss-Platz and the Anlagen that stretch to Cannstadt, the Esslinger Steig, the Hasenberg and the Bopser, long before they saw them "face to face."

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CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS. 1825–1837.

THE happy Eden of life's first unburdened years is but too soon invaded by the stern demands of duty. With little Julius, as with his brothers, the school days began early. At his mother's knee, from the opening verses of the gospel of St. John, he had taken his first lesson in reading; and before he went to school he could read and write German with ease. When at six he entered the Elementary Latin School, at Stuttgart, he began to lay the foundation of that thorough and extensive knowledge that marked him as a man. His first instruction in Latin and religion he received from Jeremias Flatt, a teacher whose name was well known in Wurtemberg, and under whom many sons of Stuttgart families received their first deep impressions of the importance of study, and the higher lesson of the value of living for God and his kingdom.

During 1826–27, he attended the lower classes of the gymnasium in his native city. As in all the classical schools of Germany, the Latin grammar was the foremost point of attack, and thoroughly did the little army of soldiers vanquish the enemy. There was no grammatical rhyme in "Ahn," no list of words in "is," no strange form of ablative absolute or gerundium that was not mastered; so that in time, the Latin tongue became as easy to use as German, and the Latin essays for the University examinations of after years were not difficult because of the language.

At eight years of age, he began Greek. Julius delighted in study, and his sense of duty was very strong: the com-

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mendation of his teachers was his ambition and his greatest happiness.

When nine years old he was sent, with his brother Adolph, to the well-known classical institutions at Blaubeuren, near Ulm, Wurtemberg. There his maternal ancestors for several generations had been educated, and there the elder brothers had prepared for the higher classes of the Stuttgart Gymnasium. Charles had been entered as a pupil in the previous year, so that the three brothers, though far away from home, were together. But it was a great change from the tender home surroundings to the stern discipline of the Latin school, where a great deal was expected of the little boys. At five o'clock in the summer, and at six, in winter, the rising bell rang. Order was strictly enjoined.

In this respect, as in his studies, Julius won the hearty approbation of his teachers. From beginning to end of his career as a student, he learned with ease and pleasure, and remembered what he acquired. He took great pride in the neat arrangement of his room and books. Over the closet shelf, inspected every week by the head-master, he carefully fixed a small mirror, so that the exquisite order of his toilet articles there arranged was reflected for his pleasure and satisfaction. "The child is father to the man," and this was the boyish beginning of the love of order and system that pervaded all his work in after years.

When he entered at Blaubeuren, Julius was sufficiently advanced to read selections from Cæsar, Tacitus and Livy. Every Saturday a Latin composition on a given theme was written. Latin, Greek and Hebrew, which he began at nine, with mathematics, were the principal studies. History and geography were a relaxation for hours of reading and leisure. Catechetical and religious instruction was given twice a week by the first clergyman of Blaubeuren, Dean Bockshammer.

He took special interest in the boys who intended to study

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theology, and invited them often to his house, where he not only entertained them in his garden with games and stories, but became personally well acquainted with them, questioning them about their progress at school, and frequently examining them on the subject and substance of the last Sunday's sermon. On one occasion, when he asked who had thought during the week about what he had preached on the previous Sunday, Julius Mann surprised him by presenting him with the outline of the sermon, which had for its subject the gospel story of the box of precious ointment, written out in faultless Latin. This, of course, elicited the good man's sincere commendation, and Julius' brothers remembered the incident and reported it at home. Many years afterwards he was reminded of it by one of them.

The brothers, with about twenty of the other pupils, were under the immediate care of Prof., afterwards Rev., C. H. Pfleiderer, a man of great ability and of renown as a teacher. The boys were always in his presence: when they were at study, he was with them, and when at play, he participated in their games. In the hours of recreation, gymnastics, skating, snow-ball battles, and all kinds of outdoor sports supplied needful bodily exercise. There was much boyish fun and frolic, and every day a long, delightful walk with Prof. Pfleiderer.

Far and wide over the country they roamed, visiting all the interesting points within ten miles of Blaubeuren. Through the beautiful Suabian-alb valley, in which it lies, flows the Blau, which has its rise in the "Blau-topf," a deep pool of clear water, blue as the cloudless summer sky. From points in the vicinity, fine views of the Tyrolese Alps were to be enjoyed. Several caves not far distant, with formations of stalagmites and stalactites, were attractive objects of an afternoon's walk, and afforded fine opportunities for object lessons in geology that were not neglected. Botany also, to a great extent, was studied out of doors in fields and

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woods, and the pupils started on their walks equipped with note-books and specimen boxes.

Ulm is only ten miles distant, which old city in the Middle Ages was world-renowned ; for the rhyme runs :

"Venice's might,
Augsburg's light,
Strassburg guns,
Nuremberg puns,
And Ulm's gold,
The world controlled."

In the old towers, bridges and quaint buildings of the city there was much to study, and far above all these in interest was the noble Gothic cathedral, which brought the young minds into living contact with the great architectural feats of times past.

In the St. Johannis Church, in Blaubeuren, they had also admirable opportunity to study the beautiful in form in the exquisite wood carving of the high altar, a work probably executed by the old master Syrlin, and unsurpassed among art treasures of that kind.

Julius, though much occupied with studies demanded by the curriculum, found time to take lessons in drawing also, for which he early showed decided talent. Landscapes and architectural drawing especially attracted him, and, though he never devoted much time to this accomplishment, but practised it only in spare moments, he enjoyed throughout his life the ready use of his pencil. Sketching was, in after years, one of his pleasantest recreations. When on a journey, or at his desk, as a rest after more exhausting labor, many an exquisite crayon, pencil and pen and ink sketch, came into being under the masterly touch of his delicate fingers.

His father had desired that while at Blaubeuren he should have lessons on the piano. Prof. Pfleiderer engaged a teacher for him. After half a dozen lessons, the unfortunate instructor informed the professor that Julius had dismissed

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him, and positively refused to take another lesson, because he could give the boy no satisfactory explanation why some notes sounded well when played together and others did not. The professor stated the case in a letter to Julius' father, and received the wise reply to say nothing to the boy; the father would question him about it in the vacation. On his first visit home after this incident, his father asked whether he had made any progress in music. Julius went at once to the piano and played without notes several of the simpler German chorals. The playing displayed a decided knowledge of thoroughbass, and his father, moved and astonished, embraced his boy. Julius explained that the teacher was not good, so he had procured some books on thoroughbass, and had studied the fugues of Bach and the German chorals, and could now help himself. Some years after, he took lessons for three months from a competent teacher of counterpoint. This talent he never allowed to grow rusty. He loved music, and his ability to extemporize, his ready production of melodies, his rich, full harmonies, and his singularly agile fingers, that betrayed no lack of practice, though they never had time for the thorough drill good players are wont to have, made his playing a pleasure to himself and a source of great and deep enjoyment to those who heard him.

It was customary at Blaubeuren for the first boy in one of the classes to request permission of the Dean to begin the spring and fall vacations. Before the assembled school, this petition was always presented in the form of German verse or in a Latin distich, composed for the occasion by the pupil. Julius, as the head of his class, was several times honored with this commission when about eleven or twelve years old.

Unlike the long vacation necessitated by our hot summers, recess from school-work is given twice in the year in Germany. And whether it was freedom for three weeks in the lovely month of June, when the roses are in bloom and the berries ripen, or whether it was the October holiday, when

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the rich glories of the autumn fruits and flowers are displayed, vacation was the word full of endless possibilities and happiness to the youthful "Lateiner." For Julius and his brothers it opened with the delightful experiences of the journey home. Brother Rudolph came over from Tuebingen to direct the transportation of the three young recruits to home quarters. A jolly time they had of it on the stage coach, winding over the old road to Urach, in its picturesque beauty, and then across the Alb, passing the Hohen Nueffen, crowned with its noble ruins, to Nuertingen, where a stop was made at Grandmother Gentner's, until finally the joyful arrival at the dear home in Stuttgart crowned the journey.

The vacations, when the boys were little, were often spent at Nuertingen, where excursions to the neighboring hills and ruins of the Suabian Alb, and bathing in the Neckar, were amusements they gladly patronized.

In 1833 Julius was entered at the Gymnasium Illustre at Stuttgart, where he finished the course, preparatory to entering the University at Tuebingen. He was fourteen years old at that time, and he was in the parental home from this to his nineteenth year.

At the gymnasium, under the care of such men as Prof. Von Klumpp, Oberstudienrat von Cless, Profs. Gustav Schwab, Gottfried Klaiber, and others of equal eminence and learning, Julius, ever alert, energetic and anxious to gather knowledge, developed rapidly. From the time he could think and talk he had expressed the desire to study theology. But all subjects possessed a deep interest for him, and all his professors found him an enthusiastic student and earnest listener.

Soon after he began the study of natural philosophy, he betook himself to the basement to "make experiments." The family was occasionally frightened by an unexpected detonation from those dark quarters. Once, while attempting to make hydrogen gas from zinc and sulphuric acid,

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there was so serious an explosion that the young chemist was stunned.

The silver medals which he earned as primus of his class at the gymnasium, the smaller ones with the suggestive busy-bee on one side, and on the reverse, "Sunt sua-praemia laudi"; and the larger one bearing an owl with outstretched wings, resting on a martial-looking helmet, and the inscription, "Plus ultra. Gymn. Reg. Stuttg.", lie before me. He always kept them with other souvenirs of school days in a drawer of his writing-desk.

In the spring of '33, preparatory to being received into the church, Julius attended the catechetical instruction of the beloved pastor and friend of the family, Prelate Christian Adam Dann. The ministrations of this great, whole-souled, gifted Christian teacher, who possessed a peculiarly happy manner of approaching the young, were blessed to many souls. Julius Mann ever remembered him with deepest gratitude, esteem and love, and recognized as an inspiration to living piety the impressions received during the hours he sat at his feet.

Wilhelm Hofacker, the renowned pulpit orator, was at this time the assistant pastor of Prelate Dann. As a frequent visitor in Julius' home, he, too, took great interest in the promising boy. A volume of his brother's, the gifted Ludwig Hofacker's sermons, with an affectionate inscription, he presented to Julius on the evening preceding his confirmation, which took place on the 13th of May, 1833, in St. Leonard's Church.

In the summer of '34, the brothers made a foot-tour over the long stretch of the Suabian Albs, visiting the historic fortresses that crown their heights. From the ancestral home of the imperial Hohenstaufen and the Rechberg, through the Lenninger Thal to the Teck, and through the Urach Thal to Hohen Urach and the water-fall, as lively pedestrians, they wandered.

Another time, from Reutlingen and Honau, they went to

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the romantic Lichtenstein, most picturesque on its rocky prominence, and visited also the wonderful Nebelhoehle, a grotto, not far from it. Sometimes on these tours, their cousins, the Ottos of Nuertingen, or the Kaspers of Stuttgart, or, perhaps, Uncle Karl Gentner, the devoted friend of his nephews, accompanied them.

In the summer of '35, a more ambitious undertaking was planned by Charles and Julius: they wanted to go over the Black Forest mountains to Strassburg, where the lofty Minster was their journey's aim. Mamma was content to let them go, and papa said: "Make your plans and study your route; I will see that you do not want for money." Making the greater part of the journey on foot, the better to enjoy the romantic beauties of the Black Forest, and happy in their youthful strength and enthusiasm, they wandered gaily over hill and dale. Many pleasant and humorous incidents occurred on the way that they often recalled in after years. The great Cathedral was studied with enthusiasm and from the height of the platform and the spire they viewed the distant prospect. More than fifty years afterwards, Dr. Mann, when visiting Strassburg, again stood on the high platform of the Minster to enjoy, as he had in his boyhood, the view of the distant mountains and the Gothic tracery of the noble spire.

It was during the winter of 1835, that Julius had a classmate at the gymnasium with whom the close bond of friendship soon united him. This was Philip Schaff, who, born at Chur, Switzerland, had come to Stuttgart to attend the gymnasium illustre. So much in sympathy were the two enthusiastic, aspiring and studious youths, that their happiness was only completed when Philip Schaff accepted the invitation of Julius' parents to make his home with them during his sojourn in Stuttgart.

So the friends shared the same room, studied together, walked and lived almost as one heart and one soul, in noble emulation spurring each other on in the race for knowledge.

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The friendship thus auspiciously begun, grew and strengthened with the years, and was destined in the future to materially influence the course of events in the life of William Julius Mann. By his parents and brothers, his friend, Philip Schaff, was looked upon as one of the family, a deep and abiding affection, uniting them all through life.

Julius usually enjoyed excellent health. But during the last year at the gymnasium, too close application to study and the neglect of gymnastics and out-door exercise—he even refused during that winter to take a course of riding lessons, as his parents desired, pleading too many other interests—made him ill. He left the gymnasium with the highest honors; but was unable because of sickness to attend the examinations for entry into the "Stift" at Tuebingen. This in no wise unfavorably affected his career, however, for he made use of his family's privileges to the Neue Bau and matriculated at the University in the following autumn.

He was at that time in his nineteenth year. His figure wanted perhaps an inch of being six feet in height; he was well proportioned and erect, his square shoulders giving him an almost soldierly bearing. He was too active ever to be stout; but he was robust and strong. His movements were very quick; he was a rapid walker and talker, and gestures came naturally with the intensity of his thought or feeling. His hair was worn long, in the prevailing fashion, and a lock of it covered the left side of his high, broad forehead. His bluish grey eyes that in excitement or enthusiasm became almost black, then already looked through the spectacles, which nearsightedness made necessary. His lips in those days were fuller than in later life, and his mouth, around which the deep characteristic lines were not yet strongly marked, betrayed an unmistakable humor and kindliness. In the strong contour of the lower part of his face, he much resembled his father, while his eyes and the liveliness of spirit that looked forth from them were an inheritance from his mother.

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CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITY LIFE. 1837–1841.

JOURNEYS DURING VACATIONS. FIRST LITERARY WORK.

IN "Tuebingen am Neckars Strand, die schoenste Stadt im ganzen Land," and there, in the "Neue Bau," whose privileges he shared for about two years with thirty-five of his kinsmen, we find the young student of theology in the autumn of 1837. Here study was the watchword, as it had been for years before; but the youth had now developed; there was a solid basis of learning on which to erect the further structure, and in the atmosphere of the University, with friends and fellow-students of the same mind and same aspirations, life gained new features and study new joys.

Who could live in a University town, and above all, a German University town, and not feel that subtle something in the air that bids the spirit stretch its wings and the soul open its portals! Even those who know of it only from hearsay can dimly imagine something of the exaltation. The constant contact with intelligence and thorough culture, not in intercourse with professors only, but with gifted fellow-students; the inspiring companionships and enthusiastic friendships; the touch of mind with mind, discovering contrasts and affinities; the food for ideal tendencies; the whole broad domain of thought, which here opens wide its inviting paths and displays its victories, calling ever for new armies and new heroes, tend to take the prosaic out of the student's years and infuse into his life an intensity that is carried over into his work.

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An earnest purpose in life and a social nature cultivated by the best home surroundings, as well as his thorough classical studies, prepared Julius Mann to make the best use of his University years. In the "Neue Bau" each student had his own sleeping apartment and beside this a sitting-room in common with one fellow-student. These two shared the services of a man, who attended to their wants and looked after their comforts. The meals were partaken of at a common table by all who enjoyed the privileges of the foundation. Here conversation flowed and wit waxed bright. Humor was the atmosphere in which these young people lived; and there were among them some brilliant minds and original thinkers.

To the friendships of those years, some of which began at the gymnasium in Stuttgart, Dr. Mann always referred with affectionate and grateful remembrance. He had very naturally, so near his own home and with the opportunities the University afforded, a large circle of acquaintances. Beside his friend Philip Schaff, who spent two years at Tuebingen, Hermann Eytel and Gustav Schmoller were his most constant associates. Both, afterwards honored laborers in the Church of Wurtemberg, were his correspondents as long as they lived. A neat package of letters from William Gleiss, letters from William Fred. Gess, in after years Superintendent of the Church in Posen, Prussia, affectionate references in his diaries to "my friend Eipper," Kapff, Gabriel Marsteller, "our Englishman Coles," and others, prove that the connections with a number of fellow-students were near and dear. A letter from Theodore Wurm, another intimate associate of that time, written some years after both had entered the active ministry, says, "Six years have passed since you and I reviewed our history of Dogmatics from Pelagius and Augustine under the lindens at Tuebingen; and two, since I bade you farewell at Neuhausen. Our meetings and our many conversations in your room—always in such exemplary order!—

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and the charming view of the Neckar from your windows, I have still in very lively and delightful remembrance."

Ancient and modern philosophy, metaphysics and æsthetics as well as the lectures more directly bearing upon theology found in Mr. Mann an earnest and enthusiastic student. Led by the great leaders of thought and founders of systems in the domain of German metaphysics, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, he wandered in the regions of abstract thought. Hegel, in whom he appreciated the "ethical feeling, the high intellectual strain, and the faith in a spirit, far as it was from being spirit and truth," attracted and satisfied him most. In referring to the struggles of his mind to free itself from the indefiniteness and obscurity of an unphilosophical view of life, and his efforts to rise to that calm height from which a clearer view of self and the world around is obtained, he often gratefully laid tributes at the feet of "Father Hegel."

In his studies, he took a rather independent course and heard only those professors to whom he felt specially drawn, or from whose lectures he felt that he could gain more than by private study. With Professor Dr. Kern, he heard apologetics, dogmatics and the Epistle to the Hebrews; with Professor Fischer, the enthusiastic disciple of Schelling, ancient and religious philosophy and æsthetics; with Dr. Ewald, Introduction to the Old Testament; with Professor Oehler, the Theology of the Old Testament. But the professors under whom he sat, whose names are most widely known, were Prof. Dr. Christian Ferdinand Baur and Prof. Dr. Christian Friedrich Schmid.

These men represented the extreme negative and positive teaching of Christianity at Tuebingen during that period. The old supra-naturalistic school had given place, on the one side, to a materialistic criticism that developed into rationalism, and on the other, to a firm conviction of the truth of revelation. A few years before, the unknown "Repetent" of the Tuebingen "Stift," David Friedrich

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Strauss, had made himself famous and startled the Christian world by his "Life of Christ." Dr. Baur was "the real founder of the so-called modern Tuebingen school," though he had not at that period advanced to the extreme negative position which he held in later years. His Exegetical lectures and those on the History of Dogmatics and Church History were the productions of a man of rich and thorough learning and of the mind of a deep philosophical thinker.

In the many-sided opinions and fermentations of the day, William Julius Mann found strong guidance in the teachings of Dr. Schmid, a warm Christian theologian, whose deep reverence for the Scriptures, evangelical freedom, strong, earnest personality, and broad and many-sided culture, possessed for him the strongest attraction. He was Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Ethics and Homiletics. His fine critical ability and his deep and clear analysis of the Bible-text was of inestimable value to his students; as was also the manner in which he directed their homiletical and catechetical exercises, which he frequently enlivened with good-natured, though at times somewhat sharp and ironical, criticisms. Throughout his life, Dr. Mann gratefully recalled Dr. Schmid's influence upon him. In an article he wrote fifty years afterwards, referring to the great teachers and preachers of Wurtemberg, he speaks of the "noble, truly evangelical and deep student of God's word, Prof. Dr. Schmid, whose teaching was richly blessed to many young students of theology and who was a goodly protection in the wily attacks of the spirit of the times."

He made conscientious use of his university years, and in the energy of his nature as well as in his earnest view of life, he found an inexhaustible stimulus. His poetical gift that had taken modest boyish flights in earlier days, when awakened by some family celebration or some happy event in the life of a friend, was not neglected. Here and there

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he wrote poems, imaginative, humorous, or perhaps full of deep and tender sentiment. A neat little package of them lies before me, marked "disjecta membra poetæ." Some aphorisms, also, on the great problems of life, written at that time, are full of deep, clear and original thought.

I venture to translate one or two, and one short poem in German will perhaps not be unwelcome, as indicative of the character and style of that early period.

"Earth is the trembling ladder between hell and heaven; whoever, dizzy from watching the whirlpool below, falls, is driven, wrecked and defeated, to the dreary shore of hell; but whoever, gazing up through the crystal ether, follows the soul's magnet, holy light, is led through death, the borderland of life, to the realms of the eternal Prince of Peace."

"All recognize the truly excellent, as though the prototype of truth dwelt in every soul; but man is a jewel whose light, only after toilsome polishing of the surface, shines from the inmost centre."

"Life is a Bethesda Pool, and religion the angel that from time to time troubles the waters; blessed is the soul that is not too hopelessly crippled to dip its members in the life-and-peace-giving waves."

"A few tears are sometimes the best poem."

"Egypt's Pyramids, Athens' ruins, and Rome's St. Peter are mile-stones in the race course of the human mind."

"DIE GROSSE SCHIFFAHRT."

"Es ziehet schnelle
Die weite Bahn
Auf dunkler Welle
Ein leichter Kahn;
Es toben manche Stuerme,
Es gibt der Klippen viel,
Doch unter 'm ew'gem Schirme
Gelangt der Kahn zum Ziel!

Das Auge dunkelt
Dem, der drin ruht;

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Ein Sternlein funkelt,
Stærkt ihm den Muth;
Von wo er hergekommen
Das ist ihm unbekannt,
Doch hat er viel vernommen
Von einem fremden Land.

Ein mæchtig Sehnen
Im Herzen drin
Zieht unter Thrænen
Ihn oft dorthin;
Schon tagt aus weiter Ferne
Ein goldner Morgen auf,
O Schifflein, willst du gerne
Vollenden deinen Lauf?

Der Anker falle
Im Hoffnungsport,
Der Fremdling walle
Zur Heimath dort;
Er kommt mit Dank und Beten,
Das Kreuz hoch in der Hand,
Zu dir mit ew'gem Leben
Stadt Gottes, Heimathland!"

The love of nature and the exquisite charms she unfolds round about Tuebingen often drove the student forth from books and lecture halls to wander in congenial company over hill and dale. Or, perhaps, a horse-back ride was taken to the Chapel at Wurmlingen, or to Lustnau and the old Gothic monastery of Bebenhausen. Tuebingen, itself, is most picturesque, rising on the mountain's side from the Neckar's shore, where are the historic linden walks, to the venerable castle, that crowns and commands the town. In the once martial halls, the muses have long since taken their abode; and the castle walls harbor the library, the museum, the astronomical observatory and other appendages of the University. The view from the castle commands the Neckar valley, bordered by the lovely vine-clad hills, a scene of charming beauty. The narrow, crooked streets of the town, many of them more like stone

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stair-cases than streets, are quaint and old as the high-roofed houses that gaze upon them through queer little windows.

Visits home, when time permitted, were much relished interruptions in the routine of work. Often, disdaining the post-chaise, Julius and his comrades walked from Tuebingen to Stuttgart, despite the seven intervening hills. The fine highway, part of the ancient, much-frequented road between Ulm and Schaffhausen, was well patronized in those ante-railroad days. At four in the morning, the start was made and about noon the familiar spires of Stuttgart gleamed a welcome to the wanderers, who scorned to think such pedestrian efforts taxing; but who relished the more, after the long walk, the comforts and companionships of home.

In the long vacations, with a knapsack slung across his shoulders, and with one or two of his dearest friends, Julius took some most delightful journeys. His father encouraged him to travel, desiring him to store his memory with beautiful scenes. "Travel now," he wrote, when asked whether the money for that purpose should not be expended in books, "and when you are settled in life it will be time enough to collect a library."

To Hechingen and the old ancestral Hohenzollern that, despite the vicissitudes of many centuries, so proudly raises its mighty walls over the Suabian Alb, they wandered many times; or they extended the journey to the distant Hoehgau and the heights of the Hohentwiel, with its stirring associations and its superb view of Lake Constance and the Tyrolese and Swiss Alps. "Eckehart" had not yet made the old castle familiar to all lovers of German literature; but proud stories of German bravery and endurance made its history as dear to the visitors as the glorious prospect made it enjoyable.

And far beyond the boundaries of Wurtemberg some tours extended. Across Lake Constance to the glorious

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Alps, a strong desire drew the enthusiastic lover of nature. In repeated tours he wandered over most of northern and central Switzerland. Ragatz and Bad Pfeffers, the Axenstrasse and the Rigi, the Haslithal and Grimsel, the Maienwand and Rhone Glacier, the icy cradles of the Hinter and Vorder Rhine displayed their charms to him as they unfold only to the leisurely pedestrian. Descriptions of his journeys, with the humorous or specially interesting incidents pleasantly interwoven, were wont to gratify his parents as Christmas or birthday offerings.

"But he wanted to scale," as he afterwards wrote, "the mighty wall of the Alps and see Italy, the land that since thousands of years has awakened in the peoples of the North a longing like that for some lost Eden." And so, in the summer of '39, with his friend, Theodore Wurm, he went by way of the Austrian Tyrol across the Stelvio Pass, near the glaciers and snow-fields of the Ortler, to the vine-clad slopes of the Valtellina, and by way of Como and Maggiore to Milan. Its art treasures and, above all, its superb cathedral were a source of great delight. To his enthusiastic appreciation of the great Gothic cathedral he gave expression in a descriptive and reflective essay, that is rich in thought and language. This was the first product of his pen that appeared in print. He sent it to his friend, Rev. Dr. Barth, the gifted, whole-souled advocate of Christian missions, and the editor of papers for the young; a man of great powers and many-sided culture, who had asked him to contribute to the *Jugend Blaetter*. Dr. Barth encouraged his young friend to send other articles, and at that time gave him the advice about writing for the young to which, in after years, he often referred, and which he put into practice: "Use short sentences; children have small lungs."

In September, 1841, the final examinations at the University were passed with honors, and with the departure from Tuebingen and all its inspiring associations, the first

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mile-stone on life's journey was passed. No wonder that the more serious youth looks forward to the sterner responsibilities of coming years with a gravity before unknown, and who will reproach him if, at the turning, he gazes half in regret on the glowing perspective of study's luxuriant seed-time, boyhood's merry light-heartedness, and childhood's innocent play?

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CHAPTER V.

BOENNIGHEIM. NEUHAUSEN. 1841–1845.

First Work as Teacher and Pastor.

THE young theologian did not at once enter the active ministry, but, shortly after his graduation, accepted a position as teacher of ancient languages and history, in an educational institute for boys in the town of Boennigheim, Wurtemberg. Dr. C. M. Hahn, the founder and head of the school, had an able corps of assistants, among whom were several young clergymen. The institution was of a high standard, and attracted its patrons by the advantages it offered for laying a good moral and classical foundation. The pupils were boys between ten and sixteen years of age; and in the management of the young people entrusted to his care, Mr. Mann found opportunity for the exercise of his own powers, and, in his work, gained experience and new lessons in practical Christianity.

The love of teaching was one of his characteristic traits. He possessed, in a high degree, the power of incitation, and to present a subject clearly to his pupils, to make it alive with interest, to awaken their thoughts and to hold their attention was his delight. The diary of those years testifies to his personal interest in the boys, his earnest study of their character, his appreciation of their faults and their virtues, and the effect of these upon their future. While he helped them to acquire knowledge, it is evident he also sought in the best way to help them overcome their failings. He writes, "I have prayed with S. several times of late. God give that it may help him. The boy is not so easy to

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understand." And again, "I have spoken with F. about the tendencies which threaten to endanger his future. He is sluggish and cannot soar to the realms of the ideal." "I had Karl F. with me the greater part of the morning. I demonstrated to him various things in physics, and again convinced myself that this discipline is well adapted to boys of from twelve to fourteen years."

He is not easily satisfied with the result of examinations, one of which he expressively describes as "heillos." He evidently expects good work, but is also quick to appreciate industry and earnestness. Not infrequently the diary records the praises of the school: "The boys are industrious and can scarcely accomplish all they have to do. I purposely gave a short lesson in Latin. Our dear youths (die liebe Jugend) at present deserve high praise; they are so quiet and orderly, a word is sufficient to guide them."

He fully realized the deep responsibility of the teacher, and earnestly and prayerfully reviewed his work. After one of his searching self-examinations, he exclaims: "When I consider the weakness of my own heart, how can I hope to educate the boys?" "A teacher," he says on another occasion, "must, in truth, be thankful not to injure the young souls under his care. Of himself he cannot make them grow." In the second year of his connection with the school, he writes, "My interest in our institution and love for it has not diminished, but I have no longer that first absorbing enthusiasm for the work, and therewith I have lost some fire and energy, and that, not, perhaps, to the detriment of my teaching. What a comfort it is to me to feel that God does not cease to educate me! Would that I were more ready to heed His lessons!"

And the boys repaid, with sincere appreciation and love, the devotion he brought to the cause. A letter written by the father of two of his pupils, after he resigned his position in Boennigheim to become vicarius (assistant pastor) in Neuhausen, richly testifies to the esteem with which his

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pupils regarded him: "Your departure from B. comes to me like a shock, and I feel it will be an irreparable loss to my sons no longer to be under your instructions and guidance. Ariel in his last letter to me expressed deep grief at your going and he thinks he has lost a friend who cannot be replaced."

In the amusements and recreations of the boys he took a lively interest. Frequently he refers to his pleasure in their gymnastic exercises. The teachers prepared a book of songs for the use of the boys in marching, and in this work he participated by composing for it a number of songs. Another time he writes, "To-day each boy has had a small garden-plot portioned out to him;" and again, "In this fine spring weather we enjoy our walks more than ever."

The social intercourse with his colleagues, Dr. Hahn, the head of the Institute, Rev. Kleinmann, the pastor of Boennigheim and the assistant, Vicarius K., afforded an agreeable interruption to the routine of work. At the same time beside the lively intercourse with his home, he carried on a voluminous correspondence with University friends. He enjoyed the stimulating company of the other teachers and many were their conferences on the work of the school, the progress of the pupils and kindred topics. In one of these, impelled by the interest, energy and fervor of his friend for the cause, one of the faculty exclaimed, "Mann, you are born to be a teacher in a boy's institute, and shall live to be Inspector at Boennigheim.

Among his associates, the young Vicarius K. attracted him most. When in February, '44, this friend leaves Boennigheim for another field of labor, the diary records: "This afternoon, the good Vicar, during the past three years so frequently my welcome visitor, was to see me for the last time. To say farewell to this good friend was very hard! A kind providence united us here; the tie that cements our friendship is a common faith and interest in the work of God's kingdom. I wish we could at some future time again labor

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side by side!" A letter from this friend full of love and appreciation is afterwards noted with these reflections: "How he over-estimates me! It is a riddle to me that anyone can love such a proud, impulsive nature as mine! But it is a marvelous proof of God's mercy that wherever I have been, He has raised up for me friends who are attracted by my energetic spontaneity and have heart enough to overcome my coldness."

The self-criticism in the light of after years seems unjust in view of the loving sympathy with which he invariably met others; but in it there is evidence of the earnest scrutiny to which he subjected his own impulses, motives and disposition. In this spirit of self-examination and humble dependence on Divine help, he prayed, "Let me not seek in my own light to circle round Thee; but let me glow in Thee, thou eternal Sun of Life!" And again he writes: "To-day, I have been with God, in Him, and here for Him. Never is one more fitted for the world than just when one is near to the Lord."

Occasionally, one or the other of his Tuebingen friends came to spend a day or two with him, and these visits revived all the delightful experiences of the University years. The diary records: "To-day, I have had the pleasure of a visit from my dear Julius K. The dear boy is his old self! He has still the same clear, true eyes through which one can look deep into his good, loving German heart, and he is the same gay comrade, who laughs so readily, is so appreciative of every kindness and is sensitive only about other people's feelings. He is still a child, and withal the dearest child in the world!" His affectionate nature demanded the comfort and inspiration which warm and intimate friendship gives, and he was always better prepared for work after the pleasurable mental excitement congenial society affords.

A special delight to parents and son were, of course, the vacations; when several weeks in the spring and fall and a few days at Christmas and Easter were passed in the beloved

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home. The two elder brothers had been married at this time. Rudolph, having entered the ministry in '31, had in '39 accepted the call to the parish of Hedelfingen, not far from Stuttgart, where he was pastor for nineteen years—when in the fullness and vigor of his prime, he was suddenly called from the labors of earth to the joys of Heaven. It was at Hedelfingen in his brother's church that William Julius Mann preached his first sermon, in 1840. When he was about to ascend the pulpit on that occasion, a friend whispered to him not to attempt to preach without his notes. But he depended then, as ever after, on thorough preparation and a good memory, and never used a manuscript in preaching.

Fifty years afterwards, when on his last visit to Europe, he again preached in the church at Hedelfingen, and among his hearers, beside the children of this beloved brother, were many members of the various branches of the family.

Victor, the second son, lived in Stuttgart, and the family circle during these years was unbroken, which it was not destined long to be. But the future cast no shadow, and in the strength and happiness of their young manhood, the five sons were about their dearly-beloved parents. It was a merry circle, and with their ready wit and bright humor, Rudolph and Julius, especially, kept it lively. Nor was serious conversation on subjects of eternal value wanting, as the diary's remark on the younger brother proves: "Adolph has gained much for his inner life, since I last saw him; he is most desirous of increasing his stores of knowledge and is firm, happy, and positive in the faith."

According to the diary, three times on Christmas day, Julius attended church, and of the three sermons heard, he wrote analyses with his reflections upon them. In those years, in which he had the opportunity of hearing many great preachers, the lights of the Lutheran church in Wurtemberg at the time, Dann, William Hofacker, Schwab, Kapff and others, he was a most attentive listener and

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learner. Interesting as a proof of his modesty, at an age when young men are wont to be very confident of their own opinions, is the record of a conversation with his father on a sermon both heard, which closes: "I did not think as papa did, but I know his judgment is founded upon a firm and clear knowledge of the way of salvation." On St. Stephen's day, he hears a sermon "preached in holy inspiration, full of faith."

Occasionally, the young theologian laments the great number of visits he had to pay among the relatives and friends in Stuttgart. In Germany, it is customary, upon returning home after an absence, caused by business or pleasure, to visit the circle in which the family moves. That Julius was obliged to make a great number of these duty calls, the diary leaves no doubt, for he pathetically writes, "the many visits I had to pay, almost spoiled my holiday!" Touchingly he regrets to leave home, where he writes, "it suited me so well" and where "I was so perfectly happy in the constant association with my dear ones." The lively interchange of letters compensated in a degree for the separation; and though absent, he lived in thought with them. The birthday greetings to parents and brothers were never forgotten as long as he lived. Through life, even after the dear father was no more on earth, the 18th of January, his birthday, was always devoted to his memory; and on the 29th of May, his own and his mother's birthday, his thoughts were always of her.

During these first years at Boennigheim, he was occasionally asked to perform pastoral duties for friends or acquaintances in the vicinity. After a Sunday spent at Bodenheim, he thus "sums the actions of the day, at night before he slept": "I preached, had catechization, and christened several children. It was not irksome to me. The sermon, in which I followed the strict homiletical outline was, I think, better than the catechization."

His literary talent showed itself also in these years. While

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he labored indefatigably as a teacher, his pen was not idle. The first narrative he wrote was entitled, "Die Ansiedler in America," (Settling in America), published by J. F. Steinkopf, Stuttgart, 1845; as though his thoughts already turned to the land in which his life work was preparing for him. But at the time he wrote it, he entertained no thought of leaving the Fatherland. In after years, he was amused when any reference was made to his maiden effort in story-writing. But the narrative, intended for the more advanced youth, reveals a very clear knowledge of the primitive West. The description of the water-courses and mountain-chains of the United States, of the Mississippi valley and its rich returns of the soil, of the influence upon climate and commerce of the Great Lakes, the incidental reference to copper mines in that region, all show the writer had exact knowledge of the topography of this country, and of its mineral and agricultural wealth. In the description of the Indian and his character and mode of life, the influence of Cooper's writings may be traced; and there is apparent, too, a lively imagination which supplies crises in the story that very adroitly bring out the Red Man's characteristics. But strongest of all is the Christian element in the portraiture of the humble man who comes to America to seek the means of subsistence; but who finds in his heart the nobler ambition to share his knowledge of Christ and His love with the poor savage.

That even at this early age he wrote with remarkable rapidity, a few dates from his diary in connection with literary work will show. On the 31st of October, 1844, he says: "I am planning a story of the days of the Reformation; but am still uncertain about it." The next day, he is able to write: "I have the analysis of my story written. I shall call it "Xaverus Hammerschlag." On the succeeding day, he records that he has been "busy writing at Xaverus." "The psychological treatment of the characters," he says, "interests me most, and to this I devote the greatest care."

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He finished the work in his free hours during that winter; but he was not satisfied with it, and did not consider it worthy of print.

In the following year he wrote another story for young people, called "The Erring Son." The preface to it is so characteristically straightforward, simple and suggestive that I translate it:

"DEAR READERS:—For those among you who are not yet fifteen years old, and for many of you who are, it would do as well not to write this preface. For I know well enough what you do: you never read prefaces or introductions at all; you know beforehand they are dreadfully tiresome and contain nothing very sensible. You hasten to read the story, and if things are only exciting enough there and a catastrophe finishes the tale; or if some one in it to whom you take a fancy has a great many nice things happen to him, then you look how big the book is, to find out how long your pleasure is going to last.

"Accordingly, the preface might as well have been omitted here; for the author and the compositor and the printer would have been glad to spare themselves the trouble. Nevertheless, since beside the nine ungrateful, there was one found grateful, there may among ten readers of this little book be one found who will read these lines.

"For the ten in a hundred, therefore, it may be remarked:

"I. That there is at the heading of each chapter an especial preface,* which, though very short, contains a great deal more than the chapter itself.

"II. That the whole book is designed to be the preface of a very good sequence: it is to be hoped that this good sequence will last all through your lives, and ever so much longer than that.

"III. That every one of you having read the story, is at liberty to ask himself and others as many questions about it as may occur to him.

"Very willing to answer all your inquiries you will find

Your friend, THE AUTHOR."

Whether this volume, of which the complete MS. lies before me, was published, I do not know. It is dated 1845, the year in which the weightiest question of Dr. Mann's life was decided upon, and it is possible that his coming to America prevented its publication. The fact that the story was written testifies to his industry and ready power of invention.

* A Bible passage is indicated at the heading of each chapter.

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After the departure of the Vicarius K., the head pastor of Boennigheim offered the position of assistant pastor to Mr. Mann, who after prayerful deliberation formally accepted the call on the 8th of February, 1844, promising at the same time to remain in Boennigheim until the following October. His father was especially happy that the son entered upon the practical work of the ministry and sent him with his sincere good wishes a handsome copy of the Wurtemberg Agenda.

In those days, graduates of theology were not ordained in the Lutheran Church of Wurtemberg, until, having served some years as vicarii (assistant pastors), they were finally called to a regular pastorate. Ordination, in accordance with the strict Lutheran conception, was connected with the installation in their first charge. Only since 1855, are assistant pastors ordained. Before that time, the candidate of theology, upon becoming "vicarius," took a solemn pledge, equivalent to an oath, before the Superintendent of the diocese (Diaconus) or another pastor appointed by him. Accordingly, Wm. Julius Mann, on the 20th of February, 1844, solemnly pledged himself, before Diaconus Zeller, in Besigheim, "to follow the Holy Scriptures as the rule of faith in preaching and teaching, and never to deviate from the form of sound evangelical doctrine, as contained in the Augsburg Confession." "I gave him my hand," he wrote, "with whole-souled conviction. May I ever be faithful to my promise!"

The theological essay which in accordance with the custom of the Church he presented to the Superintendent, was on the "Christology of St. Paul compared with that of the Epistles of St. John." He entered upon this department of literary work with renewed zest and love, for he records: "I began to-day my thesis for the Synod and have thus far written five folio pages. Theology in this form I again relished more than I would have thought."

To his duties as instructor in the Institute, pastoral work

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was now added. He preached regularly, generally at the afternoon service, gave catechetical instruction and visited the sick. His diary reveals prayerful criticism and review of his own efforts and the earnest striving toward a high ideal, as well as a spirit of deep humility combined with his old energy and love of the work of his choice. And one can understand how in the fuller growth of after years, he attained in a great measure what he then so earnestly sought. "By prayer and Bible-study," he writes, "one must learn to preach." He says of true or desirable popularity in preaching that "it is inexpressibly hard to attain," and again, "on the pulpit it is of the greatest importance to present the deepest spiritual and intellectual truths in the plainest and simplest words of everyday life." He criticises himself and marks the criticisms of others: "I fear I touched upon too many topics. D. said I preached too quickly. W. requests me not to preach longer than heretofore." "In this respect," he humorously adds, "I hope at least to give satisfaction." "I preached, but I fear rather over the heads of the audience. One is so prone to forsake noble simplicity and to wander in the clouds." In his efforts to attain simplicity of style, he occasionally gave a lesson in Bible history in the village school. "It is difficult," he wrote, "to make things plain enough for these illiterate village children; and therefore I find it good practice to talk to them."

"The beautiful liturgy," he writes, "I sought to read with all possible clearness and emphasis." He had a strong, clear, deep, metallic voice; and these early efforts bore fruit in his exquisite reading of Scripture and liturgy, which those who heard will not easily forget.

He did not find it hard work to prepare his sermons, but he says, "I must guard against composing too quickly. To memorize my discourses costs me little effort. I am sometimes surprised while delivering them, that I so closely follow the line of thought laid out." He felt the deep responsibility of his office, and was sometimes almost over-

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whelmed with the sense of it. On one occasion he was grateful to have a friend present to encourage him before preaching, and afterwards he was enabled to write: "All went well. I thank God that he strengthened me to speak calmly and firmly with confidence." The people liked to hear him, and one Sunday after the sermon, one of his audience said to him: "Herr Vicar, sie haben mir in's Herz geschaut!" (You looked into my heart!)

His first pastoral visit was to a "good old lady of seventy-eight," who lay dying, and he found "the aspect in no wise terrifying." He ministered the Holy Sacrament the first time to a dying man, who was "very ready to go home," and he writes, "What a peculiar impression one receives at the bedside of the dying! One tries to imagine the state of a soul about to pass from this world, and refreshes one's self with it in the comfort of the Gospel!" Of his first funeral sermon, he says, "I spoke extemporaneously, following a careful analysis; but I was not satisfied with it." His interest in the catechetical class was very great, as we can not doubt when we find a list of the names of that class of 1844 preserved among his papers. He spared no pains to stimulate the young people to higher thoughts and spiritual life. Several times he laments that "their heads are easier of approach than their hearts."

His relation to the Rev. Kleinmann, the pastor of Boennigheim, was most cordial. The testimonial presented to him when the pastor regretfully bids him farewell contains the statement: "During the past seven months, the Rev. Julius Mann supported and aided me in the parish work to my entire satisfaction. By his marked talent as a preacher and his energetic devotion to all pastoral work, he has won, in a high degree, the love and confidence of the congregation."

In the spring of '44, a position as director of an educational institute had been offered to Mr. Mann. He had weighed the matter earnestly, but as he was young to accept

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so responsible a post, and his parents on this account hesitated to encourage him, he declined the offer. Writing of this call, which his friends, Diaconus Burk and Diaconus Zeller had strongly urged him to accept, he said, "My promise to remain here as assistant pastor until October, '44, seems to me a bolt which the Lord has himself drawn to bar my way to Templehof."

The early autumn days of that year were the last devoted to the institute at Boennigheim. The chosen work was that of the ministry, however well adapted he was by his energetic and sympathetic character to be a teacher. The sincere regrets and affectionate regards of inspector, colleagues and pupils followed him. So ardent had been his devotion to the work and so deep the impression upon others of his capacity for it, that when it was announced he was about to leave, the direction of several similar classical colleges was open to him. But he felt called to labor in the ministry, and realizing that these three years at Boennigheim were not unfruitful in the experience, knowledge of character and greater capacity for work they had brought, he was the more eager to lay his hand to the plough.

In December of the same year, at the request of Prelate von Klaiber, he became vicarius to the Rev. Jno. F. Eytel, the father of his friend, the Rev. Hermann Eytel. Father and son were in charge of the congregation at Neuhausen, near the old romantic town of Urach, and its out-parish, Glems. Here the friends were associated in pastoral work until July, 1845, when pastors and congregation with the "deepest regret that they were so soon deprived of the comfort of his spiritual ministrations" were obliged to part with Mr. Mann, who had in the interval received the call to come to America, and he felt constrained to follow it.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY TO AMERICA. 1845.

THE question of leaving his native land, and taking up his work in the broad and unoccupied field of America, had approached Wm. Julius Mann very closely during 1844. His dear friend, Dr. Philip Schaff, had in March of that year followed a call to that far-off country, having been appointed Professor of Church History in Mercersburg College, Pa. Many letters passed between the friends; and when Dr. Schaff paid his farewell visit in Stuttgart, the question of his friend's following him to America was broached. In May, Mr. Mann's diary says, "To-day I received a letter from my dear Schaff. He wants me to follow him, and says that he will soon send me a call from a Reformed Congregation in Pennsylvania. If one came, would I accept it?"

Toward the close of the year, his friend wrote, asking whether he would accept a professorship of German Literature and History at the College in Mercersburg, if the chair were created. In a letter of the 31st of January, 1845, he declares his readiness, after many earnest conferences with his parents, and having their full consent, to accept the call to the New World.

In May, 1845, Dr. Schaff wrote to him:

"With my present knowledge of America, I would not hesitate, were I you, to come to this country. In Wurtemberg, candidates long for positions; here, the congregations pine for ministers. There, one is hedged in on every side; here, there is absolute freedom; poison, indeed, to those ruled by the flesh, but a heavenly gift to those who know how to use it for the glory of God and the building up of his kingdom. There, it looks like autumn, here all is fresh and green. It is true, great confusion prevails in many departments of the church, but there is vast mate-

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rial for a grand new epoch in church history. Among the Germans, particularly in the West, guidance and help are almost imperative. He who has the true missionary spirit, is ready to suffer privation, and to sacrifice comfort and ease, who is willing to gather the scattered Germans into congregations, has here an immeasurable field of labor, and may become a blessing to thousands. It is a crying shame, that in Germany so many theological candidates stand idle in the market-place, while here multitudes of their countrymen wander helplessly about, as sheep without a shepherd, or fall a prey to ravening wolves. 'Come over and help us!' You might come first to me to Mercersburg, and an avenue for active work will soon open to you. It is not herewith said that you must remain in America; the return to Wurtemberg is not barred to you, and you would, in that case, carry the agreeable remembrance of having seen the New World, with her marvelous new life springing up as by magic on all sides."

Then follow suggestions and directions about travelling, and addresses to friends in New York and Philadelphia, and finally:

"But the step is a most earnest and important one, and requires careful consideration and prayer. I am confident that if you come, it will be in the true missionary spirit, and the upbuilding of God's kingdom, and the Christian education of the young will be the glorious aim toward which you will strive. God give unto your heart His counsel, and direct all things for the true welfare of yourself and your dear ones, and to the honor of His holy name!"

If Mr. Mann had not already decided to come to America, this earnest call from the friend in whose judgment he had great confidence, and who knew and could estimate his character and fitness for the new work, would most probably have decided the question. To his loving parents and devoted brothers, as well as to him, the parting from home could not but bring deep sorrow. But where God seemed to point the way they could not murmur. They were willing to consecrate their best to His service, and it was not theirs to limit the gift. With a heavy heart, but with composure and cheerful words of encouragement and hope, the brave mother directed the preparations for the journey. She forgot no detail that might make travelling more comfortable, and, there is no doubt, that with accustomed neatness

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and precision, she dictated to Julius the list of garments, books, etc., which were taken on his journey, and which are noted in the first pages of his pocket diary. Though with the prescience of maturer years, the good father sadly felt that for him the separation from his son would be for always in this world, he cheerfully planned the journey, made all necessary monetary arrangements, and gave good counsel to the last. The brothers promised to keep Julius well informed about the condition of affairs in Wurtemberg.

The many friends of the family took a sincere and loving interest in this departure of the son to America, and the last weeks were occupied with farewell visits. Mutual friends sent many kind messages to Dr. Schaff. The diary records: "Diaconus Hofacker and Rev. Sander, Prof. Gustav Schwab, Prof. Pfleiderer, Rev. Knapp, Prof. Inspector Hoffman, have all bade me farewell and gave me kind greetings to friend Schaff. Prof. Hoffman sends his regards also to Dr. Nevin of Mercersburg, who has occasionally sent him books and papers from America; also to Dr. Schneck, of Chambersburg, Pa."

On the 16th of August, the last tender farewells were spoken, and with the blessings of father and mother and the good wishes of brothers and friends, accompanied by Adolph, who started on the journey with him, Wm. Julius Mann left the home of his childhood and youth. He was so fortunate as to have found in the Rev. Jno. Geo. Zahner, of the Missionary Institute at Basle, Switzerland, a companion on his journey, whose destination was also Mercersburg College, Pa.

From Stuttgart to Strassburg, the brothers had the comfort of each other's society. Their parting was saddened by the probability of a long separation. Nor did they meet again for four and forty years. Adolph was on his way to Basle, to prepare himself for the mission work in Africa, to which he had decided to devote his life. For thirty-five years

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he labored most successfully in his chosen field. During the long years of separation, the brothers corresponded faithfully and regularly, maintaining a deep sympathy in each other's work, and reading between the lines the changes the years were making. When a kindly Providence once more united them, it was touching to witness their close tie of brotherhood and their tender affection. Their hearts were united, though for so many years an ocean had rolled between.

The journey to Havre was made by way of Nancy, Toul, Vitry, Paris and Rouen. In those days of slow travel, it took forty-three hours to reach Paris from Strassburg. Eight days passed quickly in the great city on the Seine in the study of its art treasures, its architectural achievements, and its historical monuments. Full of enthusiasm for the great productions of art, thoroughly at home in its history, with a taste cultivated by study, and a keen appreciation of the beautiful, Mr. Mann took with him lasting impressions of the delights of those days. He spoke French fluently, and found ample opportunity to make use of it in travelling.

In Rouen, the friends stayed long enough to see the cathedral, and then pushed on to Havre, where they arrived on the 26th of August. They were to sail in an American clipper, which had shortly arrived on her maiden voyage. To go by steam was thought, at that time, a hazardous and somewhat foolhardy undertaking. The "Havre" lay in the dry-dock when they first saw her, receiving a coating of copper, and was not to sail for a week.

On the Sunday spent in Havre, the friends heard two French sermons and a German one. The last days were passed in writing to Stuttgart and Basle. On Tuesday, September 9, 1845, they sailed from the shores of the Old World. Mr. Mann thoroughly enjoyed the long voyage of thirty days, for he was an excellent sailor, and the ocean with its mystery of hidden wonders was full of interest to him. Long before he had seen its vast expanse or heard the thunder of its rolling waves, he had apostrophized it,

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and written of the ships upon its waters. He enjoyed the trip so much, that he would have liked to proceed on a voyage around the world. On the 8th of October, the sight of land greeted the travelers, and on the 9th, they were landed by steamboat in New York. Here Mr. Mann was greeted by his life-long friend, Mr. Gustav Schwab, the son of Prof. Schwab, the poet.

After tarrying a week in New York to see the great city, the traveling companions proceeded to York, Pa., by way of Philadelphia, where they spent only a day. The diary records the impression it made: "A fine city. We saw the water-works at Fairmount." The Reformed Synod of Pennsylvania was in session at York, and there Dr. Schaff warmly received his friend, and presented him to Drs. Nevin, Schneck and other prominent men of the German Reformed Church. On the 24th of October, he arrived with Dr. Schaff at Mercersburg, the destination of his journey.

In the joy of their renewed companionship, the friends, who from their boyhood's days in the Stuttgart Gymnasium had been closely bound to one another, reviewed the past and surveyed the future. From across the water, the one brought tidings of home, mutual friends, the latest evidences of development in church, State and society; and from his gathered experience in the New World, the other told of projects, possibilities and hopes. It was a union of heart and purpose that bound the men, nor in the long after years, when by God's mercy their lives passed beyond three score and ten, were they divided. For fifty-seven years, this friendship, invigorating in its strength, enduring in its love, crowned and beautified their lives. To the correspondence carried on during nearly all these years, we owe some very interesting glimpses into the past.

The expectation of creating a chair of German Literature in Mercersburg, as the trustees of the College had hoped, was not realized. But, during the two months of his stay

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there, Mr. Mann lectured to the students on German literature and universal history. The diary records the first sermon preached in America, and various articles, among them one on the meeting of the Synod at York, and another on Mercersburg, written for the *Christliche Zeitschrift*, an organ of the church edited by the Rev. Dr. Schneck, of Chambersburg. The acquaintance with the professors of the seminary, among whom, especially, Mr. Mann valued the learned divine, Dr. John W. Nevin, gave opportunity for deeper and clearer insight into the affairs of the church in America, and the condition and needs of the people. But the work of the professor was soon to give way to that of the pastor, and with the close of 1845, the stay at Mercersburg also came to an end.

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CHAPTER VII.

IN THE REFORMED CHURCH.

PASTORAL AND LITERARY WORK. EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

IN December, '45, Mr. Mann received and accepted a call to assist the Rev. Dr. H. Bibighaus, pastor of the German Reformed Salem Congregation, in Philadelphia. He entered upon his duties in January, 1846, and then was begun that long career of faithful pastoral activity which was so largely his life-work, and which, under God's providence, was blessed to so many souls. The first sermon in Salem Church was preached on Sunday, January 18th, his "father's birthday," as the diary remarks. On the 17th of May of the same year, he was ordained by the Rev. H. Bibighaus and the Rev. C. R. Kessler.

The years at the German Reformed congregation, in which he labored faithfully as Dr. Bibighaus' assistant, were, like all his years, full of work. The elder clergyman, whom he loved and honored, and with whom his relations were always most cordial, was advancing in years, and Mr. Mann sought to relieve him as much as possible from arduous pastoral labors. Preaching two or three times a week, visiting the sick, and attending to the interests of the church, so occupied him, that frequently he lamented, that he had not enough time for study.

His sermons, to which he gave "care and prayer," were full of spiritual thought and inspiration, and he preached during those early years with great ardor, and so rapidly that it was sometimes difficult to follow him. Salem Church was not large, but it was soon far too small to

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accommodate the people who came to hear the young preacher. Even the benches that were placed lengthwise of the aisles were soon overcrowded.

He entered with so much zeal into all his duties, that he was in danger of exhausting his strength. "I am worn out," he wrote after Easter, "and feel too weak for work to-day. I preached six times during Holy Week, and we had four hundred communicants on Sunday." At another time he remarked, "One morning this week I had seven callers; listening to the several needs of so many people, and offering them comfort and advice consumes time and strength." Thinking of his busy life and the prospect of busy days, he wrote to Dr. Schaff: "Scripture saith, it is good for man to bear the yoke in his youth, but I am inclined to think that refers to the old reckoning of the days of Abraham and Methuselah, when people of seventy and eighty were still young, because I believe the yoke-bearing will hardly cease before we reach those years."

Notwithstanding the many duties of his office, he was always engaged in literary work. At this time, he was writing a universal history. The students at Mercersburg, who had heard his lectures on history, requested that he would permit their translation for publication in English.

This revived his interest in a work for which he had gathered a large amount of material before coming to America, and he continued it to the time of the French Revolution. Several fragments of it appeared in the *Mercersburg Review*, but the translation was not satisfactory, and he discontinued it at the time for that reason. For many years afterwards, other work bearing directly upon his pastoral and theological labors, prevented him from finishing the history. And, in the last years of his life, when greater leisure would have enabled him to again take up the work begun so long before, a corner of Pennsylvania, fruitful in events to the Lutheran Church and rich in interest to the American Lutheran, absorbed his atten-

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tion, and to solve the obscure references in the "Halle Reports" occupied his time and his love for historic research.

Every department of the world's history, names, dates, events, were always at the command of his memory, and he rarely required a reference to books on such subjects. It was a source of surprise, in after years, to his children, to have their father able to supply them with accurate and detailed information on any historical question that was touched upon, without a book at hand. One of his little girls, on one occasion, happy to have found a strange name, "Zerdusht," "which papa would certainly not know all about without a book," was quite disappointed to find herself very much mistaken.

On the 26th of November, 1847, in a letter to Mr. Mann, Dr. Schaff wrote:

"You will see in the *Zeitschrift* of to-day, that I intend to edit a paper, which shall be an organ of the American German Church. I doubt whether there will be enough subscribers to pay the costs, nor am I particularly inclined, with all the work I have on hand, to undertake so laborious, delicate and, at least from a worldly standpoint, so unthankful a task. But I look upon it as a kind of duty, in view of the many appeals that have come to me from both Lutheran and Reformed theologians, to make the trial, and to see whether, in this way, something beneficial may not be accomplished for the German Church interests throughout the land.

"If I really undertake the thing, your energetic co-operation is, perhaps, a somewhat presuming, but certainly a foregone conclusion. If the object were purely personal, I would not, of course, claim your time and work; but in this, you are as much interested as I am. A critical and popular review of Hundeshagen's German Theology, a parallel between the position of the German and the American pastor, the characteristics of Puritanism, Sectarianism, the Catholic Church in America, are, for example, subjects which I would most gladly have you handle. Your historic studies, too, will present many interesting topics, and, with your fondness for art, you will not find it difficult to give us something on Art and Religion, Art and Religious Ceremonies and so on."

Dr. Schaff found a ready sympathizer and an earnest co-operator in this project in his correspondent. Mr. Mann was a regular contributor to the pages of the *Kirchenfreund*,

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his interest in the project, and his intimacy with the editor, alike awakening his enthusiasm, and inciting his labors. In 1854, he became the editor of this theological monthly, and continued it until 1860.

November 30, 1847, he wrote in reply to Dr. Schaff:

"Hail to the new project of your creative genius, the *Kirchenfreund!* for which I wish as many friends in the church as it will have friendship for the Church. I was, of course, surprised when I saw the constellation risen so suddenly on the calm heaven of the *Zeitschrift.* Naturally, several considerations present themselves to me: what will the *Zeitschrift* itself say to it? How will the church respond to it? Will other denominations show real interest and do serious work for the cause? All this you have, of course, considered, and you know the ground better than I do. I have long wished that a political paper, founded on true Christian principles, were published for the Germans here, that would give a view of the world's condition from the light of the Christian standpoint in opposition to rationalism. At the same time, I have certainly desired that for German theologians in America, and for the more educated religious German element, a journal devoted to church and theological interests in a broader sense would appear; and, finally, I have long expected an English theological paper, as the standard of Mercersburg theology. Now your plan springs suddenly, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, fully armed into being, and I greet it with enthusiasm! For the confidence which your wish to have me work with you shows, I thank you. Whatever is in my power I will do for you, and herewith become one of your subscribers. I have long wanted to see the liturgical question publicly discussed; for these things, the doors of your *Kirchenfreund* will be open, and when I want to write and can, I shall do it with redoubled energy for my friend. Let me know as soon as possible how your project has been received."

Perhaps a short extract from the first editorial will best explain the aim and character of the paper:

"Despite all division, German Protestants in America, especially the clergy, still have many common interests. They speak the same language, have the same origin, and they have what unites them still more closely, the same mode of thinking, and that 'Gemuethlichkeit,' for which feeling the English language offers no term. They have an interest in the condition and advancement of church and theology in their old home, and desire that the faith of their fathers be preserved and spread in its purity in the land of their adoption. Among them, also, many have solid theological learning, and could exert an influence for good in a wide

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sphere, if the proper medium served to express their views. Surely, if we succeed in concentrating the existing forces, a literary organ worthy of the German mind may be called into being, nor will it fail to attract the attention and receive the respect of English-American theologians, many of whom do not shun a journey across the water to gather the fruits of German erudition." (*Kirchenfreund*, 1848, pp. 2–3.)

Sectarian distinctions were to be avoided: Lutheran, Evangelical and Reformed were alike to be sharers in the literary contributions. The interests and life of the American-German Churches were to be discussed, while the object as well was to keep in touch with the theology of Germany and its literature.

Among the articles Mr. Mann contributed to the *Kirchenfreund* were nine papers on "The Church of the Present;" "The Present Condition of Germany viewed from the Historico-political Standpoint;" "Bible Pictures;" "California and the Isthmus of Panama; a Glimpse at the Future of the World's History;" "The Needs of the Germans in the New World;" "A Christmas Dream;" "Universities and their Influence on Public Life;" "Claus Harms; an Autobiography;" "A New Year's Letter to the *Kirchenfreund;*" "The German Press in America;" "The New Lutheran Hymn Book, 1849;" "Spiritual Crumbs;" "Churchly Tendencies and their Opponents;" "Emigration;" "Late Attempts at Church Organization in Germany;" "German Theology of the Present and its Influence;" "Sowing and Reaping, a Meditation upon Gen. 8, 22;" "The Future of the Protestant Church;" three articles on "Jacob Boehme, the German Theosophist;" "Liturgy or Extempore Prayer in Public Service;" "Theses on Ordination;" "Christmas and the American Presbyterian."

These titles serve to show the variety of subjects that engaged his attention. Dr. Spaeth in his "Memorial" of Dr. Mann says: "His contributions to the *Kirchenfreund* cover probably the widest range of subjects ever treated in such a journal by one man."

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From a few of Mr. Mann's letters to Dr. Schaff, during these years, several extracts are added, interesting, because characteristic of his style and mental activity, and of the zest, with which he carried on his literary work.

May 3d, 1848 . . . "Your welcome letter has just been received. I am quite satisfied with the titles you have bestowed upon my papers on 'The Church of the Present.' 'Church and School' is well-named, so is 'The Nature of the Church,' (Das Wesen der Kirche.) If I think of it, in the future, I will christen the children of my theological moods, or you will be troubled to do it again. I would have shortly continued the articles on the Church; but if you had rather wait a while, a second series may follow later . . . I will undoubtedly review the 'Cosmos' if you want it. There ought to be a difference, however, between the article for the *Kirchenfreund*, and the one for the English paper. I can with ease write you a special sketch sometime. . . . If I ever conclude to write anything for English-speaking people on Kant, Schelling and Hegel, it will be to cause this three-starred constellation to rise, bright and clear, upon the night of my own forgetfulness, and that I may again be absorbed by these three spheres on the mental firmament of Germany. I am indifferent to the savor of my orthodoxy in the modern inquisitorial nose. God sees further!"

June 27, '48. "See here, dear Doctor, a man, a word! Here again are chips from my workshop. And this time, literally, for the sake of the Catholic Church! Now see what you can do with it. The Roman Church, after a flattering introduction, has nevertheless fared badly. And the criticism is not yet ended. The general condition of her morality, the influence of Protestantism upon her, and various other points are yet to come. . . . N. B. Albertus Magnus, my especial favorite, was probably the first, who, in so northerly a region as Cologne had an artificially heated hot-house. For on the 6th of January, 1249, he entertained Wishelm of Holland in a large hall, artificially heated, under fruit trees and blooming plants! The magician!"

In a letter of that year, he says:

"Indications promise for the Church in North America an agitated, but a great future. I feel at times, that now, after the lapse of centuries, there may be an outpouring of the spirit of love, as in the days of the Reformation there was, of the spirit of faith."

When he sent the "Christmas Dream," for the *Kirchenfreund* in November, 1848, he wrote:

"Here is a little thing for December, if there is yet time. But, of

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course, you know there is not much reliance to be placed on dreams! do with it what you please."

Referring to other contributions to that journal, he wrote:

"As soon as my many pastoral engagements permit, I shall turn to 'the Church of the Present.' Material is collecting in the interval. I feel inclined to undertake character sketches of the most significant men of Europe (in politics and so forth) during the last thirty years. But this is somewhat outside the domain of the *Kirchenfreund*, if the work is to be thorough. It requires material, too, that I have not at present, particularly on Louis Philippe, Metternich, Nicolas I., Pius IX., Guizot, Thiers and others."

Having written two articles on the "Future of the Protestant Church," he says:

"According to my original plan, the position of Universities in reference to the Church will next be considered. Later, I shall take up the characteristic features of the spirit of our time, which is not so much irreligious as unchurchly. The whole shall be designed to present a picture of the times, and shall seek to give a view of society and the world, from a theological standpoint, without moving in the heavy, cumbersome armor of scholastic style."

Toward the close of '48, he wrote to Dr. Schaff:

"Often, wondering, I look back upon your past and mine. And in looking toward the unknown future, nothing makes me braver, than humble meditation on the wonderful way, God's hand—unseen yet visible to the eye of faith—has led us. Therefore, trusting in His help, unworthy of it as we are, let us strive forward, though at different stations, —forward, together, toward one aim, in unity of spirit and in hope!"

In his editorial at the close of the first twelvemonth of the *Kirchenfreund*, Dr. Schaff expressed his deep appreciation of the able and arduous labors of his friend in these touching words:

"With deep emotion and with adoration of the wonderful ways of God, we record our special thanks to one of our contributors, with whom years ago in the dear Fatherland, we wandered through the cheerful scenes of Hellas and Latium, and the sacred halls of German philosophy and theology. The early bonds of friendship have lasted beyond the days of Stuttgart and Tuebingen. The great word with which we parted

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ten years ago: 'The Lord be between me and thee', has been our guiding star; and now—*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*—we are again united in the new world for new work in the 'Church of the Present,' for new hopes for the Church of the future. Under God's providence, the former home has become strange to us, and the strange land has become a home. The Church of the living God, who has a great people in America, is truly the believers' fatherland; wherever it is, there the fountain of life breaks forth, there the arch of peace stretches its bow, there the gates of Heaven are opened." (*Kirchenfreund*, 1848, pp. 382, 383.)

The revolutions in Europe in '48, and especially the struggle for freedom in Germany, were here followed by the friends with the most intense interest.

May 1, 1848, Mr. Mann writes:

"In my deepest soul, I rejoice that Germany is in this ferment. Indeed the noblest forces of the nation should not be absorbed by theories, and seek to live in the clouds while so much work lies at hand to be done. The arrogant disregard of the misery of the masses, and the abject servility near the thrones are miserably unworthy of people, who call themselves Christians. Now, of course, much that is rough and crude will come to the surface; but there is no other way to cleanse the Augean stable. To us, Germany has changed more during the last three months than it would have done in the preceding twenty years. The unexpected happens—liberal parliaments, free press, mass meetings, etc. In Stuttgart, there was a big procession, and they burn the effigy of the King of Prussia. Who will bring order into the thirty-five distracted States? But the Reformation of the 16th Century becomes life and fact over there in the Old World."

June 24th, '48, writing on the same subject, he says:

"I do not doubt for one moment, that out of all this turmoil blessing will result for the kingdom of God. Thousands learn to grasp life's object and its issues with a firmer hand. My mother writes, that, since these storms have come, the churches are crowded every Sunday and more people are buying Bibles than ever before. In the meantime, Germany is like the neighborhood of a burning powder magazine, one expects a new shock every minute."

September 15th, 1848:

"My verdict on the revolutions in Germany does not quite agree with yours. The petty German Governments were doing decided wrong, were enforcing entirely selfish monarchic principles. The poor people waited

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long and had patiently begged for their just rights without redress. I think it was justifiable from a Christian standpoint to revolt against the oppression. To declare the revolution the outcome of the efforts of a few French and Poles is nonsense. Violence, of course, I do not defend."

In March, '49, he surveys the political arena of Germany once again:

"If I compare modern with ancient history, Germany lies before me much as Greece and Asia Minor after the days of Alexander: an intense desire for individual political existence, a universal striving for culture, a golden age of art, sophistries supplanting the faith of the fathers, elegant eclecticism in all departments, but also the lack of independent productive power, and the decay of the distinctively original and national. That was a good field for Romans and Parthians. One can draw a parallel, too, between Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander. Napoleon, in a few years, brought East and West nearer to each other, than they had been for centuries. Monarchical as he was, he made revolution the watch-word for Europe. What would I not give to hope for a truly national revivification for Germany! Of making private plans, I shall probably break my head! California and Panama, the Jews, Church Architecture, Church Organization in Germany, and some other things are embryonic under my skull-cap. But take comfort, spring awakes to new activity and gives new creative powers. May a baptism of mental blossoms fall like a benediction on the *Kirchenfreund!*"

When Hungary in '49 sought to free herself from foreign thrall, he rejoiced in her bravery and hopes of success.

"What say you," he writes, "to Hungary's heroic efforts? My expectations have been far surpassed. I cannot do otherwise than hope and pray for a heroic people fighting for their freedom. Prussia's troops defeated, Austria's likewise,—the eagles of two empires drag their pinions in the dust! If Hungary succeeds, the cause of freedom will have received a great impetus. The Princes of Europe are evidently trying to rivet the old chains of wrong and oppression, and seek to banish the spirit of the century. In doing this, they challenge the genius of our day to wild revenge, and more terrible scenes, than any the world has yet seen, may be enacted, particularly in Germany. France is playing a most ignoble roll, and her President, that miserable comedian, who is not capable of one noble patriotic, truly republican idea or feeling, is fooling *la grande nation*, and proving that she is fit for work only in the military jacket. This is not a noble public spirit."

It is not surprising that in the constant interchange of thought between the friends, and their close sympathy in

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each other's mental and spiritual welfare, we should hear sometimes of flagging spirits and discouragement. We quote from a letter of February 12, '49, to Dr. Schaff:

"Your letter bears no evidence that the fount of your spirit is dry, that your mental elasticity is relaxed. It was in every respect most interesting. Yet I am not surprised that your ship should, too, at times run upon a sand-bank and lie by, until a favoring tide again sets you adrift. Who escapes the ebb? Did I not suffer it often myself, I would more regularly send you my effusions for the *Kirchenfreund*. But those material things, that force themselves into notice, clogging the flight of the spirit in its noblest conceptions, lie like destroying poisoned dew on the mind, and like the simoom's hot breath, wither the soul's aspirations. The empty talk one is doomed to hear, to say nothing of the meanness, that often gracelessly peeps out between the folds of poorly-patched-up polite form, and that one is forced to ignore!—Oh, I know the old lumber room full of frippery,—it is the world! And my wings droop more quickly, too, than yours! Then, too, continually making sermons consumes much power of production; for to my sermons, I always give conscientious work, and to force the spirit is of no avail! But you shall soon have a new article. I think a second paper on Bible-pictures this week."

This transition at the end of the letter is characteristic. If for a little while the heavy chains dragged upon his spirits, they were soon shaken off, and his soul rose pure and free to higher realms. His enthusiastic nature, full of superabundant life, mental and spiritual, found a calm haven in the work, which was his delight. To write a learned essay, or to comfort some humble fellow-man, or to minister consolation to the sick, or to throw his whole mind and ardor into preaching, all brought him that serene happiness, that drove away sad meditations, because they were the fulfillment of duty, and as such, they brought him peace. His unfailing humor, too, that cropped out everywhere, brightening his sayings and turning uncomfortable things into pleasantries, made him always gay and cheerful.

Systematic in the division of time, scrupulously given to order in the things about him, his mind worked on the same lines. He had made thorough concentration a habit,

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and his mental powers responded easily and quickly to his demands. The result was that he worked with great rapidity, and this alone enabled him to accomplish so much. His diary records: "I work more quickly than I used to." And again, "Yesterday I sat down and wrote eight pages of manuscript in a trice. I got a little out of breath toward the end."

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST YEARS IN PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGE.

IN presenting the literary work of this period, we have been brought several years forward, and must return to review the narrative of events. When in 1846, William Julius Mann came to Philadelphia, he was a stranger in a strange land, and he greatly missed the sweet solace of "brotherly love." Amid the new surroundings, with new work and new cares before him, he gladly made use of a letter of introduction from Stuttgart, to distant connections in this city. In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Schmauk, to whom he was thus directed, he became, especially during the first years of his life in Philadelphia, a constant and welcome visitor. To the many kindnesses he received at the hands of Mrs. Schmauk and her sister, Miss Mina Schultz, he often gratefully referred in after years. Members of the Lutheran Church, in which he afterwards ministered for so many years, he became their pastor, and this new relation strengthened and hallowed a friendship, which lasted through life.

At their golden wedding, which Mr. and Mrs. Schmauk lived to celebrate long afterwards, Dr. Mann made the festive speech; and when, rich in years, they were laid to rest upon the grave of each, he laid a memorial of his loving regard, and a tribute to their noble Christian lives and characters.

Mr. Mann encouraged their son Benjamin, whose capacity and desire for study he soon remarked, to prepare him-

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self for the ministry. During several successive years, the younger man, with one or two other candidates of theology, received instruction in the classics and theology from Mr. Mann. The Rev. Benjamin Schmauk became a faithful laborer in the Church, and is a highly-honored member of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

In September, '46, Mr. Robert Otto, a cousin of Mr. Mann's, came to Philadelphia from Germany. Introduced by letter to the family of Mr. Schmauk, he soon found them his nearest and dearest friends, and his marriage, some years later, with their only daughter, Theresa, was another bond that united the families. The father of Mr. Otto, was a man of remarkable mental acumen, with a deep insight into political and social affairs. He was an intimate friend of the Rev. Rudolph Mann, the brother of William Julius. For more than thirty years, Mr. Mann carried on a voluminous correspondence with this uncle, who had an intense interest in the progress of America, and everything pertaining to the real welfare of humanity.

During this year, Mr. Mann had the pleasure of a visit from his elder brother, Charles, who came to America. Though he lived in New York, whither business interests had called him, the brothers were frequently together, and they deemed the beloved Stuttgart home less far away, while they could together recall the joys of the past, and share each other's letters, that brought news from across the water. Together during the following year, they lamented the death of their elder brother, Victor, who was cut off in the prime of his manhood; and sorrowfully did they feel the great distance that separated them from mourning parents, relatives and friends.

The Lutheran St. Paul's Church was very near Salem Church and the new minister, whose sermons were so attractive, frequently had among his audience many members of the neighboring congregation. Among these, none more fully appreciated his depth of thought, his clear, soul-

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stirring and soul-healing exposition of the Word of God, than Mr. John Rommel, a member of the vestry of St. Paul's Church and, for more than thirty years, Superintendent of its Sunday School. Having seen him in the pulpit, and being an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Schmauk, in whose house his wife had met Mr. Mann, Mr. Rommel accosted the young preacher when they were riding down town one day, in an old time omnibus.

The conversation turned upon church music and the old German choral. Mr. Rommel regretted not playing the piano, as the flute, which he knew how to play, was not adapted to music of that kind. "If you care to learn," said Mr. Mann, "I will come and teach you, and with your fine ear for music, you will soon know enough to play chorals without the notes." The friendly offer was accepted, and the friendship there begun was destined to blossom into the nearest and dearest family ties.

Both men in the long after-years of their close relationship and intercourse were very dear to one another. There was much in the character of each that attracted the other. With a clear, sound judgment of men, the elder recognized in the younger, the man of noble parts and high ideals; with a strong thirst for knowledge, which in his youth had not been satisfied by a higher classical education, he rejoiced in the breadth of the other's mental horizon; with a thorough knowledge of God's word and a marvelously rich fund of the grand German hymnology, he delighted to converse about these treasures, in which the other was ever delving; with a dry humor and a keen appreciation of fun, he delighted in the bright ready wit of the other, who only needed such a stimulus to bubble over with merriment. Innumerable were the happy talks and laughs they had together, that rejuvenated the one and refreshed the other.

"The traditional love of the German for music" was alive in all the members of Mr. Rommel's household, and the young clergyman was soon well acquainted with the

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good mother of the family and the young people. In the eldest daughter, who much resembled her father in mental bent and character, he found "the loving companion of his life's voyage." He was married, by the Rev. H. Bibighaus on the 7th of August, 1849, to Margaretta Catherine Rommel, and this happy union "completed the man and the pastor for his work."

Years after, when writing the life of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, it pleased him to discover, that music had introduced Muhlenberg, as it had him, to the family of his future wife. Even before his marriage, Mr. Mann was fully and freely received as a beloved member of the family circle. Between him and Mrs. Rommel, an abiding friendship sprang up, which united them through life. He highly appreciated her sound common sense, and practical insight into the affairs of the world, and she greatly admired and loved him. How much he good-humoredly teased her, and how often he amused her, the large circle of her children and grand-children delight to remember.

In this family of German stock, in which the young generation was fast growing American, Mr. Mann revived the dear old customs of the Fatherland at Christmas time and birthday celebrations. And it needed only this impulse to make old and young heartily join in all the surprises and jokes, that were invented for the family gatherings, where gifts were often presented in verse, and poems celebrated special occasions. But the full glories of Christmas celebrations were only altogether unveiled, when little children of the third generation gave a new significance to the festivities.

The summer of '49 was a distressing one, because the cholera was raging. The diary notes "from thirteen to fifteen people die daily of cholera." Friday, August 3rd, was set apart as a day of humiliation and prayer, because of the scourge.

The young pastor was peculiarly exposed to the disease in his visitations among the sick; and that in the threaten-

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ing danger, he might have the comfort of wifely care, the marriage took place some months sooner, than was at first the intention.

The new home was on Green Street, and there were busy preparations for the new housekeeping. Says the diary: "Can I ever forget dear Mrs. Rommel's forethought, care and patience in the furnishing and arrangement of our house? What will parents not do for their children! From others, too, we receive many marks of love and kindness." And again: "All my books were moved into our new home to-day. To rearrange them was a great work; but thanks to my good friends, who helped me, all are now in good order in my new study." The day on which the keys of the house were given into his keeping is literally a red letter day in the diary.

On his wedding day, he notes: "The solemn, eventful day has come! Beautiful and clear the sun arose, the sky is blue and cloudless. I am particularly happy my brother could come over from New York, and I had a charming letter from Dr. Schaff this morning. The Bible verse to-day is Ps. 105, 8, and the text Rom. 8, 1. Verily the Lord will forever remember his covenant, though we so often fail to keep it! O, that there were for us really no condemnation, that we were always in Christ Jesus, righteous and holy in him and through him, that we walked not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Then, indeed, could one take such a solemn step as marriage without care, without uncertainty, only and altogether in holy joy! My beloved bride seems composed and happy. She is fully conscious of the seriousness of this day; but she knows that our life together, with the joys and sorrows that will come is in God's keeping. Could she come to me with richer dowry than her firm faith in Him, and her trust in the guidance of His Holy Spirit? Oh, that we might ever be altogether true to our God, then would we at all times be entirely loving, devoted, patient and unselfish toward one another."

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In the first happy days in the new home, he writes: "That my dear wife speaks German with ease is of more importance to my happiness than I would have supposed! Instead of studying, I am playing duets with my wife. We are just now deep in the beauties of Haydn's symphonies."

During this year there were many additions to his library, and occasionally criticisms and opinions of books read or studied at the time are noted. Of the "Divina Commedia," he says, "It is a glorious oratorio in words," and of Jean Paul he writes: "What a Titanic spirit he reveals! He looks through a magic world deep into the real world about him. It costs some labor to follow his fantasies; he paints in colors of fire. He is full of life, but he lives in a fever!" "I have read," he says, "in the last weeks the three volumes of Schubert's Journey to Palestine with much benefit and pleasure. What childlike and yet what comprehensive and clear insight, what a noble humanity and all-embracing love it reveals!"

A number of years after this Dr. Mann reviewed the first volume of the "Autobiography," by the same writer. In acknowledgment of this, Dr. Von Schubert, who was then long past three score and ten, sent him, with the two succeeding volumes of the work, a letter which I here append. To the deep and abiding beauties of the "Autobiography" Dr. Mann often turned, and during the last months of his life, he re-read the book.

"DR. GOTTHILF HEINRICH VON SCHUBERT TO DR. WM. J. MANN.

"*My beloved friend and brother in the Lord:*

"Scientists tell us that the countries of Western Europe, to which also our dear German fatherland belongs, owe the mildness and geniality of their climate, which markedly distinguishes them from those lying farther eastward, to the warm ocean currents which America sends out from the great gulf that lies near her heart's center. A spirit similar in mildness and comforting warmth seemed to breathe upon me from the pages of your kind letter of last month; a warmth which the human heart cannot radiate unless it has been touched by the finger of God's love, the source of all life awakening in the souls of men who approach it responding life and love. What joy could be greater than to feel and

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to know that as faithful and loving members, united in Him, we also belong to Him; that the voice of His bride, the Church, is heard also through us, the voice which joyfully proclaims, He is mine and I am His? In this spirit of love, I greet you, my dear companion on our common journey to the eternal home!

"Our young friend, Dr. Albert Zeller, has already introduced us to you in his book, and presented you very vividly to us; and now your letter does even more, it draws me strongly to your heart. I did not know that we had once seen each other, probably in 1835! Well, in the next world, where by God's mercy we shall be gathered together, we shall see and know each other better. In thoughts and work, by our mental bent and life's calling, we are already associated with one another. Let us often faithfully remember one another while life lasts!

"You, indeed, have therein taken the initiative. By your loving and lovely review of the first volume of my 'Autobiography' you have encouraged and gladdened me. As a slight token of my gratitude, I send you, through my publisher, the continuation of the work to its completion in the third volume. If you have not yet received it, I trust it will shortly be in your hands. Another little book, 'Magic Hours,' taking advantage of this opportunity, will reach you also, and may, as it refers to America, be of interest to you.

"As Wurtemberg is your home, the universal sorrow at the death of the Duchess Henrietta, at Kirchheim u. Teck, will not leave you unmoved. Dr. Barth informed me of her departure. 'Our loss,' he writes, 'in the going home of this true mother in Israel is inexpressibly great. Strength of mind, clearness of judgment, forethought, Christian firmness and faith are not often found united in so high a degree, as we found them in her. There was nothing sentimental or fantastic about her. Without great means, she did a wonderful amount of good, and her left hand knew not what her right had done. I dare not think of poor, stricken Kirchheim and the empty castle!'

"As our dear brother Barth mourns, so the whole of Wurtemberg, and especially all faithful disciples of our Lord, mourn for her. And we sorrow with our friends. The loss is, of course, most deeply felt by those who had the happiness of being personally acquainted with this noble and gifted woman.

. . . . . .

"The Lord be with you, and bless your rest and your work! May He bless your household and the field of your labors, your going out and your coming in! Living in Him and His love, we remain united. My family greets with me you and all your dear ones.

"With affectionate regard,

G. H. SCHUBERT.

"MUNICH, January 19, 1857."

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During '48 and '49, Mr. Mann was engaged, in response to a request that had frequently been made to him, in preparing a collection of hymns for the use of the German Reformed Church. "To select one hundred," he writes, "from among so many beautiful ones, is not easy. The German Reformed Church ought to have a new hymn book, but it is yet, perhaps, too soon. The Lutheran hymn book, the new one just published, it seems to me, would suit us well." This beautiful collection from the rich treasures of German hymnology, by Dr. Demme, he reviewed in the *Kirchenfreund*, in 1850. Mr. Mann's subsequent call to the Lutheran Church interfered with the work he had undertaken, and Dr. Schaff, in 1850, prepared a hymn book for the German Reformed Church.

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CHAPTER IX.

PASTORAL WORK. 1850–1860.

CALL TO ST. MICHAEL'S AND ZION'S CONGREGATION.

DURING his pastorate at Salem Congregation, Mr. Mann had become well known as a preacher beyond the limits of the Reformed Church. In 1846, he had declined a call to the Lutheran Church in Brooklyn. In those days, denominational lines between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches were very much less distinctly marked than at present. To theologians from German universities, the question of positive Christianity, in its struggle against negative encroachments, far overshadowed the minor questions of divergent confessions. Peculiar conditions in America afterwards brought about a greater difference in confessional standpoints. The basis of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America was then not so definitely outlined as it became in the next decade, when Mr. Mann, firm and clear in his convictions, and fully appreciating the sacred legacy of the Lutheran confession, used his voice and pen to defend the fortress of true Lutheranism.

Interchange of pulpits between Lutheran and Reformed ministers, at that time, was not uncommon. When Dr. Philip Schaff came to Philadelphia, in 1844, he had a letter of introduction to Dr. Demme, as the most prominent German clergyman of the city, and he preached in St. Paul's Lutheran Church. In after years, while he was professor at the theological seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, he occasionally preached for his friend in Salem Reformed Church in the morning, and filled Dr.

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Demme's pulpit in St. Michael's Lutheran Church in the evening. During his pastorate at Salem Congregation, Mr. Mann occasionally preached for Dr. Demme or for Rev. Mr. Reichert. Rev. Dr. Bibighaus also spoke at mission or other festivals in one or the other of the Lutheran Churches. It was a time when "confessional differences" created no difficulties in matters of that kind, and when in planning the work of such a journal as the *Kirchenfreund*, it was designed to be an organ of both communions.

Wm. Julius Mann was a Lutheran by birth, confirmation and conviction. The greater laxity of that day in distinctive confessional consciousness made his membership in the Reformed Synod no denial of Lutheranism. The Reformed Church trusted his teaching and gladly welcomed him as a fellow-laborer. But there were many reasons, why he should prefer to be in synodical connection with that part of the church which was entirely in harmony with his own convictions, and Providence prepared the way for his ultimate life-work in the Lutheran Church.

There were, especially at this time, some practices springing up in the church at large with which he could not sympathize. The attempt to spread Christianity by the temporary excitement of special prayer-meetings, and Methodistic revivals was most objectionable to him. He well knew that these availed little. He realized that the only way to a better condition, was a better knowledge of the truths of the gospel, and their widespread personal appropriation. He knew that from the pulpit the people must be reached. He looked there for that earnest and profound exposition and application of the word of God, that would move the hearts to daily repentance and conversion.

In the services, too, he greatly missed the use of the liturgy, and he often lamented during the first years of his labors in America, particularly during his connection with the Reformed Church, the absence of the liturgy, which "lends devotion and solemnity to the service." After the

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meeting of Synod, in 1847, he expressed disappointment because no committee had been named to frame a form of liturgical service. "The prospects of thorough-going reform in this respect are poor," he writes.

During the year 1850, St. Michael's and Zion's German Lutheran Congregation felt the growing need of an assistant pastor to aid the Rev. Dr. Demme and Rev. Mr. Reichert in the care of their extensive parish. Their thoughts were very naturally directed to the gifted young preacher of Salem Church, whose sermons were so gladly heard by the Lutherans whenever an opportunity presented itself. Dr. Demme had long recognized in the preaching, the theology, and the character of Mr. Mann, the pastor to whom he would most willingly entrust the spiritual care of his own flock. In the first year of their acquaintance, he regretted the young clergyman's connection with the Reformed Church, because he needed just such a man as his co-laborer, as he already felt the weight of advancing years. "He seems to rejoice," says the diary some months later, "that I am once more in the bosom of the Lutheran Church."

Fully convinced that Mr. Mann was animated by the spirit of the Lutheran Church, and "having learned that he would be willing to join the Synod of Pennsylvania," the vestry of St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation, unanimously elected him assistant pastor on the 18th of September, 1850. This announcement was received with the deepest regret by the pastor and people of Salem Church. Nor did Dr. Mann consent to leave Dr. Bibighaus and his charge, until a suitable successor had been found. From the members of Salem Congregation, he received many touching testimonials and tributes of love and esteem.

On the 15th of October, he wrote to Dr. J. W. Richards, the President of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, informing him of the call he had received, and stating that he desired to become a member of that body. On the 19th,

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having received a favorable reply, Mr. Mann accepted the call to St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation.

On the 3d of November, 1850, he preached his first sermon in Zion Church, on 2 Tim., 2: 3: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Says the diary, "Church was full, though the sky was overcast. I had to speak very loud in that great building, but I was not too much exhausted afterwards. With God's help, forward!"

St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation, the venerable Mother Church of the Lutheran denomination in America, was organized by Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in this country, in 1742. As early as 1748, St. Michael's Church was dedicated. But the capacity of that building, which seated about seven hundred persons, was soon far too small for the necessities of the congregation, and in 1766 the corner stone of a new and much larger edifice was laid. Zion Church, at the southeast corner of Cherry and Fourth Streets, only a square from St. Michael's, for years the "largest and finest church on the Continent," was dedicated on the 25th of June, 1769.

This building, in which many notable assemblies occurred during the early days of the Republic, in which the highest dignitaries of the Country assembled in 1790 to do honor to the memory of Benjamin Franklin, in which Washington's funeral oration was delivered in 1799, in which, in 1817, the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation was celebrated with great eclat by the Protestant denominations of Philadelphia, "has passed into history." The building was one hundred and eight feet long by seventy feet wide, with a "snow-white," vaulted roof, and it seated two thousand five hundred persons. It was used by the congregation for divine service until 1868; and to those who worshipped there, the impressive services in which so great an assemblage took part, sustained by the tones of the magnificent organ, "the largest and grandest in America," will forever be memorable.

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"Great stress was laid upon keeping the congregation united under one corporation, a relation which was retained until 1867, so that for a hundred years, we find two, and sometimes three, pastors jointly in charge of the one congregation." As early as 1761, the first parochial schoolhouse was erected on Cherry Street, near Fourth, which, in 1794, was supplemented by a second at the corner of St. John and Brown Streets, in the "Northern Liberties." In 1840, a third church, St. Paul's, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

This congregation, numerically and historically important, was a little more than one hundred years old when Mr. Mann accepted the call as assistant pastor to the Rev. Dr. Charles Rudolph Demme and the Rev. G. A. Reichert. Dr. H. M. Muhlenberg, who organized the congregation, was its pastor for a period of twenty-nine years. During his pastorate, Dr. J. H. C. Helmuth was called, who served, the congregation for forty-five years. During the last twelve years of Dr. Helmuth's pastorate, which ended in 1824, and for fourteen years afterwards, Dr. F. D. Schaeffer was in charge. In 1822 Dr. C. R. Demme became pastor, and, though for the last five years of his life he was physically unable to perform active service, he was officially connected with the congregation for forty-one years. The Rev. Dr. Mann's pastorate lasted until 1884, so that during a period of one hundred and fifty years, the congregation was under the care of five pastors who directly succeeded each other.

Other men of great fidelity, learning and ability also served as pastors during this period, for there were always two, and sometimes three, in charge at the same time. Some of them also served for many years. The Rev. Dr. J. C. Kunze officiated for fourteen years, the Rev. Dr. Schmidt for twenty-six years. But in a direct line Wm. Julius Mann was the fifth pastor from Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg.

In the large congregation, there was abundant work for

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three pastors. The parish extended over the whole territory of the city, for from Kensington to Southwark, the German Lutherans were scattered. To visit the members, to comfort the sick, to pray with the dying, to attend to christenings, marriages and funerals, when the distances were so great and the demands so constant, was exhausting and time-consuming work. In those days, too, omnibuses, "Glenat's Coaches," were "the only convenient and accessible means of local travel." Even these traversed only the principal streets of the city, and many a long and tiring walk was included in the faithful pastor's labor.

The three churches of the congregation were all used for divine service: Zion and St. Paul's on Sunday mornings, and St. Paul's and St. Michael's in the evenings. Once in the month, an afternoon service on Sunday was held in Zion Church. The pastors preached alternately in the houses of worship, no one restricting himself to one pulpit. "Kinderlehr" (catechization of the older pupils of the Sunday-school) was held every Sunday afternoon by one of the pastors in St. Michael's Church.

During the first years of his connection with the congregation as assistant pastor, Mr. Mann preached on Sunday mornings in Camden or Frankford, establishing missions there which have long since become self-supporting congregations.

The calls for his pastoral ministrations were almost constant. In reviewing those years, it seems incredible that he could accomplish and endure so much work, especially as it required not only physical and mental effort, but was often, as well, a tax upon the sympathy and emotions. During the hot weather, he did not often leave the city; for then, as much or more than at any time, did his people need him. His diary, July 9, '54, says: "The heat during the last weeks has been intense. On Tuesday, the thermometer ranged between 97° and 100° in the shade. In visiting my people, I had to walk about six miles on that day. Last

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week I attended twelve funerals, five in one day!" During three days of the following week, he officiated at eleven funerals, and during one week of a hot summer he was called to attend seventeen. When there was an epidemic of spotted fever in the city, he wrote: "Yesterday I buried in the Palmer Street Burying Ground, Kensington, no less than five persons at the same time, and had their five coffins standing before me. They were a mother and a child and three children of a neighboring family. All died of spotted fever. To-morrow, the mother of the three children is to be buried, and of that family only the father remains. What is life, and what are we!" Reviewing his work at the congregation, he says: "In one year I attended two hundred and sixty-six funerals." Cholera, small-pox and spotted fever patients, he saw at their worst, but he was never stricken by any of these diseases, nor did his family ever suffer from his fearless contact with them.

Sympathizing and devoted in his pastoral work, poor and well-to-do looked to him for help and counsel. In their joys, he participated as a friend, and in distress, they could not but turn to him. He used to relate, that one morning he counted the number of times he was disturbed while at literary work: thirteen times in two hours he was called from his desk.

On one day, his diary records, that he christened ten children; and once on Whitsuntide Sunday and Monday, no less than thirty-two.

During the winter of '55, he writes: "The times are distressing. I visit much among the sick and poor. Thousands are without work and proper food. The weather is intensely cold. I scarcely know how to meet all the demands made upon me; the calls for help are more numerous than ever."

One of his very remarkable pastoral experiences proved to what an extent his people learned to trust in his benevolence and judgment. He was called to see a sick parish-

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ioner, whose wife had died shortly before. The pastor found the young man very ill, and saw there was little hope that his life could be prolonged." "I would be willing to die," he said, "if I knew my three little children would be cared for. I have no better friend than you, Dr. Mann, and I bequeath them to you. If you will promise to care for them, I can die in peace!" The father received Dr. Mann's assurance, that he would care for the children. So to all the other labors were added these of making arrangements for the future of two little orphan girls and a boy, left without means. Within a few months, homes were found for them in Christian families, and after some time, each became the beloved and adopted child of the family in which it had been placed. Dr. Mann ever took a deep interest in the welfare of these little ones, and he lived to see them all happy and useful members of society.

The beginning of the year was always especially full of work, because the instruction of the catechumens began with the first week of January and lasted until the confirmation on Palm Sunday. The very large classes were divided; one pastor instructing the girls, and the other, the boys. It was not uncommon to have one hundred and fifty catechumens, and in two successive years, about two hundred members were added to the church on Palm Sunday.

The instruction of so many young people in the principles of the faith, the nurture and care of so many souls was a great burden upon the hearts of the faithful pastors of the congregation. And teaching and visiting among them demanded a great expenditure of time and strength. The catechetical instruction was given by the pastors from eleven to twelve in the morning, during three, and often four, days in the week.

Confirmation took place on Palm Sunday in Zion Church, one pastor preaching and the other confirming. The great building was full to overflowing on these solemn occasions.

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On Good Friday, there were always between seven and eight hundred communicants, and on Easter Sunday, between five and six hundred. On these festival days, the pastor who officiated at the morning service in St. Paul's Church, found a carriage waiting to take him, immediately after service, to Zion Church, where he assisted his colleague in administering the Holy Communion.

No wonder that when the Easter days were come, there was a feeling of relief and gratitude that "the hardest days have been passed without breaking down." Several severe attacks of illness were, however, brought on by overwork. But patience in suffering and devoted care with the help of God, brought restored health and new energy.

In July and August, 1853, Mr. Mann was very ill. Dr. Demme was in Europe, seeking to regain his health, which had been failing for some time. In this emergency, the Rev. C. G. Guenther, a young theologian from Wurtemberg, who was visiting America, came to the aid of the congregation. In the spring of that year, he had become acquainted with Mr. Mann, and between the two a warm friendship had sprung up. Most deeply did his friend appreciate Mr. Guenther's readiness to change his plans, to remain in America during the summer and care for the congregation, instead of going, as had been his intention, to Berlin and thence to his home.

In the following year, the Rev. Mr. G. A. Reichert resigned as pastor of St. Michael's and Zion's congregation, and on 17th of April, 1854, Mr. Mann was unanimously elected pastor. The Rev. Mr. Guenther received about the same time, a call as assistant pastor, but having shortly before accepted a charge in his native Wurtemberg, he felt constrained to serve the church there. In the same year, the Rev. G. A. Wenzel received and accepted a call as assistant pastor to the congregation.

On Sunday, September 23, 1854, Mr. Mann's installation took place in the historic old Zion Church. Dr. Demme

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officiated, and in touching words expressed to the congregation his joy at being able to present to them, as his colleague, the young pastor who, for four years, had labored so faithfully in their midst; and his gratitude to God for having especially qualified and fitted him for work among them.

The congregation was constantly growing; immigration was strong in those years; particularly in the northern part of the city, the need of another church began to make itself felt. St. Paul's was often so well attended at the Sunday services, that benches were placed lengthwise of the aisles to accommodate the people.

In 1853, a mission had been established in Kensington, and in 1855 the corner-stone of St. James (St. Jacobus) was laid at Columbia Avenue and New Third Street. Mr. Mann was desirous, that the new congregation should be an independent organization; and he labored to establish this principle as a precedent for future guidance. "Pecuniarily and otherwise," he writes, "we must do all in our power to aid the undertaking; but it is far better that the new church should belong to the new congregation and have its own pastor."

There was much interest in the undertaking manifested in the whole congregation, and the Mother Church defrayed the expenses of erecting St. James, and, for five years, paid five-hundred dollars annually toward the pastor's and four hundred, toward the parochial school-master's salary; and at the same time declared: "The German language shall forever be the language in which divine worship is to be conducted; so that for all time, emigrants from the Fatherland shall find in the land of their adoption, the beautiful service to which they have been accustomed; as, when they come into this country, they are generally without the means to build and support churches."

During those busy years, beside his labors as contributor to the *Kirchenfreund*, and afterwards editor of it, Mr. Mann

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was always engaged in some other literary work. He wrote occasionally for the *Evangelical Review*; in '52 and '53, catechetical and liturgical work for the Ministerium occupied him. In '55, he prepared the article on "Mormonism" for Hertzog's Encyclopedia. In 1859, for an album, published by Schaeffer and Koradi, as a memorial of the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth, he prepared an analytical sketch of Schiller's works, that surveyed also the position of the poet in the world of thought, and his influence upon the German nation and literature. Six sonnets on Schiller from his pen also appeared in the memorial album.

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CHAPTER X.

WORK IN THE MINISTERIUM OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AT Allentown, Pa., on the 17th of June, 1851, Mr. Mann was received as a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and adjacent States. His personality and ability were soon recognized by his brethren. Even in the first year of his connection with the Ministerium, he was charged with the preparation of an explanation of Luther's Catechism, afterwards named from its publisher, the Benner Catechism.

A more extensive exposition of Luther's Small Catechism, he undertook a decade later in connection with Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, who in 1862 came to Philadelphia, having accepted the call to St. Mark's Congregation. Dr. Mann was happy to be able to enjoy his companionship, and together during that winter, they wrote the explanation to the Catechism in questions and answers. This work, undertaken at the request of the Ministerium, appeared in 1863. "It was the aim of the explanation to render Luther's Small Catechism, peculiar and remarkable for its wealth of matter and condensed form, still more profitable for practical use." In the instruction of catechetical classes, in Sunday and parochial schools, and in families, this little book has been of very great value.

In 1853, Mr. Mann was a member of the committee appointed to revise the liturgy. In this connection, he did the principal work in the preparation of the family prayers and those for private devotion, appended to the Pennsylvania Liturgy of 1855.

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In 1853, the Ministerium re-united with the General Synod, which had been organized in 1820 and was composed of delegates from various Lutheran bodies, and at the same time urged other Synods to do so, earnestly hoping and purposing to secure greater unity. "It had avowed its purpose to maintain unchanged its foundation of faith, and hoped in the union to secure gradually the return of the whole Lutheran Church to a closer allegiance to the confessions." In May of that year, Mr. Mann attended the meeting of the General Synod at Winchester, Va., as a delegate from the Ministerium. Of this convention, he wrote, "The General Synod, with its delegates, debates, personalities and tendencies offered much that was interesting. The spirit was tolerant; but there is a great deal of indefiniteness and obscurity about distinctive Lutheran principles, with a perceptible desire for unity. The Methodistic tendency is declining, and the leaders of that movement are losing influence." He left, "not without great hopes for the future of the Lutheran Church."

There was during those years even in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, notwithstanding its avowed determination to abide by "its foundation of faith," a "confusion in churchly tendencies, in ideas and theories of the conception of the Church, particularly in regard to the confessions." The want of higher institutions for theological training was to a great extent responsible for this. It was with a view to supply this deficiency, that the Ministerium founded a chair of theology in the Seminary at Gettysburg.

In 1854, Mr. Mann was nominated by the Ministerium and afterwards unanimously elected by the Board of Directors of Gettysburg Seminary as Professor of Theology and German Literature in that institution. The claims of the congregation, however, prevented him from accepting the chair, which was ably filled by the late Dr. C. F. Schaeffer.

In 1855, at the meeting of the General Synod, at Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Mann was present for several days as a visitor.

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Afterwards, in an article in the *Kirchenfreund*, he surveyed the times and conditions which had influenced the Lutheran Church in her growth and development in America. In a spirit of just appreciation of the difficulties and disadvantages under which Lutheranism had labored in this country, he explained how to a great extent it had lost much of what was most distinctive and characteristic in its faith and form. In the desire to gain popularity, he says: "The hard dogmatical knots of the old Lutheran oak were forced to give way under the Puritan plane. The body was deprived of its bones and its heart, and the empty skin was filled with whatever was most pleasing, if only the Lutheran name was retained!" Lamentable as he felt this loss of a precious heritage to be, he thought that others, too, though differently trained, might be brought to realize it, and that perhaps a time had come when, by patience and forbearance, a union upon a true conservative Lutheran basis was not altogether hopeless. For he wrote: "Now, if the General Synod of the Lutheran Church understood the signs of the times, and, not resisting the churchly tendency, but raising her voice in a truly Lutheran spirit, would hold fast her Lutheran confessions and not destroy nor ignore the characteristics of Lutheranism, it would wield unspeakably greater moral weight, and could become a centre of strong and far-reaching influence. To give expression to certain general Christian principles, may be sufficient as a confession of adherence to Christianity, but it is far from satisfactory, where the connection with a distinct historical Church is at stake."

But the hope, that all who bore the name Lutheran would rally around the unalterable confessional standards, received a sad blow in the next year. There appeared a small anonymous pamphlet, under the title of the "Definite Platform," purporting to be a recension of the Augsburg Confession. This paper, which Dr. S. S. Schmucker,

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Prof. of Dogmatics in the Theological Seminary of the General Synod at Gettysburg afterwards acknowledged to have written, declared that the Augsburg Confession, "although as a whole in perfect harmony with the Word of God, yet contained doctrinal errors, which it proceeded to point out. It declared these errors so glaring, that a very large portion of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of this Country regarded their existence as a matter of fact, not to be disputed; that they had arranged their teaching and preaching in their congregations accordingly, and that they felt themselves conscientiously bound to come out before the Church and the world with this declaration."

No wonder that such astonishing and "unlutheran" statements "raised a storm of indignation on all sides!" Many who before had not realized the importance of "holding fast the Lutheran Confessions" began to see what was the trend of "American Lutheranism." In his loyalty to the faith of the Church and his clear insight into the character of the views advanced, Mr. Mann exclaimed: "Surely, ye are the men to teach Magister Philippus and Doctor Martinus, and to give us a new revision of the Augsburg Confession and a reconstruction of the Lutheran Church based upon it!"

In February, 1856, there appeared "A Plea for the Augsburg Confession in answer to the objections of the Definite Platform: an address to all ministers and laymen of the Evangelical Church of the United States, by W. J. Mann, pastor of St. Michael's and Zion's Churches, Philadelphia." In this able refutation of the "Definite Platform," Mr. Mann proved the unquestionable authority of the Augsburg Confession, as "the primitive standard of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, the most renowned document of her faith, and for three centuries the unexceptionable password of her adherents."

On the 18th of September, 1856, the Trustees of the Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, conferred upon him the

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title of Doctor of Divinity. Before the close of the year, he wrote in recognition of the honor an essay on the condition of the Lutheran Church in the United States, entitled "Lutheranism in America." Shortly before, Dr. S. S. Schmucker had published the "American Lutheran Church." "The material difference between the two appears on a comparison of their respective titles." "Lutheranism in America" clearly sets forth the confessional foundation on which Luther and Melanchthon built in the days of the Reformation, "that time of an outpouring of the Spirit, of grace, of knowledge, of light and of power." The precious heritage of doctrine embodying the saving truths of the Word of God, Dr. Mann therein declared to constitute the peculiar and distinctive character of the Lutheran Church, and he forcibly sets forth, that without a firm and unwavering adherence to the confessions, as laid down in the Symbolical Books, there is no true Lutheranism, however this name may be misapplied.

In the expression of these views, Dr. Mann stated what, for the great majority of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, was the rule of faith and of life. Within the years immediately succeeding these developments in the church, the confessional position of the Ministerium became more and more definitely outlined. The subject was discussed in Synodical sessions and in print. The connection with the General Synod, nevertheless, continued for some years longer. After the meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1859, which Dr. Mann attended as a delegate, he wrote: "In the General Synod there was apparently much willingness to concede, but there were no concessions. I did not leave with very hopeful feelings." In 1864, the delegates of the Ministerium withdrew from the session of the General Synod, and, two years afterwards, the Ministerium was declared to be "out of practical relations" with that body.

At a meeting of the Ministerium at Lancaster, Pa., in the spring of 1866, the question of organizing a new general

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body or council of Lutheran Synods, upon a strictly conservative Lutheran basis, was agitated. In the preliminary discussions, Dr. Mann urged the Synod to proceed very slowly in carrying out their design. He had studied the situation and the theological position of the different Synods so thoroughly, that he was persuaded that the time had not yet come for a general union of Synods on a conservative basis. He thought it would be best for the Mother Synod to stand alone for some years, in order that it might be more thoroughly consolidated, in the promotion of unity of spirit and practice. In the meantime, he proposed that correspondence with other bodies be carried on, until it should appear that there was sufficient agreement to warrant the organization of a general body.

But when the Synod, by an overwhelming majority, determined to take immediate steps looking to such a union, he not only yielded to the wishes of his brethren, but consented to serve on the committee that issued the "Fraternal Address," August 10, 1866, which led to the famous Reading Convention, December 12, 1866. He took an active part in that memorable meeting, and was appointed a member of the committee to draft a constitution for the new body, which was to be called "The General Council."

He attended the first convention and helped to organize the General Council at Fort Wayne, Ind., November, 1867. He was nominated by the delegation of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to represent that body in the German Hymn Book Committee, thereby becoming its chairman. As such, he presented a report at the same convention, suggesting certain rules that should govern the committee in the preparation of the hymn-book, as well as the names of the subcommittee to be charged with this work.

Immediately after the presentation of this report, the Minutes of the General Council state that that body, "on motion, excused the delegation of the Pennsylvania Synod from appointing a representative upon the *German*

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Hymn Book Committee. The other members of the committee continued.

The delegation of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania was moved to make this request, because that Synod had published the hymn-book of 1849, the so-called "Wollenweber" hymn book, and held the copyright, and it was deemed best that it should not actively participate in the preparation of a new book.

In the report alluded to above, Dr. Mann, on the part of the committee, had also recommended "that the liturgical service in the German hymn-book be made to conform to that of the English Church Book."

Many regretted that by this action the German Church Book Committee, as well as the General Council, were deprived of the valuable services of Dr. Mann, whose knowledge and taste in this department were generally recognized.

When the *Kirchenbuch* finally appeared, with approval of the General Council, Dr. Mann, with many others, while fully recognizing its merits, nevertheless found some things in it, with which he was not in sympathy. He especially deprecated changes which had been made in the wording of some of the hymns, in which the archaic forms had been revived. Coming as he did from a country where the liturgy used was very simple, it was reasonable to expect that he would be one of the last to become an enthusiast in regard to liturgical services.

As his congregation as well as some others were attached to the old hymn-book and order of service, and his own views and feelings accorded with those of the people, he preferred to retain both, and frankly maintained his position in the presence of his brethren at the Synod; and also contended successfully for the right of such congregations as preferred it, to use the hymn-book of 1849.

Although Dr. Mann was regularly elected to represent his Synod in the successive conventions of the General

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Council, he attended only those at Fort Wayne, 1867; Philadelphia, 1877; New York, 1883; Philadelphia, 1885; and Minneapolis in 1888. His rare attendance was not owing to any want of interest in the General Council, but to a variety of circumstances, such as pressing engagements in his pastoral and professional work, and sometimes also to his want of sympathy with some of the controversies that agitated that body. Although a staunch and earnest defender of sound Lutheran doctrine, and of a churchly practice in harmony therewith, he deprecated the manner in which some questions were discussed.

In 1860 Dr. Mann was elected President of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and this office he filled also in the two succeeding years.

As a speaker on the floor of Synod he was clear, concise and logical. He spoke to the point, and was noted for "hitting the nail upon the head." Many times, with his ability to see and sympathize with the difficulties that beset others, he was able to pour oil upon troubled waters and prevent the clash of opposing opinions. Where a question of principle was not involved he often suggested a happy compromise. His ready wit often "brought down the house," and in many a dull session or long and tiring discussion he put everybody into a good humor by some happy remark which often, at the same time, helped to solve the difficult question.

After the sessions of the Ministerium his diary often says: "I experienced much kindness from many friends during the meeting of Synod, and greatly enjoyed the intercourse with the brethren."

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CHAPTER XI.

HOME LIFE. JOURNEYS IN '55 AND '62.

DR. MANN carried on an extensive correspondence with his parents and brothers, and with a large circle of friends in Germany and America. He was always in touch with the home in Stuttgart, and the letters he sent monthly to his parents acquainted them with his home, and his life and work here. He could not but at times be sad, because his life-work separated him from those distant dear ones.

In 1856 his health had suffered from his continued exertions, and he was urged to rest and visit his home. In the spring of '57 his parents' letters were full of the hope of seeing him, and he would not have disappointed them could he possibly have left his post. Dr. Demme, however, was not able to endure hard work any more; he had not been much benefited by his trip to Europe in '53, and in the summer time in these years he was scarcely able to preach, and Dr. Mann felt that he could not leave the whole burden of care upon Mr. Wenzel.

In December, 1857, he received the tidings of the sudden death of his brother, the Rev. Rudolph Mann. He was a man of great mental vigor and brilliant attainments, and as the eldest, he had exercised a strong influence upon all his brothers. His death in the prime of life was a sad blow to the aged parents, with whom their far-distant son deeply mourned this loss. To his parents and bereaved sister-in-law, Dr. Mann sent a memorial in manuscript of the life and character of his beloved brother.

In the followings spring he again mourned with his

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distant loved ones. His father's life closed on the 18th of May, 1858, at the venerable age of eighty years and four months. He had borne the burden of his years with remarkable vigor, and was called home after only two days' illness. "It is a beautiful and an exalted picture," says the diary, "that remains to me of my father. He was a man of pure and noble heart, sanctified by a lively personal experience of the power of the gospel. Living in and for the dear ones God had given him, happy in their love and the esteem of many friends, he found joy and comfort in the gospel and the work of God's kingdom. The Lord has made it well with him!"

In Dr. Mann's family there were at this time all phases of the happy development of child-life. Three little girls and a boy made the house merry and added to the cares and joys of their parents. The dear mother's companionship and wise loving guidance was looked upon by the selfish little people as their natural and just right and a matter of course, but when it was announced that papa had an hour to spare a shout went up from the nursery and all rushed to welcome him.

What delightful times they were when he played at "hide and seek" with them all over the house! How he enjoyed their searching for him on tiptoe, and the general scramble when he emerged from some unexpected quarter! Blocks, the counterpart of those he played with when a boy, were made for the children, and he taught them to build high towers that were the wonder and admiration of their little visitors. And then he told his little crowd of listeners about the great cathedrals of the Old World. And when they tired of the block towers, he was the merriest of the party if, by a careful dislodgement of the foundations, a last gentle stroke brought the whole structure down with a crash. Innumerable pictures he drew for the little company, and early he sought to awaken their ideas of the beautiful. To the "square" or the park he delighted to

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take them, and he entertained them with descriptions of the lovely hills around Stuttgart, and the walks and views he would like to show them there.

Christmas was the time of special rejoicing for the children. Everything was done to make it a holy, happy festival. Early on Christmas morning, a colored transparency of the Christ Child and the manger, with Mary and Joseph and the adoring shepherds, was illumined in the nursery. The children's eyes opened wide with wonder when, on first awakening, they saw the beautiful picture, and lovingly their father explained to the little listeners the wonderful and ever new story. He even found time to help trim the Christmas tree and light its many tapers. No one but papa and mamma ever saw it come into the house, and no one was sure whether there would be a tree, until it burst in all its illumined splendor on the wondering eyes. It was a happy company that assembled about it, the larger circle of the family, the beloved grandparents and other dear relatives, all uniting in the merriment. The children repeated and sang some of the beautiful German Christmas hymns, which so sweetly tell of the Christ Child, the source of all the love and the gifts.

Busy as their father was his children were always sure of his interest and sympathy in the little affairs of their world. He knew all about the family of dolls, and he often, himself, painted the paper dolls. When, bye and bye, they went to school he always knew what progress they were making, and he liked to hear all about the day's proceedings. How often, when they were in the nursery, he walked from his study to say: "Kinder, Deutsch!" only they remember, and the untiring efforts of their parents bore fruit in this direction, at least.

Among their happiest recollections are the hours he spent showing them the wonders which the microscope reveals. There were always new things found for examination: the exquisite snow-crystals, leaves, feathers and in-

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sects were in turn duly admired. "Under the microscope," he used to say, "God's works always reveal greater and more intricate beauty ; but man's show themselves coarse and rough. The film of the butterfly's wing, under the strongest lens, is perfect in its delicate structure, but the finest polish of silver or gold reveals scratches when minutely examined."

When he moved to Fifth Street, Dr. Mann built an observatory on his house, for he always enjoyed the feeling of freedom and command an elevation offers, and many a quiet hour in the early morning did he spend there book in hand. The whole family found the observatory a favorite resort. The display of rockets and Roman candles rising from all sections of the city on the Fourth of July especially delighted the children and their little friends. The beauties of the sunset-sky were often enjoyed there, and occasionally, too, the glories of the Aurora Borealis. To observe an especially fine one, Dr. Mann remained up nearly all night, and exclaims after the description of it in the diary, "One might live to grow old and never see such a magnificent display in the heavens!" In the observatory, too, his telescope was adjusted and it was his pleasure to examine the moon and stars, and give his children lessons in astronomy. Years before, by means of glass balls of different sizes, and imaginary orbits on the nursery floor, he had sought to give them some idea of the position of the sun and earth, and the causes of solar and lunar eclipses.

Some of the most beautiful of his pen and ink sketches, pencil and India ink drawings were made in these years. He never traveled without a drawing block at hand. He wrote, when away from home, always once and sometimes twice a day to his wife, and often sent the children a succession of funny sketches, with accompanying explanations of humorous incidents that happened on his journey. Sometimes he sent long letters in rhyme that delighted his little folks, who highly estimated these wonderful missives.

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Music was a frequent source of recreation and refreshment to Dr. Mann. Even in his busiest years, scarcely a day passed that he did not play, if it were only during the few minutes that he waited for an appointed carriage or the announcement of dinner. As he extemporized with ease, he was independent of the notes, and if no other time, the twilight found him at his beloved piano.

After attending the meeting of the General Synod, at Dayton, Ohio, in June, 1855, he extended his journey to Cincinnati, Chicago, Ann Arbor and Niagara Falls. He returned to Philadelphia with many delightful recollections of the trip. In Ann Arbor, he visited his only relatives in this country, the family of Mr. Jonathan Henry Mann, his father's cousin.

In the summer of '62, with Dr. G. F. Krotel and three other friends, Dr. Mann took a journey to the shores of Lake Superior. The following extract from a letter to his wife outlines the route taken :

STS. OF MACKINAW, July 25, 1862.

"Two days ago, I sent you a letter from Cleveland, and another yesterday from Detroit, where we spent the day. In the evening, we left in the steamer 'Illinois,' passed up the Detroit River into Lake St. Clair, and up the St. Clair River into Lake Huron, an immense sheet of water, on which we have been navigating all day, and on which, for hours, we were entirely out of sight of land.

"Now we are in the Straits of Mackinaw, where we shall lie by for an hour, and where we hope also, to get our mail into the post-office. Then we proceed, through the strait and rapids of St. Mary, to Lake Superior, and pass along its southern shore to Marquette, which will probably be the turning point of our trip. We cannot yet say, how we shall proceed then, perhaps overland to Green Bay, and then to Milwaukee.

"Our vessel is crowded; there are no less than three hundred people on board. The weather is fine, but the breeze so decidedly cold, that we never get thoroughly warm, like in good old Philadelphia; though I am quite sun-burnt by direct action of the sun-beams.

"There is much conversation going on among our party, and also a good deal of fun, here and there interspersed with more serious moments and emotions. We five companions were just now looking at a glorious sunset, and singing Old Hundred.

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"Show the children the map of Michigan, or they will never understand my course. You will also see then in what latitude we are." . . . .

In another letter, he described Marquette, and the southern shore of Lake Superior as one of the "most beautiful spots under the sun" and continued, "for sixty-three miles we traveled while going from Marquette to Green Bay through the primeval forest in all its virgin beauty, and for a distance of twenty-eight miles, we did not meet a single human being. There were frequently tracks of bears, wolves and deer: but not even Indians appeared during this stretch, though we saw many of them at other places along our route." It was a most interesting and delightful trip, and he returned with new impressions of the great extent and resources of the land.

At home again, work at once absorbed his time and as the close of the year is nearing, he writes: "My labors at this moment are considerable. Congregational duties, committee meetings, instruction to the children and to two theological students, the new edition of the German Bible, articles for the *Zeitschrift* and occasionally for the *Lutheran and Missionary* keep me occupied."

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CHAPTER XII.

PASTORAL WORK. 1860-'68.

AFTER 1859, the Rev. Dr. Demme, the senior pastor of St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation, was no longer able to take an active part in the work of the church. Dr. Mann and the Rev. Mr. Wenzel shared the labors of the charge. There was no cessation of pastoral care, Dr. Mann left the city in the summer only when his own health imperatively demanded it. At most, in other years, he went a day to the sea-shore to bring his family home.

In the autumn of '60, he delivered a lecture on "Luther and his times" in the church of his friend, the Rev. Benjamin W. Schmauk at Lancaster, for the benefit of that congregation. On Thanksgiving evening of the same year, he lectured for St. James' on the "Thirty Years War." For the same congregation he had before delivered a lecture to a crowded church on "Luther," and during these years for their benefit also one on "Philip II. of Spain." For the Orphans' Home, he lectured in Zion Church to an audience of more than two thousand people, on the "Wonders of the Heavens."

He always drew large audiences. He spoke with vigor, originality and fluency. He enjoyed lecturing. Thoroughly prepared, he used neither manuscript nor notes but depended, as he said, "upon God and his memory;" and often spoke from an hour-and-a-half to two hours without hesitating for a word or pausing for a thought. The gift of ready speech was his, and his popular oratory held his hearers spell-bound from first to last. He always presented subjects of gravity and imparted much information; but

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many an unexpected transition or humorous way of putting things caused a smile or a suppressed laugh to ripple over the audience.

On September 1st, 1863, the Rev. Dr. C. R. Demme, for forty-one years the much-beloved and highly-honored pastor of the congregation was called home, after some years of great debility and suffering. Dr. Mann had been his assistant pastor for four years and for five thereafter, his colleague. On the day of Dr. Demme's death, he wrote: "At a quarter before six o'clock this morning, my old friend and colleague, Rev. Dr. Demme, died after weary years of physical and mental exhaustion. I saw him on Sunday and yesterday; but he was not conscious. Now, all is well with him! A man of uncommon parts is gone; among all whom I have ever met, there was none so perfectly qualified by strength of character to be a great leader of men. As an orator, he had indeed few equals. Depth of feeling, force of will, clearness of reasoning, and moral earnestness gave power to his preaching. His hearers were as much under his control as his voice." On the 3rd of September, amid an immense concourse of people, the funeral services took place in Zion Church, which was heavily draped with the emblems of mourning. Dr. Mann preached the funeral oration on the text: "By faith he being dead yet speaketh."

In St. Michael's and Zion's congregation, the feeling was gradually awakening that the congregation was becoming too large and cumbersome; that it would be more practical and satisfactory to form separately organized churches in various parts of the city; that even St. Paul's should become an independent congregation, separate from the Mother Church. But it took a long time before these projects could eventually be carried out. There were many difficulties in the way, and some of the older members looked with much mistrust upon these radical ideas. Dr. Mann felt that time would bring about the desirable change; but with much

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wisdom and great patience he avoided sudden transitions, and everything that might cause dissension. However, when occasion offered, he sought to direct the trend of affairs so that eventually the change could be accomplished.

The vestry had control of the secular interests of the church, and the disposition of the monies, which were considerable; and they sometimes carried their measures without sufficiently consulting the wishes of the majority of the people.

Toward the close of the year 1863, there was some agitation before the election of officers; and when several younger men, representing the party inclined to make changes in the long established methods, had been elected as vestrymen by the congregation, the Rev. Mr. Wenzel refused to install one of their number. He announced this in Zion Church where he officiated on that Sunday, and as a consequence none of the newly-elected members presented themselves before the altar for installation. They left the Church, and went directly to St. Paul's, which they reached before the close of Dr. Mann's sermon.

It was necessary that the officers should be installed, so that the existence of the corporation or governing body in the congregation would continue, according to the requirements of the charter. After the sermon, a member of the vestry quietly informed Dr. Mann of the facts. He requested the newly elected vestrymen to appear before the altar, and thereupon performed the act of installation.

In consequence of these occurrences, Rev. Mr. Wenzel resigned in January, '64, and in a congregational meeting called to discuss these affairs, his resignation was accepted by a large majority and Dr. Mann's action was almost unanimously approved.

Though the friends of Mr. Wenzel carried the matter into court, and sought to annul the January election, and though they caused Dr. Mann much trouble and distress because he so deeply lamented the absence of peace among

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the people, yet no enduring harm was done. Dr. Mann persuaded the newly elected officers to resign; this they did, and in a special congregational meeting, the same men were re-elected by an overwhelming majority. In after years, the few who had misunderstood and mistrusted their pastor completely changed their views, and were among his most ardent friends and devoted members.

After Mr. Wenzel resigned, the Rev. Mr. Reichert, the former pastor of the congregation, kindly came to Dr. Mann's assistance. From May until August, 1864, he remained in Philadelphia, and Dr. Mann after his departure wrote, "he left us to-day with the blessings of the congregation and its pastor." In the spring of this year, a call had been extended to the Rev. Adolph Spaeth of Esslingen, Wurtemberg. The young clergyman had followed this call to the New World and arrived in Philadelphia toward the end of July of that year. Dr. Mann was happy to welcome him, and to find him a colleague well qualified for the office.

With the advancing years, the number of German Lutherans in Philadelphia was increasing. The churches belonging to the congregation were no longer large enough to accommodate the people, and it was decided to build a church in Southwark and one in the northwestern part of the city. As early as 1859, a school-house, which was used also for services on Sunday had been bought at Sixth and Carpenter streets. In 1862, a parochial and Sunday school was organized in the vicinity of Broad and Brown. Each of these was the nucleus of a new congregation; and the question was, if they were to be separate organizations, to what extent would the Mother Church endow her daughters?

The division of the church monies was a difficulty not easily solved. In the long years, a considerable amount of property had been purchased and this had risen in value. Old St. Michael's at Fifth and Cherry was surrounded by a

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cemetery, the first owned by the congregation. In 1759, the lots on Fifth street from Cherry to Race, had been purchased to supplement the original burying ground. These properties were not used for interments after 1782, and in 1776, the land between Franklin and Eighth, and Race and Vine streets, was procured for this purpose. It was, of course, at that time, well out of town. The N. E. corner of Fourth and Cherry streets, opposite Zion Church, and the parsonage and house next to it on the south, were also owned by the congregation. St. Paul's Church and St. James' (Jacobus) had been built and the time had come to utilize more of the capital in this way.

This division of the congregation and its property was the most significant event in the century and a half of its existence, and was finally brought to a happy and beneficent issue under Dr. Mann's pastorate, in the peaceable establishment of five separately organized congregations, notwithstanding the troublesome opposition of some conservative members, who thought the new measures would ruin their beloved church. In 1865, he laid the corner stone of St. Johannes, at Fifteenth and Ogden streets, and a few years later, that of Emanuel's Church at Fourth and Carpenter streets. Both congregations were outgrowths of the Mother Church, and each received about $40,000, to aid in defraying the cost of building its house of worship. In both these churches, Dr. Mann preached the dedication sermons.

Early in 1867, St. Johannes Church gave the Rev. A. Spaeth an urgent call to become its pastor. Dr. Mann most deeply regretted Mr. Spaeth's acceptance of the call in March of the same year and keenly felt the loss of the colleague with whom he had labored in perfect harmony during the three preceding years.

During the following summer, which he spent in Europe, Dr. Mann sought to find a young pastor to fill the vacancy.

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He had two especially in view, and after hearing them preach and conversing with them on the needs of his congregation, he felt that either of them would be most acceptable. But, though both expressed their willingness to come to the New World, neither could obtain the consent of his family to this step. Weeks passed before these decisions were arrived at and much time was thus lost. Before Dr. Mann left Stuttgart he wrote an appeal to the Consistory of Wurtemberg, asking them to encourage young clergymen to go to America to supply the need of German congregations there. In March, '68, the diary mentions that he received a copy of the *Wuertembergisches Kirchen und Schul Blatt* with the notice that St. Michael's and Zion's congregation of Philadelphia, Pa., was seeking a pastor.

For nearly a year after his return, with the aid of the young pastor who had been his substitute during the summer, Dr. Mann had the entire care of the congregation. In the busy Lenten season and especially during Passion week the Rev. S. K. Brobst, of Allentown, an esteemed and life-long friend, the editor of several German Church papers, assisted him.

In the meantime, the question of separating St. Paul's from the Mother Church was much discussed. Dr. Mann's diary in this connection says: "I see no insurmountable difficulties in our way; but feel that I shall in the end find myself in a very bad predicament; as each congregation claims that I ought to be its pastor. This involves me in an unpleasant dilemma."

In July, '68, Rev. Emil Riecke arrived from Germany, and he served the congregation for a time; the vestry, however, resolved in August, after an appeal from the members living near Zion's church, that Dr. Mann thereafter was to preach exclusively in Zion's or St. Michael's. This made Rev. Mr. Riecke virtually the pastor of St. Paul's congregation, though because of technical difficulties and the division of the church property, the final separation into two congregations did not take place until 1869.

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St. Paul's received besides its church building and parochial school house about $92,000 as its share of the church monies, which division was decided upon at a meeting of the vestry on the 7th of May, 1868, and ratified by a congregational vote on the 2nd of June of the same year.

Unfortunately, the unwise course the young clergyman at St. Paul's Church pursued, notwithstanding the sage and friendly advice and assistance Dr. Mann most heartily offered him, caused much dissatisfaction in that congregation, and as a consequence, he was not accepted as a member of the Ministerium of Pa. Upon this, he was obliged to leave the congregation, which in 1870 elected Rev. Fred. Wischan its pastor, who is still in charge.

On the 13th of May, 1866, the Centennial Jubilee of the historic Zion Church was celebrated. For one hundred years the congregation had worshiped within those sacred walls, and for this happy festival, the venerable building was beautified by rich and appropriate floral decorations. Dr. Mann prepared an account of the festivities, which the vestry had published in German and English, as a memorial of the great day. The enthusiasm and love of the congregation for their church was fitly manifested. The services began at 10 o'clock in the morning. Long before the church bells rang, every seat and available standing room was occupied and at least three thousand people were assembled. Dr. Mann conducted the services; Dr. G. F. Krotel, a member of the congregation from childhood until he entered the ministry, preached the sermon on St. John, 4:38. For an hour and a half, he held the attention of his vast audience. The grand old organ, at which the venerable Mr. George Miller, for fifty-three years the organist of the church, presided, supplemented by an orchestra of sixteen pieces, swelled the harmony of the opening choral, "Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott," in which the vast congregation joined. In the afternoon, two thousand Sunday school children took part in the day's rejoicing; and in the even-

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ing, the missionary societies of the congregation celebrated the festival, the Rev. B. W. Schmauk, also a son of the old Mother Church, making the address.

When the Ministerium founded the Theological Seminary, Dr. Mann became professor there, and after 1864, his labors in it are included in the work of this period. In a letter written during these years, he gives an insight into his busy days: "I am now working, I may say, almost day and night, and my soul is in it. Thus far, too, I feel well enough. I believe it would be suicidal for me to give up work. Besides preparing myself for my lectures at the Seminary, I write every week for the *Lutheran*, more for the *Evangelische Zeitschrift*, continue the translation of the Commentary to the New Testament for the Tract Society, keep up a considerable correspondence, and at the same time preach and perform my various and burdensome duties as pastor and yet find time, though by no means all I want, for reading and study. America, thou art a glorious country; if a man does not learn usefully to employ his time and rationally to spend his life in this land of a great present and a miraculous future, he is lost to virtue! But, true it is, that whoever is not active in this country, might as well be off the stage!"

With the most intense interest, Dr. Mann had followed the political developements which culminated in the Civil War. Though not an American by birth, he was thoroughly American in his sympathies. During those four years of the terrible conflict, his hopes and prayers were with the Union. Not only does his diary note the events of those stirring days, but his scrap book also contains the history of the struggle in newspaper clippings. In his correspondence with Dr. Schaff, the great events, political and military, "that were making history so fast," were thoroughly discussed. "God save the Country!" he exclaimed on one occasion, when the future seemed very dark, "for men are doing all they can to ruin it!"

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In December, '61, he visited Washington, when, in those war times, the struggling and bleeding nation's capital beat with feverish excitement.

Several of his sermons preached on fast days appointed by President Lincoln were printed in one of the Philadelphia daily papers.

The genius and heroism of Abraham Lincoln always aroused his enthusiasm. He had closely followed the political career of the "Greatest American" from the days of the controversy with Douglas, and after Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, recognized in him a statesman of high intellectual acumen. Dr. Mann translated the "Second Inaugural" into the German for publication.

In February and March, 1865, he was very ill, and during convalescence, in the short period of rejoicing that followed the surrender of Richmond, in a letter to Dr. Schaff, he says:

"I have not yet made my reappearance in the pulpit. My strength is coming back very slowly. Queer thing, our health and strength! My chest and lungs, I always took to be the Richmond in the Confederacy of members of my body. But Richmond is gone, and the Confederacy is gone, and, indeed, I was almost gone!

"To read the newspapers after the great drama of these days is over will be a tiresome business. What great thing is to be expected after this 'fall, my countrymen'? And a great thing it is, looking backward and forward. The Americans may boast now; there is assuredly something to boast of! Never did aristocracy receive harder knocks, never democracy and republicanism achieve more glorious triumph. Never did history more decidedly advance in the great Protestant movement, forward. America has done the most American thing—fought, suffered, struggled and bled, for the great principle of individual liberty and the acknowledgment of human rights. The United States has now established the principle of republicanism on the most substantial basis, and we have the historic proof that this Republic has a tenacious life and has accomplished what no monarchy on earth could do—overthrow a rebellion of such colossal proportions.

"Of course, there are yet breakers ahead. Still, the raging of the storm is at an end and the sea is calming. Everybody and his wife is congratulating everybody and his neighbor and the nation is instinctively feeling that it is a great power among the great powers of earth.

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"You reminded me in your last that I had promised to come to New York to speak at the mass meeting at Cooper Institute 'dead or alive.' Very true. But I did not promise to come 'half dead,' and that is what I was on the evening of March 12th."

May 5th, '65, he wrote to the same friend, who was about to depart for Europe:

"That our good Lincoln was in a theatre on Good Friday is, of course, misunderstood in Germany. It will be a good work on your part if you set a dozen millions of Germans right on this point, which you can do by lecturing and writing. The rebellion has bequeathed to the future an immense amount, not only of historical, but also of poetical, material. Lincoln will be the hero of a great tragedy whose author has not yet been born. Certainly, there is everything connected with this four years' struggle from the open battle down to the contraband negro and even the bloody conspirator, that will inspire the poet and give thrilling interest to the poem.

"In a few weeks my labors at the Seminary close for the summer. Then I shall be able to pay attention to the *Evangelische Zeugnisse*. I may have to leave town for a time to recuperate; for this reason, I can hardly be expected to have the whole responsibility of the journal resting on my shoulders. I shall speak to my colleague, Mr. Spaeth, about it, and if he is willing to share the work, then all right! You will hear from me again in a few days."

On the 1st Nov., 1868, the Mother Congregation bade farewell to their beloved Zion Church, Dr. Mann preaching his last sermon in that venerable, memorable building. Cherry and Fourth streets was no longer the proper locality for the church, the people having in the course of years moved further west, while the eastern section of the city was devoted almost exclusively to business. The plan for a new Zion Church had already been adopted. It would have accorded well with the feelings of many of the congregation to preserve the old building as a historic landmark. But it was very large and on valuable ground, and would have been a constant drain upon the treasury without bringing adequate good to the Church.

Some years later, when St. Michael's Church which was built in 1743, was no longer used as a house of worship, the question of preserving it as a monument of the past was

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discussed; and for a time it stood defying the successive changes about it. But there was continual trouble to keep it in proper repair, and it would have required the services of a watchman to keep the sacred precinct free from profanation. The boys of the neighborhood climbed the brick wall enclosing the cemetery around the Church, often broke the windows by throwing stones, and thus the building became a great source of care. It was therefore sold in 1874, and on the once sacred spot substantial buildings for business purposes have been erected.

When these two buildings were destroyed, the wood of the altars and pulpits was converted into appropriate mementoes, which the pastor and many members of the congregation preserved as sacred relics of the past. Pictures, too, of the exterior and interior of the historic buildings were taken. A fine one of the interior of Zion's Church has lately been reproduced in an illustrated work on "Historic Churches of America." (H. L. Everett, 227 S. Sixth St., Phila.)

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CHAPTER XIII.

TRIP TO EUROPE IN 1867.

DURING the winter and spring of 1867, Dr. Mann's health was impaired. The many years of untiring work had greatly reduced him; and after the severe illness of the spring of '65, he had not regained his accustomed vigor. At length he consented, at the earnest entreaties of his wife, to cast off the burden of work for a time and visit his mother in Stuttgart. The decision to go was made only a few weeks before the departure. When in May, '67, he notes in the diary that his cousin, Mr. Rob. Otto and family, sailed for Europe, he adds, "my prospects of seeing the Fatherland are very poor." A month after that, however, he sailed for Bremen, taking two of his children with him.

The Rev. Adolph Spaeth had promised to aid in the care of the congregation and the Rev. F. P. Mayser had been temporarily appointed pastor.

On the 12th of June, the diary says: "To-day, to New York; to-morrow, Providence willing, off for the Fatherland, after an absence of twenty-two years. This is a long stretch of life! God be praised for his innumerable mercies and his wonderful guidance in so many vicissitudes! All was infinite goodness and fatherly love. If I am ever to see Germany again, this appears to be the most propitious time. All things in the congregation are tranquilly pursuing their course, and this makes parting easier. I have within these last weeks received a great many proofs of heartfelt sympathy and love from our good people, and I

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may look upon this as a symptom that I have labored these seventeen years among them not quite in vain. I am astonished at the way my projected voyage has come to be executed; that I could make up my mind to go; that my good wife actually sends me! God alone knows the future and to his infinite mercy and wisdom may all be committed!"

From Dr. Mann's daily diary of the journey, which is beautified by many sketches which he took on the way, a detailed description of the visit to the beloved mother in the dear home of childhood and youth might be given. It was a season of rest, refreshment and rejuvenation. The interest of his children, in the new experiences of travel, heightened Dr. Mann's enjoyment of the voyage, which by way of Bremen, Cologne, Bonn, where he enjoyed a meeting with Prof. Dr. Lange of the University, the Rhine, and Mayence led to Stuttgart.

The meeting of mother and son, after so many years, was indeed one of "the greatest, most memorable moments of life." Dr. Mann's mother, though long past three-score and ten, was full of energy. Her mental vigor was remarkable, and her joy in the grand-children and her loving interest in the dear daughter and grand-children in America added not a little to the happiness of that happy summer. She was well versed in the political, social and religious condition of Germany and well-informed on American affairs, so that mother and son often conversed on these topics until long after midnight.

In the large circle of relatives, with whom correspondence had maintained a lively and loving acquaintance, innumerable visits were exchanged. Many pleasant days were spent in exploring together one or the other of the old mediæval castles, perched here and there on the Suabian-Alb, the remnants of feudal days; or the beauties of the royal villa at Berg, or the Wilhelma at Stuttgart, were shown to the Americans; or a visit in the early morning to the Springs at Cannstadt, or to Esslingen and its beautiful Frauen Kirche

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was undertaken ; or a visit to the Rothenberg made, where, in a Greek chapel of white marble, repose the remains of King William of Wurtemberg and his consort; or the exquisite view of the surrounding country was enjoyed from the former summer palace of the king, the Solitude.

Especially did Dr. Mann enjoy meeting his old friends, the Rev. Herman Eytel, with whom he was associate vicarius in Neuhausen in 1844; the Rev. C. G. Guenther, who had been in Philadelphia in 1853, and in '67 was living in Stuttgart as court chaplain to the king of Wurtemberg; and Decan Knapp of Esslingen, and the Rev. Eipper of Stettin, friends of university days. The intercourse with the Prelate Von Kapff, his mother's life-long friend ; Prelate von Gerok, the poet; Prelate von Moser, Prof. Christoph Schwab, brother of Gustav Schwab of New York; the Rev. Wm. Gasper, Dr. F. Hahn, Prof. Pfleiderer and Prof. Staudt of Konnthal, Herr Decan Ellwanger, of Nuertingen, Decan Zeller of Esslingen, Dr. Maerz of Hall, who had in former years sent material for the *Kirchenfreund*, and others, was interesting and stimulating, and afforded a deep insight into the religious life of Wurtemberg, and opportunity to present the state of the church in America. At an international mission festival at Kornthal, in July, Dr. Mann delivered an address. On the first Sunday in Stuttgart he listened to three sermons, each in a different church, and opened the Sunday-school services, in the Paulinen Pflege, with prayer and an address.

In July, he went to Switzerland for some weeks with his two children. From Friedrichshaven across Lake Constance to Romanshorn, and thence to Zurich their way led, and from there to Horgen, where a visit was paid to Mrs. Dr. Meta Haeuser, the poetess and friend of Dr. Schaff. Most kindly did she welcome Dr. Mann, who brought greetings from the friend in America, and most charming was her Swiss home on the Hirzelhöhe with its majestic panorama of the Alps.

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There was no railroad in those days up the Righi. Dr. Mann rode up on horseback, and his children were carried up and down in sedan chairs. He walked down from the Kulm to Kuessnacht in two hours, and enjoyed the exercise, though he writes, "it was rather warm." From Kuessnacht they went across the Lake of the Four Cantons to Lucerne and thence again by steamboat to Alpnach. From there they drove over the Brunig, where, across the lake, they visited the Giessbach; and then, from Brienz, the journey was continued to Interlaken, the Lauterbrunnen and Gruendelwald valleys, Thun, Berne, Basle, where a visit was paid to Dr. Spittler and the St. Chrischona, and by way of Baden Baden, Stuttgart was again reached.

After remaining a week with his mother, he left his children in her care, and made an extended tour through Austria and Germany. He went to Nuremberg, Erlangen, Bamberg, Eisenach and Leipsic, where he visited Prof. Dr. Tholuck. Thence he proceeded to Berlin, where he became acquainted with Prof. Dr. J. A. Dorner of the university, whom, in after years, he had the pleasure of receiving at his home in Philadelphia, on the occasion of the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in 1873. From Berlin he went by way of Dresden and Prague to Vienna and thence returned by Salzburg and Munich to Stuttgart, rich in memory with the spoils of his journey.

The sight of so much that he knew well, but had not before seen, his deep appreciation of the productions of art, his keen enjoyment of natural beauty, the personal contact with men whose work and works had long been familiar to him, occasional pleasant and unexpected meetings with German and American friends that happened several times during this trip, made the journey an altogether delightful experience. An indefatigable traveler, he wasted no minutes of the long day, which, as he was an early riser, began for him at four or five o'clock in the morning. He was at early mass in the dome at Cologne; in Switzerland

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everywhere, he greeted the first rays of the sun illumining the snow-capped mountains; "At five this morning," he writes, "I left for Madgeburg." Nor did he anywhere neglect to enjoy the views from church steeples and elevated positions, a vantage ground which he always especially enjoyed. He had not been half an hour in his mother's home in Stuttgart before he climbed upon the roof of the house to take a survey of the dear familiar city!

Beside carrying on a voluminous correspondence with loved ones and friends in America, he sent articles to the *Lutherische Zeitschrift.* Differences between the Old and New World, views prevailing in Germany about America, Sabbath observance, the general religious condition of the Fatherland, liturgical forms in divine worship in various parts of Germany, thoughts awakened by the experiences of travel, descriptions and incident of his journey, and many other topics occupied his pen. The hours of evening were given to literary work and correspondence. Though his time seems to have been very much occupied, his diary says: "Now and then I have the feeling that I am outrageously lazy, and that I need real work to be satisfied with myself."

On the 25th of August, he preached at Hirshlanden, Wurtemberg, where his friend, the Rev. Paul Steudel was then pastor, in the old village church in which his father had been baptized and confirmed, and where for more than three hundred years his ancestors had worshiped. Among the congregation on that day there were descendants of a branch of the family, who still lived in the village.

In Stuttgart, devoting his time to his mother, and the nearer circle of relatives and clerical friends, the last weeks of August were spent, and on the 3d of September the sad farewell had to be spoken. It was a deep shadow in the bright picture, this parting that had to come. The mother had a second time to resign her son and the grandchildren whom she loved so well and who gratefully returned her deep affection.

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The journey to Bremen was made by way of Heidelberg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Cassel and Hanover, and on the voyage home Dr. Mann and his children enjoyed the companionship of Mr. Rob. Otto and his family. On Sunday at sea, Dr. Mann was asked to preach in the grand saloon; but he told the captain he would preach to the emigrants if there was no objection. On the lower deck of the steamer he addressed a large assembly, speaking in German on the three questions: "Where do we come from? Whither are we going? Who is our guide?" A prayer and a German choral, in which all the listeners joined, closed the short service.

On the 22d of September there was a glad meeting in the Metropolitan hotel in New York: husband, wife and children were once more united; and with grateful hearts they acknowledged God's infinite goodness. Dear relatives and friends, foremost among them Dr. Schaff and Mr. Gustav Schwab, were there also, and a great deal of talking and narrating went on in the happy circle. The return to Philadelphia was made on the following day.

On the 24th of September the diary says: "This morning our trunks arrived. Now there was a noise and chattering, and the children received their presents. We were all inexpressibly happy. In the afternoon a large delegation from the vestry and congregation, and the teachers of the parochial schools came to greet me, and brought me some beautiful and costly presents. The teachers presented me with appreciative memorial resolutions handsomely engraved. Brother Spaeth made a short address and invited me to be present at St. Paul's Church in the evening.

"There, then, I had a grand reception. The church was crowded. Of the Lutheran clergy about a dozen were present. There was singing and prayer. Then brother Spaeth addressed me in behalf of the congregation in beautiful words; Dr. Schaeffer in behalf of the faculty of our seminary. I don't believe a great deal of what these good

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men said in my honor and praise. I, of course, replied, and found it very easy, under the high pressure within. Indeed, I think this was the proudest day of my life. And now, this ends the great event, the journey to my home and back again! Most pleasant is the recollection; innumerable were the mercies we enjoyed! To God be thanks and praise now and forever!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

WORK AS PROFESSOR. 1864—1891.

THE Ministerium of Pennsylvania, while advancing "to a clearer consciousness of its relation and duty to the pure faith of the church" during the decade from 1850-60, felt also the growing need of an institution for the training of young men for the ministry. Theological candidates were fitted for the sacred office by receiving private instruction from men of learning and prominence in the Church. But with increasing numbers in her community, this method of training the ministry was no longer adequate to her necessities.

Nearly a hundred years before, at the meeting of Synod in June, 1773, Dr. J. C. Kunze had, already in that day, proposed a plan for the establishment of a theological seminary. The War of Independence had, soon after, greatly impeded emigration and impoverished the people, and the idea had to be abandoned for the time.

So great was the need of a seminary, especially, too, for preparing young men to serve the German congregations, that the vestry of St. Michael's and Zion in 1822 resolved to establish an institution for educating young men for the service of the Church.

The Theological Seminary at Gettysburg came into being under the auspices of the General Synod in 1826; and in 1855, the Ministerium founded the German professorship in the Gettysburg Seminary, with the special object of enabling students to secure theological training in that language. But after the greater divergence in confessional standpoints between the General Synod and the Ministerium, the need

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of a seminary, with professors of distinctively Lutheran convictions, became more and more apparent.

On the 26th and 27th of July, 1864, in an extra session of the Ministerium at Allentown, Pa., it was decided to establish a Theological Seminary. Dr. Mann and Dr. C. P. Krauth were unanimously elected ordinary professors, and Drs. C. W. Schaeffer and G. F. Krotel, professors extraordinarii.

Dr. Mann, much gratified with the call to this new work, wrote: "I feel that a new era in my life is coming, and I thank God for it!"

On the 5th of October of the same year, the newly elected professors with Dr. C. F. Schaeffer, the incumbent of the German professorship, before founded by the Ministerium at Gettysburg, were solemnly installed in St. John's Church, as professors of the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Church at Philadelphia.

At 9 o'clock the next morning, Dr. Mann opened the first session by delivering a lecture on the Epistle to the Romans, "giving a sketch of St. Paul's life and activity," to a class of eleven students, in the rooms of the Board of Publication, 42 N. 9th Street, Philadelphia.

In these days of fruition, when the words Lutheran Theological Seminary are identified with the stately and substantial buildings at Mt. Airy, it is well to recall the energy and faith of those men who founded the Seminary, when they had neither funds, nor building, nor library, nor indeed any tangible nucleus for such an institution. The generosity of Mr. Charles G. Norton in endowing a professorship was a great encouragement. But there was besides this, only the professorship founded by the Ministerium. Under these circumstances, it was a great blessing that, after all, the most valuable and indispensable element in an institution of learning was not wanting: the learned men, willing and able to lecture without thought of pecuniary reward.

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But the hope of securing a substantial financial basis was strong within the breasts of at least some of the members of Synod. On the 29th of August, 1865, Dr. Mann's diary says: "The Board of Directors of our Seminary has been in session and Dr. Seiss was elected chairman. In the evening, Brother Brobst called on me and said they had resolved that the professors ordinarii should devote their whole time to the Seminary, and that, therefore, I, too, would have to resign my charge. I told him my congregation was not prepared for such a step, and that I could not at once leave them; also, that, thus far, they had taken good care of me in a pecuniary way, and that I could not see much security for receiving a salary as professor. Good Brobst seems to think they will be able to endow their professorships. My brother-in-law, Dr. Rommel, was present, and it was agreed between us that I should have nothing to do with this proposition, and that the Board should address my vestry."

This the Board of Directors did, but there was no possibility of Dr. Mann's leaving his congregation; neither were the hopes of endowing the Seminary realized. He labored for some years altogether gratuitously, doing full work as professor; until he resigned as pastor in 1884, he accepted only one-third of his salary as professor; and even afterwards, he did not draw the whole of it, knowing that the Synod and the Seminary needed the money.

He undertook his new work with all his accustomed energy, enthusiasm and conscientiousness. He was so fully convinced of the necessity of the institution, he had labored so long to bring about its establishment, that these considerations, added to his love of teaching, his eminent qualifications as a theologian, and his natural sympathy with the young, made him "take great delight" in his lectures and labors for the students. "I only wish," he says, "that I could devote myself entirely to this branch of my work."

His topics as professor were Ethics, Symbolics, Homilet-

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ics, New Testament Exegesis and Hebrew. The extraordinary care he exercised, in the preparation of his lectures, is evinced by the large amount of manuscript which he has left.

In 1872 he abridged and translated as a class book for his students, Dr. Christian Fred. Schmid's "System of Christian Ethics." This book, entitled "General Principles of Christian Ethics," grew out of his lectures on the subject. In the preface he says: "This work will have done service, however limited, if it should open to some extent and delineate systematically the treasures of the gospel in an ethical point of view, and if it should encourage the study of a branch of Evangelical Theology, becoming more and more important by its relation to Social Science, which is unfortunately pursued by some without proper regard for the only sure foundation of ethical principles, and of truly moral individual and social life."

On the 22d of May, 1865, he laid the affairs of the seminary before a conference of the New York Ministerium at a meeting in St. Matthew's Church, New York. The object was to secure financial aid and moral support from that body, which has since sent many students to the seminary, and numbers among its members many clergymen sent out from the institution in succeeding years.

After Zion Church on Franklin Street was finished in 1870, and Dr. Mann occupied the parsonage next to it, the seminary was only a few doors from his home. This arrangement very materially aided him by saving valuable time. Having his two workshops within a few yards of each other, he could arrange his lectures so as to utilize the minutes, and he appreciated this very highly. Without these facilities it would have been impossible for him to accomplish all the work of those years. From 1872-1884 he performed also the duties of "house-father:" the general deportment and discipline as well as the comfort of the students being subject to his oversight. During sick-

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ness in the seminary he was indefatigable in his attentions to his pupils, and one winter when small-pox broke out among them, he "went through an amount of trouble," as he afterwards said, and was daily many times with the sick.

The number of students grew from year to year, and in 1876 the building was materially enlarged. A decade later even these increased accommodations were uncomfortably crowded and the project for securing a site beyond the city limits was actively urged. The housefather was particularly anxious to see this happy consummation of hopes long entertained, as he, more than any one else, realized how very necessary were larger quarters. But he almost despaired of seeing the accomplishment of his desire. When, however, the day came for the laying of the corner-stone at Mt. Airy, "a joyous, hopeful and happy spirit of spring-time breathed through his stirring and beautiful address on that occasion." At the dedication of the new buildings in October, 1889, gazing admiringly at them, he exclaimed, "Who would ever have believed that we should have such a fine seminary! I confess I thought I would never live to see it!"

For three years he lectured in the new halls, and it was there that his last active, vigorous work was done; and that not in the class-room alone, for the last sermon, also, that he preached was delivered in the chapel at Mt. Airy. For two years beyond the quarter of a century which had passed since its foundation, he labored as professor at the seminary, the only survivor of the three professors ordinarii originally selected.

For the following description of DR. MANN *as professor, I am indebted to his former student, the* REV. THEO. E. SCHMAUK, *of Lebanon, the son of his old friend, the* REV. BENJ. W. SCHMAUK.

Dr. Mann was the personal magnet of the Seminary. He drew strongly, and perhaps occasionally repelled those

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not in sympathy with him. There could be no neutral or indifferent feeling in his presence. He compelled activity in the minds of those under him. He was more alive than any teacher I have ever had, and he shed abroad his living spirit, force, and personal vitality into the minds and hearts of his pupils. This was perhaps the most distinguishing feature of Dr. Mann's professorial power. There was never a dull or dead hour in his presence. Students eagerly looked forward to, or positively dreaded, his coming recitation. Even in an elementary Hebrew recitation there was sufficient excitement—especially for the student who did not know his lesson. In Symbolics, there was nearly always a weighty presentation of doctrine, or new angle of vision, or grand line of connection, or great historical aspect, brought perhaps to bear on present issues in such a manner as to set the student's mind to thinking for hours. In Ethics and Homiletics, the interest rose to a white heat, and the student came away with a distinctive gain in mental and moral strength. It was impossible not to participate in the original and many-sided activities of this teaching mind, and it was impossible to participate without being stimulated.

His power was due to a deep spiritual enthusiasm on the one side; and on the other, to the balance of a constantly checking critical faculty, which carefully took many-sided and all-around views in the midst of the enthusiasm. In few temperaments were the springing enthusiastic impulse and the cautiously checking critical doubt so perfectly combined, as in his.

But, in addition, there was in him a wonderful celerity of mental movement. The student had no time for dawdling or somnolence in his lectures. So swiftly were the rapidly recurring steps taken that the student had to keep wide awake and follow on a run, making a leap here, and a turn there, and landing almost breathless, but radiant in the possession of the truth. It follows as a corollary that

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such a mind would be impatient with the mere rote and mechanical method of study, which college students sometimes acquire as a habit, and that such a teacher would do all he could to break it up. Dr. Mann could not endure superficiality, laziness or dullness, and often rebuked them sharply in his students. His keenness of discernment, and instinctive insight into human nature, led him quickly to a knowledge of the tricks of the average student, which he was successful in exposing to ridicule.

His main object in teaching was to have the student understand and firmly possess the substance of the truth for himself, and he was ruthless in tearing off the mere mask of knowledge, by wearing which the student frequently deceives himself and others. He believed in the student's grounding himself firmly and impregnably in a few fundamental elements, rather than in his doing a large amount of discursive reading. In his homiletical criticisms, he would pick the student's thought to pieces, and in Hebrew he would do the same for the student's constructions, to the enjoyment and instruction of the other students, but to the consternation of the individual himself. He did not believe in "handling anyone with kid gloves." By heroic treatment he hoped to arouse the student to a thorough mastery of elemental principles, to independent production of thought, and to a self-criticism of that which is superficial and false. He was never satisfied unless he had conveyed the inner ground and substance of the thing, and he laid very little weight upon any external paraphernalia, except in such cases, as, for instance, occurred in Symbolics, when a rigid adherence to outer form of statement was absolutely necessary to accuracy. His examination questions consequently were simple and easy to one who firmly grasped the subject, but almost fatal to one who had only a confused idea of the branch in question.

He made careful and minute preparation for his lectures and recitations, and came to them overflowing with the

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subject. He had successfully reduced the complex elements of Hebrew to their lowest and simplest terms, so that the student who understood him and paid strict attention, and who put Dr. Mann's favorite maxim into practice, namely, "Repetitio mater literarum est," would make surprising progress in a few days.

In Ethics, Homiletics and Hebrew, his method of teaching was entirely *extempore*, but in his lectures on Symbolics he read from a manuscript filled with beautifully written microscopic characters, and most carefully and conscientiously prepared, but digressed in the course of the lecture into important and striking illustrations of the principle under discussion. Dr. Mann's illustrations, drawn from every range of learning, life, history, nature and experience, were exceedingly illuminative and fascinating.

As an illustration of his method, we may take one of his lectures on Homiletics, of May 17, 1882, given by him quite informally, on, "To Preach, and, What to Preach:"

"To preach is one of the most important functions of the clerical office. Almost everyone can learn to read liturgically; or to teach, for the material is given to the teacher; but only the *preacher* can preach. He must be an orator, a popular orator; a theologian—master of the Scriptures—a theologian of the heart, calculated to edify, convince, wake up.

"What to Preach? The Word, the eternal revealed truth about our salvation—the relation to God and his revelation in Christ. The Text, not the whole Word, but *this* Word.

1. The text must be understood in its specific meaning. When, e. g., the text plainly refers to poverty in worldly goods, do not speak about being pure in spirit. When the text plainly refers to a righteous, just dealing with our fellow-man, do not elucidate the righteousness in a dogmatical sense.

2. The specific language of the text must be used as

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giving a specific character to the sermon. When, e. g., the text speaks of a pearl, of light, of the sun, of weeds, of a grain of wheat, of salt, enter into the nature, qualities, effects, applications of just these things. Do not deal in doctrinal generalities and trite truisms—and you will find, that the Bible is an inexhaustible fountain of ever new, ever refreshing truth.

3. Do not make your text simply the starting point for a series of sentiments, principles, admonitions, which have no direct connection with the specific meaning of the text. Your sermon must grow out of the text, not somewhere in the distance from it.

4. In the elucidation of your text have an eye to those elements, suggestions, sentiments, truths in it, which will be calculated to benefit, edify, instruct, confirm in the truth, to quicken the congregation as it is. Much may be true and good, but it may not be properly adapted to the congregation. The preacher must have a *sensus communis*. He must be a conscious reflex of the congregation and its spiritual condition. He must know, in which form he can best give them their spiritual food.

5. Refer the words, and the terms and the truths of the text to the various conditions of man. Let the light of the Word shine into the recesses of their hearts, the habits of their lives, the various conditions, under which they are in this world; the tortuous ways of sin, the miseries of a wicked career, the blessings of a godly walk and conversation, the future existence, etc. Let light drive out darkness.

6. When you make your sermon, allow the text first to preach to you. You are "one of them." You ought first to feel the two-edged sword in your heart. This is the proper way, to give you the proper sympathy with others.

7. Do not trouble yourself much about the "Thema." In hunting after a thema many a man lost the real nerve of the text. Elucidate and apply your text practically. Perhaps all at once a thema will be found. If not, no

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matter—if only justice is done to the text and through it to the souls.

8. Sink yourself, when preparing the sermon, in God. Forget everything but that text—the truth you intend to make great and weighty before the congregation. In preparing, let your *thoughts* be concentrated; in preaching, your *will.*"

I have chosen this illustration of Dr. Mann's method as a teacher, because it is so characteristic of his mind, as a whole, and of his methods and activities in all departments. True doctrine, natural logic, informal manner, wide view, deep piety, intense human feeling, thoroughly modern spirit and expression. It was this latter modernness of spirit, this taking up of the life of the present, this sympathy with American institutions and ideas, this willingness to start out from the present, in spite of his vast historical knowledge of the past and of his love of speculation as to the future, which enabled him to touch the living chord in the hearts of young men. He was himself ever young. And it was this appreciation of the value of the individual, of the subjective and personal, that caused him to sympathize with, and love and give time and pains to each student separately, rather than regard them as a whole collectively in a class. He was willing to single out and deal with the individual student, at any stage of progress, and to spend pains on him, if the individual in return would respond to his efforts and show any sign of upward development. His warm-heartedness and love for the students, his unselfish impulses and motives, his manly frankness and true spirituality, have left a deep stamp on many souls, and in many pulpits, being dead, he still speaketh.

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CHAPTER XV.

PASTORAL WORK. 1869–1884.

ON the 14th of January, 1869, Dr. Mann was elected pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Congregation, of New York, though he had declined to become a candidate or to preach for the congregation. This charge was a large and important one, and had been for many years under the care of the Rev. Dr. Stohlmann, the beloved friend of Dr. Mann, whose death had occurred in May of the preceding year. Dr. Mann's diary says: "On Monday, January 18th (my good father's birthday), a deputation from St. Matthew's—six laymen and the Rev. Baden—came to lay the call to that church before me, and to convince me that I ought to accept it. But I withstood a three hours' bombardment and did not move. Finally, I gave this ultimatum: I said that I would accept if the Board of Directors of the Seminary and my Vestry came to the conclusion that I could do more good in New York than in Philadelphia."

Neither the seminary nor the congregation were willing to allow the claims of St. Matthew's, and when, in February, another delegation from that congregation desired to confer with the vestry of St. Michael's and Zion, they received a telegram stating that on the question of Dr. Mann's departure from Philadelphia no conference could be granted them, and that a meeting with the view of accomplishing this object would be of no avail.

On the 16th of January, 1869, Dr. Mann's mother fell peacefully asleep in Jesus after a short but severe illness. Her youngest son and his wife, sojourning in the Stuttgart

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home to rest from their missionary labors in Africa, were with her during the last months of her life, and in her last illness.

"I should have been prepared for this," writes Dr. Mann, "for a long time, for my dear mother was nearly seventy-nine years old and I knew that she was very sick. I feel that, indeed, a heavy loss has befallen me. She was endowed with uncommon gifts, and had a heart full of love and sympathy. She was a mother in the tenderest sense of the word, and with her great soul and her deep interest in all questions of abiding value, and her enthusiasm for Christ and His kingdom, she always inspired me afresh with love for His great cause. All my dear ones mourn with me. What happy hours we spent little more than a year ago on our visit to the dear grandmother in Stuttgart!"

In the spring of 1871, the family circle in Philadelphia suffered the loss of Mrs. Mann's father. Mr. Rommel was the beloved friend, counselor and guide of his children, and to his grandchildren he was the most companionable playfellow. In their nursery books, some of which survive today, are the rhymes he composed as Christmas or birthday wishes for his little folks. An invalid for the greater part of the last two years of his life, he was always full of the "peace that passeth understanding." The estimate of his character and influence contained in Dr. Mann's diary on the day of his death, March 10, 1871, I cannot forbear quoting: "My father-in-law was one of the most worthy, one of the best men I ever knew, firm in his religious convictions, warm in his affections, upright in his whole walk and conversation, an enemy to sham, pretence and hypocrisy; he was a German of the old sterling type, industrious, quiet, unobtrusive, humble, with a large amount of good practical common sense, submissive in affliction, trusting in God and His love in Christ. Of a mind, I might say, naturally theological, he was not a man of the world; but devoted himself to his family, doing his very best for the

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Christian education of his children, beloved in the fullest sense of the word by them and the grandchildren. He was esteemed throughout the church and revered in our congregation, having been for many years a member of the vestry, and having taken through life the deepest interest in the Sunday-school, of which he was superintendent for thirty years. I have known few men who had a better knowledge of the Word of God and of the way of salvation; I know none who was better acquainted with our grand old German hymnology, nor have I known any one who could better judge of a sermon, or the qualifications of a preacher. There was a kind of a dry humor about him, and in former years, especially, he was very merry in the family, but he did not care for many friends outside of his immediate circle. He liked to begin the day by singing chorals, and often he accompanied himself on the piano, an art he learned from me when I first became acquainted with my dear wife's family.

"There was joy in our house whenever he came to see us, which in the days of health he did very frequently. My children thought and think the world of their good grandfather. He was a blessing to all of us! Since the good man has gone to his rest, I feel that life has less value to me."

From 1868 to 1870, the Mother Congregation worshipped in old St. Michael's Church at the corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets, and during these years a new church was in process of erection, on the ground occupied by the former cemetery on Franklin Street, between Race and Vine.

Dr. Mann always enjoyed a retrospect of the two years in which services were held in the venerable St. Michael's Church. There were so many hallowed associations connected with the old building, and beside that, there was a feeling of individual ownership that both pastor and people enjoyed, since the younger congregations were separate organizations, under their own government and worshipping in their own churches. The capacity of the old building dur-

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ing these years was often taxed to its utmost, for it seated only about seven hundred persons, and though so many branches of the old church were flourishing in different parts of the city, St. Michael's and Zion's congregation still numbered about nine hundred communicant members.

On the 10th of May, 1869, the corner stone of the new Zion Church was laid with impressive ceremonies. The building, a fine structure of brown sandstone in Romanesque style, erected at a cost of somewhat more than $100,000, is 72 feet wide, 110 feet long and with a seating capacity of 1200. The steeple is 186 feet high and has a fine clock and a bell, for which Dr. Mann wrote the inscription: "*Voco vocatos*," "I call the called." At the same time a parsonage, south of the church, and a parochial school-house, north of it, were erected.

Dr. Mann's interest in the church while in process of erection was naturally very great. On his way to or from the Seminary, which was within sixty yards of the new church, he always inspected the progress of the building, and often climbed to some commanding position on the scaffolding the better to enjoy the prospect.

September 11th, 1870, the beautiful, new church was dedicated in the presence of an immense concourse of people, the seating and standing capacity of the building being fully tested. Dr. G. F. Krotel of New York preached the dedicatory sermon on Luke 10: 23, 24.

The Sunday-school participated in the joyful occasion, having a special children's service in the afternoon. There were services in the newly dedicated building on the succeeding Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, in which the majority of Lutherans of Philadelphia, both German and English, participated in the joy of the Mother Congregation in entering into the new and beautiful Zion.

The succeeding fourteen years of Dr. Mann's life were devoted to his pastoral charge, his lectures at the Seminary, and to literary and philanthropic labors.

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For a quarter of a century, he had at this time been preaching in Philadelphia, and, with the exception of a few years in the beginning, had been at the same congregation. But there was no diminution in the size of his audiences, and his well-filled church was a source of great encouragement to him.

Indeed, the new church, which he had considered too large while building, proved to be not too commodious for the congregation which regularly filled it. An old member who came about three miles every Sunday morning to worship in Zion Church, said: "It is rather far for me in cold weather; but if I hear Dr. Mann's sermon, it always helps me to bear the cares and trials of the week; so I never fail to be in my place." There were many who felt as she did, and consequently the church was not too large, though it seated 1200 persons.

One cold cloudy Sunday morning in November, in '77 or 78, the Philadelphia *Press* sent a reporter to each of the prominent churches of Philadelphia, to count the number of people attending the service. Dr. Mann was surprised, next day, when told of this by one of his colleagues at the Seminary, and to hear that he had had more listeners than any other Protestant divine in the city.

The devotion and love of his people was really touching, and to his loving, sympathetic heart this beautiful relation was a great stimulus and a constant encouragement. He had ministered so long in the congregation, that often, in his classes of catechumens, he had young people whose parents he had christened, confirmed and married, and in many cases he had known and ministered to the grandparents. A relation extending in this way from one generation to another was naturally very close, and the family history, the joys, the sorrows, the experiences of life, of his members, all familiar to him, Dr. Mann verily had, as he said in his farewell sermon to his congregation in 1884, "rejoiced with them that did rejoice and wept with them

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that wept." And they appreciated his love and showed in a thousand ways that they returned his affection.

During these years when the difficulties, that the temporal affairs of the congregation had caused, were matters of the past, when more than ever the relation to his people was that of a highly esteemed friend, when in every family in the parish he was looked upon as the wisest, best councillor and the most honored visitor, it is not surprising, that he often writes: "I am very happy with my people." And in 1875, before his departure to Europe, on a summer journey, he notes: "I have been going about during the last two weeks, to bid farewell to my members,—a serious matter when the thermometer is above 90°. But the kindness and appreciation invariably shown me make it, after all, a pleasant thing."

As a novice at preaching, shortly after becoming assistant pastor in Boennigheim in 1843, Dr. Mann had set himself the ideal of a preacher, when he wrote: "It is of the highest value in preaching to present the deepest spiritual and intellectual truths in the simplest, plainest words of everyday life." This aim, in the long years of his work as a preacher, he had unfalteringly kept in view; and he, indeed, attained his ideal.

His grasp of his text was deep, original and practical, and opened up trains of suggestive thought. It was remarkable that he could so persistently draw upon himself. His difficulty was not so much to produce material, as to select those thoughts which bore most directly upon his theme. He never used manuscript or notes in the pulpit; but, in his preparation, wrote a very full analysis of his sermon, bringing to paper all the main lines of thought, though not the material or illustrations that enlarged or exemplified them. Sometimes it was not easy to detect in his sermons that he was so learned a man; for he rarely quoted the Church Fathers or other ancient authors, and technicalities and abstract ideas he carefully avoided. In

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citations from the Bible, his discourses were rich. His illustrations were very happy, and were often drawn from every day life, from the personal experience of his hearers, and oftener still, from nature and her various manifestations.

In his accurate and searching thought, his rich, personal Christian experience, the simplicity of his language, as well as in his knowledge of the human heart, its weaknesses and its needs, he made the great, saving truths of Christianity come home powerfully and practically to his hearers. "If a sermon does not make a man determine to lead a better life, and does not present Christ as the great loving Saviour of humanity, it had better not be preached!" he used to say. The learned came to hear him, and the simple and uncultured could grasp the truth as he presented it. His eloquence was of that magnetic kind that went straight to the heart, and made one forget the orator in the earnestness and power of the message he brought. How wonderfully he portrayed the joy of the Christian life, its painful struggles, its slow, gradual growth; and how convincingly and joyfully he witnessed of Christ's love and teaching, His life and passion, as the source of all peace, and joy and hope, for time and for eternity! Truly, he preached "Christ and Him crucified" and he found the theme inexhaustible!

It was remarkable that he so often preached entirely different sermons on the same text. He loved the gospels of the Church Year, and nearly always took his text on Sunday mornings from the gospel for the day. In the richness and fullness of those words, he found so much suggestive thought that he sometimes took in successive years the identical words for his text, and yet preached an entirely different and original sermon each time. Only the careful and exhaustive study of a mind, vigorous, original and remarkably productive could accomplish this. In the long years of his ministry, he never preached the same sermon twice.

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The growth of the Sunday-school in the new Zion Church was remarkable. There were only four hundred children in the school when the new church was dedicated. Three years later, the names of eleven hundred children were on the roll, and at Christmas about thirteen hundred children attended the festival. Not only the lower halls of the church were required to accommodate the scholars, but the Bible class had to meet in the church proper, and for the infant class, one of the rooms of the parochial school building, north of the church, was appropriated.

Dr. Mann took the greatest interest in the school, and his spirit was felt throughout its workings. He often conducted the opening services; every Sunday, he visited the various departments, the school being divided into four divisions. If here or there a teacher was absent, Dr. Mann liked to take the class. In that way, he could tell what the individual classes and teachers were accomplishing. At the teachers' meetings, he introduced prompt, parliamentary methods of discussing and disposing of questions, and he was careful not to have his young people detained longer than was absolutely necessary, neither in the school nor at the meetings. He insisted upon beginning promptly, and he encouraged the teachers to work indefatigably while the session lasted; but at half after three he liked the school dismissed. He knew that most of the teachers attended the morning and evening service, and he thought it right that they should have some hours of the afternoon to rest. The quiet and orderliness of the large mass of children was always remarked by visitors. How many little hands Dr. Mann shook, as he stood at the door at which the children passed out after the session, his very presence preserving a proper decorum among them, it would be difficult to say. All the children knew and loved him, and were often made happy by some special word or message from him.

In the preparations for the Christmas festival and the anniversary in September, in decorating the church with

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greens and flowers, Dr. Mann always mingled with the young people and assisted them by actively taking part in the work, or suggesting and advising here and there, as the circumstances seemed to require. His happy, often humorous remarks, his whole-souled interest, his geniality and his personal supervision and presence were of course much appreciated by the workers in the Sunday-school; and he was with them as a matter of principle, at the same time, knowing in the closer acquaintance which such hours brought, his young people became better acquainted with him, and here and there a word of guidance or encouragement was aptly spoken.

The parochial school, in which the congregation and its pastor were particularly blessed by the faithful and long-continued labors of the head-master, Mr. J. C. Haas, also flourished in the new school building. Mr. Haas was, at the same time, the organist of the congregation, and filled these two positions for more than forty years, taking an active interest in all congregational and Sunday-school work, and leaving, indeed, a blessed memory.

During these years, the diary, especially in the autumn or the first months of the year, occasionally contains some remark about the pressure of business. He writes: "I am over-burdened with work," or "Teaching the students, preaching to my people, working and writing, I have my hands full." "My class of eighty-eight catechumens demands much time and strength, and I am working very hard." But he was enabled to write also, "My health is better than it formerly was, and I can stand more than I could twenty years ago!" and again, "My people tell me I look stronger than ever before!" Only an unusual amount of strength and energy, with the early morning hours from five to eight devoted to study and literary work, and a scrupulously systematic division of time, could have enabled him to accomplish all the work he did.

Very frequently, Dr. Mann was also called upon during

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these years to lecture, either in Philadelphia or some neighboring city or town, for the benefit of a congregation or an institution belonging to the church. He did not like to refuse these requests, though they caused considerable expenditure of time and strength. He lectured several times in different localities on the "Franco-Prussian War," "Germany in the World's History," "London," "The Turkish Question," "Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg and his Times," and other topics.

The routine of work during these years was interrupted by a short journey with his family during the summer vacation, or was sometimes happily broken in upon at a busier season by a few days' visit from a friend.

In the summer of '73, a very pleasant trip, which the diary calls "one of the bright spots in life," was undertaken with his family and Dr. and Mrs. John Rommel and two of their children. The route led by way of Williamsport and Watkin's Glen to Niagara, where several delightful days were spent. Dr. Mann, an enthusiast for the charms of nature, was always particularly happy among the majestic beauties of Niagara. The party then visited Saratoga, Lake George, the Catskills and West Point, making a short stay at each of these attractive places.

In 1876, Dr. Mann was in New England for the first time, and paid an interesting visit to Boston and the White Mountains.

In succeeding years, he liked to spend a short time in the summer at Lake Minnewaska, in the state of New York, where he enjoyed the picturesqueness of the scenery, the intercourse with congenial companions, and where especially, also, he was happy in the meeting with his dear friends, Dr. Philip Schaff and Mr. Gustav Schwab.

The Centennial Exposition, which brought so many visitors to Philadelphia, gave also to Dr. Mann occasion to greet many friends from far and near. He made some very interesting acquaintances, and among them he always

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remembered with especial pleasure Professor Brugsch Bey, the Egyptologist, and Count von Arnim, a Prussian officer, who had served in the wars of '66 and '70, and who with his charming wife, a Countess Bismark-Bohlen, paid some very pleasant visits at the house. They were much interested in the American people, and made a study of their customs, being especially interested also in the American home-life.

In the spring of '78, Dr. Mann was prostrated by a severe attack of bronchitis and neuralgia. For five weeks he suffered intensely and, after his recovery, was troubled for a time with dullness of hearing. He preached and administered the Lord's Supper for the first time after his illness at Whitsuntide. During the following summer, when he sought change and recreation at the Delaware Water Gap, he entirely recovered his accustomed vigor.

During the thirteen years of his residence in the parsonage, Dr. Mann's study was a fine, large room in the church. The window facing the south was beautified by blooming plants, in the midst of which stood a large aquarium. His tame canary flitted in and out among the green leaves, and sometimes when he sat quietly writing, lighted on his shoulder or hopped about before him on the desk.

The central location and the proximity of the Seminary made it natural that his study became a sort of rendezvous for the clergy. The Monday Morning Pastoral Association met there, and frequently, also, the meetings of the Faculty of the Seminary took place in that room, where he spent many an hour, early and late, alone in the great building, deep in study and thought.

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CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO EUROPE IN 1875.

IN the summer of '75, Dr. and Mrs. Mann with Dr. and Mrs. John Rommel, and one of their sons, took a trip to Europe, visiting Ireland, Scotland, England; and on the Continent, Germany, Switzerland and northern France.

After his return, Dr. Mann, with astonishing labor and industry, in view of all the other work he carried on at the same time, wrote from his diary a volume of nearly three-hundred pages descriptive of the summer's journey. The manuscript, handsomely bound and dedicated to Mrs. Mann, was presented to her as a Christmas gift. The following quotations from this diary will serve as an account of the journey, and will also give Dr. Mann's impressions of some of the scenes visited.

"S. S. INDIANA, July 2.

"The weather is fine. Our ladies are on deck. I am fortunate enough to have a number of clergymen as fellow travellers: Dr. McCloskey of Princeton, Rev. Mr. Monroe and Rev. Mr. Sharpe of our city and Rev. Mr. Hamilton of New York, all Presbyterians. A great deal of conversation is carried on among us theologians on the various questions which form the subjects of literary discussion at present: materialism, Berkleyism and pantheism come in for their share in our debates. The brethren, all of them younger men than I am, treat me with much fraternal respect, and we are all very sympathetic. I hold my own ground as a German and a Lutheran; and I enjoy the talk, for I find my friends have thorough information on many topics.

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"JULY 6.

"Soon after 4 o'clock this morning, we had the sensational news that there were icebergs in sight. Before long, we were on deck. There were about fifteen visible, some near, some far off, and some quite large. There they lay, these strangers from the far North, seemingly so quiet and so harmless, some like large domes, some like marble sarcophagi; but all of them dangerous fellows, especially in a dark night, a heavy fog, or a strong gale.

"JULY 7.

"After lunch, the engineer took us to the engine-room, and even to those low and dark regions around the furnaces and steam chests. There everything is iron, fire, coal and steam. The men seemed pleased with our visit, and gave unmistakable signs that they expected some gratification from us, a wish which we happier beings from the upper regions willingly granted. All that was explained to us about the machinery and its many and wonderful contrivances was most interesting. But I, for one, not having the necessary knowledge of mechanical engineering, could well be astonished at much that I saw, without being able fully to comprehend.

"JULY 11.

"Now, half-past 4 o'clock, A. M., Ireland, with its hills, precipitous bluffs, green fields and cottages and its lighthouses, lies before us in the light of the sun. . . . . .

"KILLARNEY, July 12.

"On the route from Cork to Mallow, we passed through a waste and dreary looking country, where Irish poverty seems to have its home. We saw some people busy on the peat-bogs. On such a soil, one cannot expect a dense population, rather might we desire that none at all were trying to subsist on it. Here and there, we observed houses, with small patches of oats, potatoes and grass. But the aspect of the whole was distressing.

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"Near Killarney, the country improves. Its mountains, rising abruptly from the level ground, are visible from a considerable distance. In the vicinity of Killarney the land is well cultivated. I never saw finer ornamental and forest trees, than around the lakes. In coming from Mallow, I noticed in a small garden, a cherry and an apple tree covered with very promising fruit. But this was very exceptional, which is the more astonishing, as there is no reason why fruit trees would not prosper where so many forest and other trees flourish. The cultivation of orchards would certainly be a source of revenue to these poor people, who in truth seem to need help in all directions. For a more neglected, squalid, ragged set we never saw. Nature is charming at Killarney, but man is positively vile. Quite different was the aspect of the cattle, of which we saw large herds, and among them many fine specimens. . . . . .

"ROYAL HOTEL, Edinburgh, July 15.

"Loch Lomond, winding around rocky islands and bold dark mountains, deserves all the praise poets and prosaic pilgrims have bestowed upon it. It has a touch of northern nature, and I felt that this is the land and the climate to produce a hardy, energetic race, endowed with strong qualities of mind, among which a deep sense of beauty could not be wanting; for the country may itself be called a grand poem of nature.

"By stage, we crossed the rugged mountains, and arrived at a most romantic place on Lake Katreen, euphoniously named Stranachlachar. In this whole region we observed with how much pains the people cultivated flowers, where the soil allowed neither cereals nor fruit trees. The drive over the Trossachs was grand. Limpid streams rush through rocky gorges. The mountains are bold, massive and present fine profiles. It is a sublime and lonely region. On the eastern slope of the mountains, we noticed quite a decided change. The country is better populated, the soil

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is tilled, the milder climate calls forth a more luxuriant vegetation, and combined with the beauty of scenery, attracts many strangers, who rusticate here in summer. From a mountain lake near Collander, Glasgow, that iron city of this iron age, expects to receive its supply of fresh water.

"EDINBURGH, July 15.

"We have been charmed by this queen of northern cities! Its antiquity and its history, its relics of the past and its superb modern buildings, its museums and institutions, its romantic situation,—all combine to give Edinburgh rare and numberless charms. . . . . I have seen many fine sights, but I think none that surpasses the view from Observatory Hill. The panorama was splendid in diversity and in color. . . . . Turning toward the old town and Castle, we passed through that queer main street, with its old, high, uncomfortable-looking houses, in one of which John Knox lived. . . . . St. Giles' Church, divided by partitions into various parts, to serve various denominations, is a type of Protestantism in our day. . . . . We saw the curiosities of the Castle, the crown and jewels and the small Norman Chapel. But the only truly great thing here is the view from this high, bold rock. Morosely does the old building look out from this once impregnable position, upon the land, where social changes went on in spite of the lords of the Castle. . . . . .

"YORK, July 17.

"The interest of York centres, of course, in the Cathedral. It broke upon us as a sight from another world, certainly of another age. Truly it is a mighty structure, immense all over! It is a pity that the organ obstructs the view in the beautifully proportioned nave, which is 519 feet long.

"The crypt under the choir is highly interesting. It is in its main parts, Norman; but we saw also some very strange-looking remnants of still older structure in Saxon style, dis-

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interred some years ago when water-pipes were being laid. The chapter house, next to the choir, is a fine, delicately ornamented Gothic structure. The style of the whole Cathedral, with its square, abruptly terminating towers, is heavy, as all Norman Gothic is. But the beauty of the proportions, the simplicity of design and immensity of the whole is very impressive, especially to strangers from our country, where such structures are thus far unknown. . .

. . . . . .

"CHARING CROSS HOTEL, London, July 18.

"To-day we heard the great Spurgeon preach to not less than five thousand people, I think. We were seated before the great crowd poured into the auditorium. At 11 o'clock Mr. Spurgeon entered; of robust frame and medium height, he has not the appearance of a literary man; his face is broad and is indicative of natural sympathy, good-heartedness, energy and common sense, not without unmistakable traces of humor.

"He kept his hearers spell-bound from beginning to end. His text was Job xiii. 15. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' In his opening remarks, he said that this was as great a word as ever fell from human lips. Never had the devil received a better answer than in these words, though Job did not know then that it was the devil who was tempting him. Entering more deeply into the meaning of his text, Mr. Spurgeon treated it under three heads: I. A terrible supposition; II. A noble resolution; III. The sentiment of a child of God in distress. Directly after the close of the sermon, the benediction was pronounced and the congregation dismissed. In the singing before the sermon the whole congregation joined.

"I asked myself, what is the secret of Spurgeon's power over the multitudes who have come from Sunday to Sunday for more than twenty years to hear him. A certain naturalness, I think, which brings him at once into sym-

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pathy with his audience, the conversational tone which makes every one feel at home, a clear, common-sense manner of addressing the people, so that every one can grasp the truth; plain language, short sentences, pithy sentiments, much true practical experience of everyday and of spiritual life; a very judicious and abundant use of illustrations and quotations from the Bible. To this, I may add a good, clear voice, which can be heard and understood in all parts of the building. We felt it was good to have been there. . . . . .

"LONDON, July 20.

"Not far from the Abbey, near the Thames, is the House of Parliament, one of the finest structures of modern times. The tall, square tower, with its gilt ornaments around the steep, tapering roof, is visible at a great distance. In this building, Gothic architecture has been adapted to civic purposes. Since it was to stand so near Westminster, it was natural to strive after a certain harmony. It may be also said, that there is enough in the whole social organization of England to justify the selection of the medieval style for the building wherein the law-makers of the country meet. Abstractly, I feel that there is some incongruity between the leading lines of Gothic architecture and the great social and religious principles peculiar to our age. The fact is, we have no architectural style which would form an epoch in the history of art. We are, in this direction not inventive, but imitate what bygone ages have created, and use therein a taste for which it is often difficult to account.

"The hall in which the Commons meet seemed small in proportion to the building. Its simplicity of arrangement could not escape our notice. The members have no desks before their respective places, and we reflected that our representatives in Congress at Washington have a good deal more comfort when transacting business.

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"LONDON, July 21.

"The weather we had here was quite as good as one may expect. There were a few stray rays of sunshine, some very moderate fogs and here and there some drizzling. But this morning was bright and fine. Passing over the bridge, the city presented a splendid appearance. It is not so much a city as a congregation of cities. No part of the whole impressed me, as calculated to give an impression of the whole; but the city taken altogether, is representative of all England; in a certain sense even of the world. There is nothing great on earth in religion, art, politics, science, commerce, industry, race and nationality that does not find some representation here. . . . . .

"HOTEL DU NORD, Cologne, July 23.

"Of course, the greatest attraction here is the Dome. The last time I saw and admired this majestic structure was eight years ago, when here with the children. Now it stands again before me, this building begun seven hundred years ago, neglected for three centuries, a mere ruin, some forty years ago; but now restored, and the grand design nearly consummated, it is the just pride of every German, whether Catholic or Protestant. During the last eight years, they have made great progress also, in building the two high towers on the western front.

"The impression of the interior is overwhelming, especially the view down the middle nave, from the western end to the choir. What a difference between the massiveness of the York Cathedral and this elaborate, refined structure, where the architectural, the artistic principle, remaining true to itself, has infinitely more in all directions permeated the masses, and has idealized and quickened the dead matter, the stones. The great portals, windows and sculpturing on the south side of the Dome are one of the greatest triumphs architectural art has ever achieved and one of the best, if not the best example, of what Gothic art may

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accomplish. We ascended the tall thin spire erected where naves, transept and choir meet, that is 360 feet high. The great towers on the west front will rise to the height of 500 feet. But we were high enough to look down upon the Dome, with all its towers, flying buttresses, pinnacles, rosettes, crosses and numberless ornaments, and upon all Cologne with its streets and churches and houses, and upon the Rhine, and its bridges and the craft sailing on its waters and in port, and the fields far and near. It was a fine sight!

"Within the Cathedral, the feeling that such a building could neither be created by any other power than religion, nor that it could serve any other, impressed me deeply. There is a magnitude, a seriousness and a sacredness about the whole conception that forever separates it from secular interests. . . . . .

"EISENACH, WARTBURG, July 25.

"A finer Sunday morning could not have been desired. I rose very early and walked up the mountain, taking my breakfast at the restaurant to the right, and below the Castle. My companions followed some hours later in a carriage. The main features of the best part of the Castle are Romanesque, as is the chapel in which Luther preached and the banqueting hall and all the important parts. The restorations are admirably carried out. Schwind's frescoes, representing the history of the Wartburg, the 'Saengerkrieg,' the story of St. Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Saxony, are excellent.

"But to most visitors, as to us, Luther's room was the chief object of attraction. There is the great man's writing-table, there, his chair, his book-shelf, there, the stove that warmed him, there, the bed in which he slept, there, the mythical ink-spot on the wall! Certainly these things transport one to those days, long since passed, but living forever in the mighty events of history and in millions of hearts.

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"While the guide was holding forth to the crowd of visitors, I sat down in Luther's chair and at his table wrote a postal card to my friend, Dr. Krotel at New York, and one to our children which ran as follows:

"'My salutation to you and to all good friends from Luther's room in the Wartburg, the smallest workshop for the greatest work done during the last 1800 years.'

"We afterwards drove through the beautiful Marien Thal and Anna Thal and saw also the Drachenschlucht. . . .

"WITTENBERG, July 26.

"We are lodged in a quaint massive building, at least four hundred years old. The depressions in the stone staircases speak of long service. From time to time, the structure has been remodelled, but the primitive parts are plainly distinguishable and are most interesting. I feel as if a bald old monk ought to meet us in the corridor, or a knight in a coat of mail clank his armor on the stairway.

"The Schloss-Kirche, renowned since the 31st of Oct., 1517, has undergone no material changes since the days when Luther preached here. It is neither large nor architecturally fine, but in the eyes of the world at large and of Lutherans especially, it is full of intense interest. Luther and Melanchthon lie buried in the vault under the Church.

"At the opposite end of the town stands the old Convent of St. Augustine, now a theological seminary, but once the home of Luther and his family. We were in the rooms in which the great man worked and prayed. . . . . .

"HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, Berlin, July 28.

"This day we devoted to Potsdam. Before we left our hotel, the Rev. Dr. Dorner came to pay us a visit. Afterward, he and I walked together to the Potsdam depot, and walking, we had time for a little conversation on the religious and ecclesiastical questions of the day. At the depot,

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the Doctor left us and we were soon seeing the sights of the famous suburb, where the interest centres in the royal family of Prussia and its eventful history. . . . . .

"DRESDEN, July 30.

"In the vast art gallery, Raphael's Madonna carries off the palm. There is about the conception, something supernaturally solemn, and yet it is so natural, so entirely without affectation, so whole-souled, that its contemplation offers unspeakable satisfaction. In those large Madonna eyes there is a wonderful majesty, combined with virgin purity, that seems to demand worship and submission. The mysterious depth in the eyes of the Child seems to tell of another world, but the naturalness of the beautiful baby features is perfect. The reverential attitude of San Sisto and Santa Barbara is full of noble expression and the two angels, looking out with charming boldness, as through a window of heaven into the world below, are just as perfect and lovely as they possibly can be. Before this work of grand simplicity, unaffected profundity and consummate beauty, criticism is silenced and one bends to the sceptre of genius! . . . . . .

"PRAGUE, July 31.

"At Bodenbach we fell into the hands of the Philistines, in the garb of Austrian custom-house officers, who, in behalf of the pitiable condition of the finances of the Austrian empire, grasped a few dozen cigars we travelers were carrying and snapped at a few dollars of duty, like dogs at a June bug.

"Arriving at Prague, we went to see the sights of this historic place. The old parts of the town, on level land on one side of the Moldau and on hilly, precipitous ground on the other, are very queer and quaint. There is the old bridge from which St. Nepomuck was thrown into the river by the enraged kings, a story in which according to the

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results of historic research there is not a particle of truth; but since it adds to the romance of the bridge and can do no harm, we may as well allow it to pass. There are queer old towers, bearing the main feature of medieval architecture, but not without unmistakable traces of Slavonic origin. The streets are narrow and crooked. One of the greatest, but ugliest curiosities here is the old Synagogue, the dingiest place in the dingiest street where the Jews live, but it is one of the oldest Synagogues in Europe. It is a square massive building, neither ventilated nor white-washed for centuries, I think. There are in it the queerest Jews I ever saw. To see this dark old place full of these strange old Jews, and to hear them chanting their Talmudic formulas and Hebrew prayers, every one in his own way, and to see the women peeping in through the holes in the walls, is indeed a rare sight to the eyes and anything but a treat to the ears. . . . . .

"The Hradschin is an extensive castle, a conglomeration of buildings, erected in various ages; some parts of it may be of great antiquity. We saw the window from which, in 1618, Slawata, Martinitz and Fabricius, the imperial ambassadors from Vienna, were thrown into the moat, seventy feet below. This was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. The view from the Hradschin of the city, the Moldau, the hills and fields, is very fine; it has a splendid position for a princely residence. . . . . .

"There is much Bohemian spoken in Prague and in the country generally. The national feeling of the Czechs has been growing and is antagonistic to the German element. Yet Bohemia owes all its culture to German influence, and could not sustain itself without it. The Czechs desire the independent position which the Hungarians maintain in the Austrian empire, but of course the German element does not desire this separation. It would certainly be a mistake to suppose that Bohemian nationalism is identical with Ultramontanism, and as such opposed to Germanism. To

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me, it was a significant fact, that I saw in the show window of a tobacconist, a porcelain smoking pipe, on which there was a copy of Lessing's celebrated painting of 'Huss praying before going to the stake.' This is in itself a little thing, but it is a symptom, showing that the memory of Huss is revived in Prague and in all Bohemia, not for religious, but for national and political reasons.

"HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, Vienna, July 31.

. . . "In St. Augustine's Church, a Gothic building of inconsiderable size, but some fine architectural features, we admired Canova's superb marble monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina (1793); afterwards, by the same monk who had been my guide in 1867, we were conducted to the subterranean vault in the Church of the Capucins, where rest the mortal remains of most of the members of the royal family since the Emperor Mathias (1618). Something of the world's splendor follows them even there, for most of the coffins are magnificent and very costly works of art.

"VIENNA, Aug. 1.

"We found a motley crowd assembled, this Sunday morning in the sacred halls of St. Stephens. In Vienna, the East and West and North and South of Europe meet; here, all the colors that make the imperial coat of Franz Joseph are represented. Here is the well-fed Viennese, with his jolly wife and his healthy and happy-looking daughter, here the farmer from the neighboring country, here the military officer and the bureaucrat; here you find the merchant from Paris or the Rhine, or the man in the tall hat and the indefinitely long coat and the big heavy boots from the lower Danube; here you find the young artist, not without some affectation of the genius, and here the beggar, who knows well enough that in the persuasion of his constituents, alms-giving helps to pave the way to Heaven. . . . . .

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"At 11 o'clock we attended mass in the Imperial Chapel, where we found a great concourse of people, and listened with pleasure to the music at High Mass. The organ, powerful enough in itself, was sustained by the imperial orchestra. The singing was fine, and the whole excellent. The character of the music was solid and churchly, at least in the Romish sense, and I have no doubt many came here to enjoy art rather than to serve God. . . . . .

"SALZBURG, Aug. 3.

"When I awoke this morning, and took the first peep through the curtains and windows of our room, I saw before me in the full glory of the bright sun and cloudless sky, the blue Salzach, the green fields, the gardens, the tall trees; beyond them, the houses, churches, steeples, cupolas of the town; then the bold rocky hills crowned with the castle; villas rising one above the other and in the distance, to the south, the Alps encircling the city and its surroundings. Indeed, this is a paradise on earth, if such is still to be found. The whole configuration is most romantic. The Alps stretching out southward from Salzburg send some spurs into the low level land; here it seems the subterranean powers made some fresh efforts to rise, but succeeded only in lifting from the depths some precipitous, rocky hills, which give the landscape its truly picturesque character. Between them, the young Salzach breaks forth, a robust son of the Alps; the city is spread out on each side between the river and the rocks, one of which is crowned with the Castle Hohen-Salzburg. . . .

"Our guide, a simple-minded talkative fellow, soon discovered we were Protestants. He told me that he and all his family were Catholics, but that he was in the habit of visiting every Sunday the Evangelical Church, established since some years at Salzburg by the munificence of Emperor William. He said he was more benefited by hearing an Evangelical sermon than by attending Romish mass. I

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asked him why he did not join the Protestant Church, but he said such a step would so injure himself and his family in public opinion that they would have to leave their native place. . . . . .

"My wife and I visited the pastor of the Evangelical Congregation. He received us kindly and we were soon in an interesting conversation on his mission work in this Protestant outpost, and its promise. I asked him whether he found any traces of that former Evangelical faith, which had prevailed in the Alpine valleys around Salzburg one hundred and fifty years ago, and had occasioned so much persecution and finally the emigration of thousands of pious men and women, old and young, to Prussia and also to Georgia, North America. He answered that Emperor William had asked him the same question one day at dinner at Gastein, where he sometimes was asked to officiate on Sundays for the Emperor and his suite. He said, emphatically, No! the only vestige of the faith formerly prevailing is that here and there Bibles are found in families, and that even this is very rare. Rev. Mr. Anmueller told us also that in the performance of his duties he meets with no opposition, that he is courteously treated, and he thinks it would be a better and more hopeful sign if there were more curiosity or even opposition. But I think in the total lack of spiritual life there lies the difficulty: Catholicism has its traditional hold on the people; more, it seems, it does not require. . . . . .

"MUNICH, Aug. 4.

. . . . "Driving through some of the fine new streets near the Isar and passing the "Glass-Palace" and the Maximilianeum, we visited the Basilica, one of the most interesting buildings of modern Munich. Ever lovely in its serene and serious simplicity, I wonder that the basilica-form is not brought more commonly into use by our architects. It appeared to me that with some changes, which would not

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necessarily destroy the fundamental character of the style, it might be used advantageously for our Protestant public service, better than either medieval Gothic or antique classical style. . . . . .

"RIGHI, Aug. 6.

. . . . . "After about an hour's time, we again ascended the Kulm. The mist, which before hid the lakes and the lowlands, had disappeared; of the girdle of clouds around the Alpine chain, only here and there a remnant lingered between the peaks and valleys. The golden light of the sun streamed down upon a world of beauty. There they lay, down, far down in the deep before our eyes,—the lakes, the towns, woods and fields and hills; and to the panorama stretched out before us to north, east and west, there was no end; the undulating lines carrying the eye on and on, until at the farthest horizon, they were lost in mist and sky. Then turning about, we had the Alps before us, covered with snow and ice, an immense amphitheatre, bedecked with gorgeous colors, rising heavenward, declaring the glory of the Creator! . . . . . .

"REICHENBACH, Aug. 8.

. . . . . "By and bye the valley became narrower, and its sides more rocky, yet it was well wooded, with here and there openings and meadows where cattle were grazing. At length, we arrived at the highest point of the Pass (Brunig.) At times, we had splendid glimpses of noble mountains, covered with ice and snow, glittering in the sun and looking over to us from the central ridges of the Bernese Oberland. All at once, the Hasli Valley was in sight; deep down in its bosom the wild Aar winding its course between the precipitous rocky walls. In a zig-zag course our road led down to the bottom of the valley and crossing the Aar and the level stretch around it, we arrived in the afternoon at the Hotel Reichenbach, near the celebrated

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cascade of the name. Thirty-six years ago I was in this valley with some fellow-students from Tuebingen, on our way to the Mayenwand, Rhone Glacier and the Furca. . . . . .

"INTERLAKEN, Aug. 9.

. . . . . "Crossing some fields, meadows and morasses, we at last reached the Wengern Alps, where we had the Yungfrau to our right, in majestic silvery glory, apparently near enough, and yet separated from us by an immense abyss, which forbade us the very thought of a nearer approach. Around the Yungfrau are ranged the Silberhorn and Breithorn, and toward the east follow the Eiger, the Moench, the Wetterhorn, the Rosenstock, encircling like a colossal amphitheatre the Gruendelwald Valley, the well-known glaciers of which sink down the mountain sides into the depths. Nine years ago when I was here with two of the children, the glaciers were in a splendid condition, and into the upper one a cavern, formed in part by nature and in part by art, led seventy feet into the solid ice. But even mightier than then, the glaciers appeared to me in former visits to the valley.

Standing on the Wengern Alp before the towering mountains, bathing their silver crowns in the blue ether, one receives a lasting impression of the unspeakable force which raised these masses thousands and thousands of feet, so that there is everlasting winter around their crowns, and they are girded by fields of snow and miles upon miles of ice, hundreds of feet deep in their depressions, sending glaciers down into the green valleys and superabundantly irrigating the gardens and the meadows, and nourishing torrents and rivers. It is impossible to enjoy the grand aspect, without questioning how these wonders were formed. But the answer, whatever it may be, is unsatisfactory, save the one, that God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, did also call forth these witnesses of his glory. . . . . .

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"BERNE, Aug. 11.

. . . . . "From the 'Schaenzle,' we had a fine view of the city, the river, the neighboring hills, promenades and gardens and last, but by no means least, a most magnificent panorama of the chain of the Bernese Alps. There they stood in splendid array, the sun casting a rosy hue upon their rocks and snow-fields and glaciers. It was indeed a magnificent view, the evening clear, without a cloud obstructing the sun. Returning to our hotel, we sat in the garden, where the Alps again could be seen in the beauty of the "Alpen Gluehen," the sun before disappearing lighting up as with a fiery glow the highest peaks, pressing upon their cold, icy faces the last evening kiss. It is a grand sight, that lasts only a short time. With us, it was already dusk, and of the lower portions of the mountains nothing could be seen. But the tops, towering up to the sky, receive the last adieu of the parting sun, and it seems as if he with celestial flame would kindle sacrificial fires on those high altars in the temple of the Alps.

"SCHAFFHAUSEN, Aug. 13.

. . . . . "Leaving comparisons aside, the scene before us was a gem. Here at our feet, the blue-green river, gathering up its forces after the catastrophe of the fall; there the lively scene of the waters, rolling, jumping, foaming, spraying, frolicking over the rocks; then, to the right of the cascade, Schloss Laufen crowning the eminence, with tall trees and fine gardens around it, and the hills bordering the river, which now quieted makes its way toward Basle and Strassburg. . . . . .

"STUTTGART, Aug. 14.

"Toward 1 o'clock P. M. we left Baden Baden and passing Carlsruhe in the plain of the Rhine Valley and afterwards the well-known manufacturing town of Pfortzheim, at the northwestern spurs of the Black Forest, we entered

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the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, and then passing the former fortress and present State-prison, Ashberg, and afterwards, Ludwigsburg, the birthplace of David Fred. Strauss, and finally emerging from a long tunnel, we at last arrived at Stuttgart, where, for the first time in my life, I found quarters at the Marquart Hotel.*

"Here once stood my cradle, here I played my boyish pranks and many of them; here I first went to school and to church and laid the foundation of my education. Here, forty years ago, I knew almost every street corner and every alley. Here I had in bygone days and years a home, and that a good one. Even seven years ago, when I was here with the children, we had a home here and were so joyfully received by my good mother. Then we had a glorious time of it! But now all is changed. Since my mother died, six years ago, I am a stranger here, no less than others. . . . . .

"SUNDAY, STUTTGART, Aug. 15.

"Quite early I was awake and rose before six o'clock. Before seven, we heard the choral played on the balcony of the main tower of the Stiftskirche. This is an ancient and venerable custom of Southern Germany, wherever the Evangelical Church predominates. Three times a day, the trombonists ascend the tower and their beautiful chorals remind the busy people in the streets far below, and in their homes and places of business, of higher interests than those of trade and worldly amusements.

"Early in the morning, my wife and I paid a visit to the last resting place of my dear father and mother in the Hoppenlau Cemetery, the oldest burying-ground of the city. I found the spot, sacred to me, to the left of the pathway beyond the Chapel. Seven years ago, my mother had

* Dr. Mann had friends and connections, but no near relatives living in Stuttgart in 1875. His brother, the Rev. Adolph Mann, was in Africa at his post as missionary at this time.

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brought me and the children here. Now, she also sleeps beside my father. Mournful feelings overwhelmed me, memory returning to happy days, past long ago. Far from this hallowed spot, I may once find my resting place in a distant land, not on this account among strangers, but with those who now are as near and dear to me as father and mother! . . . . . .

"STUTTGART, Aug. 16.

. . . . . "We drove to St. Leonhard's Church, and then up the 'Neue Weinsteige' between the vine-clad hills up to the 'Bopser Stern,' where one has a fine prospect of the city. It is indeed a magnificent view, and Stuttgart, as it lies encircled by the rising hills, with the valley opening toward the Neckar, and a distant prospect of many miles stretched out in luxuriant loveliness, is certainly 'beautiful for situation.' No wonder that its beauty and its many educational, literary and social advantages attract so many strangers! We have paid a great many visits, but many friends at this hot season, too, are out of town. . . . . .

"COLOGNE, Aug. 19.

. . . . . "At noon, we went on board the steamer 'Loreley,' which took us down the old Rhine, and gave us a fine opportunity to enjoy its romantic shores. Beautiful it is, with its bold rocks and precipitous mountains, its vineyards, gardens and forests, its ruins and villas and towns. In very few points on this earth are more romantic, historic, antiquarian, poetic, patriotic interests united. It is especially the romantic element which gives the peculiar charm to these shores, and it is this which Americans can not yet expect to find at home, for it is the slow growth of centuries. . . . . .

"COLOGNE, Aug. 20.

. . . . . "The Dome fills my soul with ever renewed admiration. Never did human mind conceive a greater

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architectural design. The structure is so beautifully articulated, the principle, underlying the whole is so consistently carried out, that it stands before you, almost like an organic growth. It is a question to what extent those who designed the plan were conscious of the symbolism embodied in these forms, so expressive of the principles of Christianity.

. . . . . "We spent the day seeing the city; and there is around these ancient towns a romantic interest which is a great incentive to imagination. To the eye, keen in its appreciation of the picturesque, there is a wealth of motives treasured up in these narrow lanes and crooked alleys, corners and high-gabled roofs and relics of the past, in stone and wood. Add to this, the perspective of centuries and of their wonderful historic record and social changes and there is, at least to me, to almost everything in such a place attached a wonderful and deep interest.

"All this is the ideal view of things at Cologne. The realities are, of course, also here; and possibly they are here more than in many another place and of such a character, that to idealize would be connected with considerable difficulties. Among those things, which in Cologne powerfully resist all idealizing tendencies, I count the odors which permeate this ancient and venerable locality. They are of various shades and grades, and by no means altogether lovely. I entertain no doubt that they gave the occasion for the manufacture of that world-renowned essence, by which the name of Maria Farina is immortalized. It may be assumed, that the real, genuine, legitimate bearer of that name belongs to those things which 'no fellow can find out.' Even the question how many Maria Farina's there are in Cologne, is not easy to answer. But that this is the place they ought to live and make eau de Cologne, no doubt can exist. Every stranger visiting this place is expected to buy some of that fabrication. It is a tax laid on the olfactories. I even feel inclined to think, that all those other odors, inherent in this ancient city, are

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also invented and intended with a single eye—or nose—to encourage the trade of eau de Cologne!

"HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS, Aug. 21.

. . . . . "At last, we arrived at great Paris, this world-historic pivot since some hundred years, this extract of all that is grandest and lowest in the present generation, this focus of all European interests, this chosen city of all vanity, and of all good-for-nothing pleasure-seekers, and of all the tailors, male and female, in both hemispheres. But a great, fine, wonderful city it is, and the god of fashion undeniably lives in a handsome temple. For generations, he has sent out his decree from Paris, and the Parisians are the master-tailors, the master-shoe-makers, and the master-hat-and-bonnet-makers, and master-glove-makers, to the wide, wide world; and only the North American Indians and the dusky dwellers on the Congo and similar abnormal barbarians will not submit to the sceptre of Paris. Even the Turks at Constantinople and Cairo can no longer entirely disrespect the Parisian manifestos of fashion. And it must be admitted, that save certain extravagances, there is much taste, much feeling for that which is becoming and attractive in dress and manner, at home in Paris. The instinct for decorative art is nowhere better developed. As to fashion in wearing apparel, one would err in supposing that the cut and color of our dresses is something altogether arbitrary in the hands of a few leaders. The changing fashions and the changing spirit of the times in politics, religion, social conditions and so on, are in close inner connection. To this, the artist, the inventive genius of fashion, gives a more or less happy expression. It was not a mere accident, that with the coming in of the first French Revolution, fashions at once totally changed, as by a charm. They went through a similar transformation at the accession of Louis Napoleon to the imperial throne. . . . . .

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"PARIS, Aug. 29.

. . . . . "There stood in all its mournful majesty, what the madness and the flames of the Communists left of the Palace of the Tuileries! In those rooms, ten years ago, Napoleon III. calculated on his chances of establishing a dynasty for centuries to come. Now, all is gloom and desolation. The Emperor is dead and lived just long enough to bury his ambition. What a splendid view he once had from the gaudy halls of this now ruined palace over the garden paradise, over the Place de la Concord, reminding with its Obelisk of the changes of the ages, down the Champs Elysées to that proud Arc de Triomphe and, so to speak, over Europe and the world! What a change! Paris, indeed, proclaims more loudly than any other city, the instability of earthly power and glory, and the fallacy of popular favor. Paris can show a smiling face, but behind it is a soul full of indomitable passions. Farewell, Paris!

"SEPTEMBER 1.

. . . . . "At ten o'clock, a lighter took us from the shore to the 'Indiana,' in which we came from the other hemisphere and in which we hope to return to it. It was pleasant to meet familiar faces on the steamer. On board, we had a fine view of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and the surrounding country. My nephew, Victor Mann, was with us until we weighed anchor. And now—Farewell, Europe! . . .

"SUNDAY, Sept. 12.

. . . . . "It was nearly two o'clock when we left the steamer. Some friends met us and procured us carriages, and in a short time we were once more safely at home and had the children in our embrace. These were happy moments! Our good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, came over a moment to share in our joy. God be praised for all his mercies!

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"Our Sunday-school being still assembled, I quietly walked over to the church and appeared then and there among them. This was another occasion for much joy.

"HOME, Sept. 15.

"My congregation and vestry exhibited to me so much kindness and sympathy on my return, that I indeed had a happy ending to my journey. On Tuesday evening, two of the elders escorted me to the church, which I found brilliantly illuminated and decorated and crowded in every corner. There were also a number of my clerical brethren present, who had kindly come to welcome me. There was singing and prayer, and then Rev. Dr. A. Spaeth addressed me on behalf of the congregation, presenting me with a fine Chickering grand piano, which stood in the aisle before the chancel railing. Then the choir, the Sunday-school teachers and other organizations in the congregation also presented me with beautiful tokens of love and regard.

"To all this I had, of course, to answer and did it with a full heart, telling my good people that their great kindness toward me, reminded me of the question: "What shall be done unto the man, whom the king delighteth to honor?" I told them that they were in this case certainly the king, but that I could by no manner of means consider myself the man who deserved these honors and this superabundant kindness. And I could not but tell them that such a revelation of their good will toward me made me forget all the cares and toils of my office, whilst their kindness could never be forgotten and could only serve to bind my heart more firmly and more inseparably to their hearts. Indeed, this was an exceedingly pleasant occasion for me and my family and all of us.

"And now, to work, to work again as long as God wills it! This is now the password. The days of repose and relaxation are over. The days for work diminish in number.

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The end is nearer. May God help and strengthen me to do what my hands may find to do, and to do it in a way pleasing to Him, so that in the end, I shall be prepared and willing to go on the last great voyage and may cast anchor at the heavenly port and be at home with Him!"

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CHAPTER XVII.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK AND FRIENDSHIPS.

BESIDE the charitable and mission work to which Dr. Mann devoted himself in connection with the various organizations in the congregation, he was one of the trustees of the Lutheran Orphans' Home and Asylum for the Aged and Infirm at Germantown. The welfare of these institutions was very dear to him; and in times of prosperity and adversity, which were not wanting, he labored with loving zeal for the cause. His counsels, clear insight and sound judgment were always at the service of his co-workers; while by his personal influence and on the pulpit, he was ever ready to plead the cause of the orphan and the aged.

Shortly after he made his home in Philadelphia, he became a member of the German Society and some years later, Mrs. Consul Kiederlen made him a life member thereof. The cause was dear to him; to destitute Germans and those who as strangers in a strange land required advice and guidance, he was ever ready to give of his means and time.

For many years a Director of the German Society and the Chairman of its Library Committee, he was indefatigable in his efforts to further the work. For securing material for the library, his extensive knowledge of books, his acquaintance with current productions in the wide domain of literature, German and English, his excellent literary taste, added to his knowledge of men and their needs, eminently fitted him.

In his labors in this direction, he came into contact with

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many Germans of intelligence and culture who stood aloof from the church. His position on this account was often very trying, and he was at times discouraged and felt that he could scarcely continue the work. But his great patience and affability, his appreciation of the difficulties besetting others, and, above all, his hope to influence for good in the deliberations and his unwillingness to discourage such as stood upon a churchly basis, as well as his own real interest in the cause, forbade this. Not until he was nearly seventy years old, and the distance from his home to the place of meeting very great, did he resign as an active member of the Society. On the 19th of April, 1889, by a unanimous vote, he was made an honorary member; and the action of the Board, handsomely engrossed, was presented to him.

Among those who stood far aloof from him in questions of faith, were men who loved and respected him most highly, and who testified in many ways to their appreciation of his work among them.

He was a member of the Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons and, from 1873 to '78, an active member of the Visiting Committee of this organization. His labors in this field awakened his deepest concern and engaged his earnest efforts.

Very systematic in all his work, we find in his Manual for the Committee on the Eastern Penitentiary, the names of the prisoners, the numbers of the cells, the nationality, crime and length of imprisonment of each neatly noted. Remarks on the condition and disposition of the criminals are frequently appended, with sometimes a statement of their consciousness of guilt or evidences of improvement in spiritual condition. His naturally sympathetic, straightforward yet gentle manner overcame the coldness and hardness of many of the unfortunates whom he visited weekly, when it was possible; and he sought to carry the light of the Gospel to the gloomy prison cells.

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Among the unfortunates he saw in the penitentiary were two burglars who had been imprisoned after having robbed his own house. He had many conversations with them and finally succeeded in making one of them confess "that burglary did not pay," and that he would live a better life after his release. But before the expiration of his term the man died, not without having received much kindness from Dr. Mann.

That his labors in this Society were not inconsiderable, the record of nearly two thousand visits he paid abundantly proves. He loved the work and closes his manual with the remark, "I fell sick in May ('78) and have had to give up my visits in the Penitentiary." It was at the earnest request of his family that he did not resume them, as he had too many claims upon him in other directions to permit of this work when he was nearing three-score.

In 1883, he was elected a trustee of the German Hospital; and in the work there by the side of its honored President and benefactor, Mr. John D. Lankenau, he was active until the close of his life. In the deliberations of board meetings, in the consideration of measures to aid and advance the cause, he was whole-souled, far-seeing and energetic. He was devoted to the work in the hospital and sought ever, as he called upon others to do in his address on the occasion of its re-opening in 1884, "indefatigably to nurture and support it with loving and faithful labor."

After the erection, in 1888, of the Mary J. Drexel Home and Mother House of Deaconesses by Mr. Lankenau, Dr. Mann was one of its trustees to the time of his death. At the dedication of the building he delivered the German address.

For many years he was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Bible Society.

Long before the establishment of the Lutheran Emigrants' House Association of New York, he wrote to a friend: "The condition of the German emigrants often

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occupies me. Would it not be possible to call into existence some power to protect them on their journey and immediately upon their arrival from the evil influences of saloons, unscrupulous people, and deceivers, and to secure for them rapid and cheap transit to the West?" When this noble and helpful charity was established, he used his influence in many ways to aid and support it. Many hundreds of copies of a pamphlet he wrote, descriptive of its object and mode of work, that directs emigrants to seek this temporary home for shelter and advice upon their landing in the New World, have been distributed in Germany.

He was a life member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, of the American Society of Church History, the Oriental Club, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and of the American Oriental Society.

Few men enjoyed social pleasures more than did Dr. Mann. With his natural sympathy for all with whom he came into contact, his varied knowledge, his delight in good conversation, his flow of wit and appreciation of it in others, he was constituted to enjoy contact with other minds. But his days were so full of work, that he had little time for this recreation and stimulus.

To compensate for it, in a measure, he had the frequent meetings with his colleagues at the Theological Seminary and other clerical friends in Philadelphia, and he knew how to draw out a certain social element and to put a little humor into the dry routine of business and board meetings.

Among the clergy of other communions, Dr. Mann had many valued and beloved friends, with whom he much enjoyed social intercourse. Friendships with many estimable men in the various walks of life, professional and otherwise, some of which endured for more than thirty years, made his life rich in sympathy, interest and love.

Among those who were not clergymen in the board of the German Hospital, Mr. John D. Lankenau, Consul Chas. H. Meyer and Mr. Chas. G. Woerwag stood in the nearer relation of friendship to him.

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Professor Oswald Seidensticker of the University of Pennsylvania, whose friendship with Dr. Mann "for forty years was untarnished by a speck that might dim the beautiful memory of it," was ever a cherished companion and a stimulating intellectual associate.

In the death, in 1868, of the Rev. Dr. Stohlmann of New York, Dr. Mann had the sorrow of losing a highly valued friend. The next year, he suffered another great loss in the death of the friend of his youth, the Rev. Hermann Eytel, with whom correspondence had kept the ties of friendship very close, and with whom the reunion in the Fatherland, in '67, had been a source of especial pleasure.

The death, in 1879, of the venerable chairman of the Faculty of the Seminary, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Schaeffer, and the departure from this life of the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Krauth, in 1883, Dr. Mann mourned for his own deep personal sense of loss, as well as for the Church.

Dr. C. W. Schaeffer and Dr. H. E. Jacobs, his colleagues in the faculty of the Seminary to the close of his life, were at the same time dear and valued friends.

The arrival in Philadelphia of Dr. Hermann V. Hilprecht, the Assyriologist, whose first visit in Philadelphia was made to Dr. Mann, marked the beginning of a friendship which brightened the last years of his life. Fresh from the life of the German University, Dr. Hilprecht revived Dr. Mann's interest in that subtle phase of the intellectual world, and personal contact with the young enthusiastic scholar, who was very congenial, was a source of great pleasure to his "esteemed fatherly friend."

When in 1864, the Rev. Adolph Spaeth became Dr. Mann's colleague as pastor, he soon recognized in the younger man, the warmth and geniality of the true Suabian character and the thorough culture of the German theologian; and he rejoiced in having so congenial a co-worker in the pastorate. It was natural that acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, where there were so many mutual

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interests. Dr. Mann was a true friend to the younger brother and, from the first, made him feel that Philadelphia was to be his home, that there was abundant work here, and that he must have no thought of any other field of labor. And Dr. Spaeth loved and valued this friend very highly and in the "Memorial of William Julius Mann" has presented not only an outline of his work as a theologian, pastor and professor, but has as well paid a loving tribute to his memory.

The Rev. Benjamin Schmauk, whose family stood in a close friendly relation to Dr. Mann, was, among the many valued friends in the Ministerium and the General Council, especially dear.

Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, the pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New York, and one of the recognized leaders of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, was for more than thirty years, the highly esteemed and intimate friend of Dr. Mann. Mutually drawn to one another in the early days of their acquaintance, when meeting at synodical sessions or on similar occasions, the friendship was cemented when both lived in Philadelphia, and it filled Dr. Mann with deep personal regret when his friend accepted the call to New York.

Dr. Krotel's visits to Philadelphia were times of special pleasure to Dr. Mann. He always looked happily forward to the meeting, thoroughly enjoyed the congenial companionship and in his diary often gives expression to the satisfaction and enjoyment this friendship afforded him. "He is the friend," he writes, "with whom I believe I can sympathize in all things. I have much enjoyed his genial presence." And Dr. Krotel reciprocated this deep affection and esteem, as his tribute to the memory of this friend,* with whom he had labored in the Master's cause so many years, touchingly testifies.

*See extract from *Lutheran*, July 2nd, 1892, in supplement of this volume.

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Dr. Mann's intimate relation to his beloved friends, Dr. Philip Schaff and the late Mr. Gustav Schwab of New York has frequently been referred to in the preceding pages. Educated together in the Gymnasium at Stuttgart in the days of boyhood, "leaving their kindred and their father's house" in early manhood, finding new homes and new family ties in a land that the "Lord showed unto them," the old memories, the old hopes, the old love were as strong as ever in the new land and were strengthened by the growing years.

To these three friends, whose natures beautifully supplemented each other was permitted what is not accorded to many in this world—they celebrated the golden anniversary of the triple friendship. Fifty years of mutual confidence and love they could review, and Dr. Schaff wrote, in dedicating the third volume of his Church History to Dr. Mann and Mr. Schwab, "standing on the threshold of old age, we may look back with gratitude and praise to the cloudless friendship of our youth and manhood, and look forward with faith and hope to a holier and happier brotherhood in our future and final home."

Only a few years after these words were written, Mr. Gustav Schwab, the youngest of the three, was called to that "long home." In this dear friend's last illness, Dr. Mann was a faithful correspondent, and when the strength to guide the pen was wanting, Mr. Schwab's daughters wrote at his dictation. In a letter of those sad days, written shortly after a visit to his sick friend in New York, Dr. Mann wrote: "In spirit, I am with you every day and in thought, have you here with me. What a comfort it is to know that everything that love, experience and science can do to relieve a sufferer is done in richest measure for you! The conviction, too, that you regard life and its experiences, not as the play of accident nor the result of arbitrary ruling, but as the leading of the Divine Hand, is another great comfort. That is the key to a noble life and is the secret of a calm and manly bearing in infirmity!

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"Of course, to one who has always been accustomed to intellectual and social activity, the enforced idleness is a very great trial. But your mental vigor, the recollection of your busy years, unusually rich in experience and labor, the congenial spirits that your memory conjures at will, all your loved ones about you, and your home in its beautiful surroundings, where spring in its fresh green will soon greet you through the windows and waft its sweet, life-giving breezes to you,—all these and many other blessings help to shorten for you the long and weary hours. Besides, is not, in the end, the whole world only a big hospital, in which Christian faith is the best room, that gets the most light and warmth? The world, too, is of such a character that one cannot but grow weary of this life and its constant demands.

"We two, you, dear friend, and I, have grown old. When we were in our cradles, the last mutterings of the storms that swept over Europe in the first decades of the century, had died away; and the weighty questions of the world seemed to have been answered. And now, when we are nearer to eternity than time, mighty and difficult problems again confront the nations. Truly, one grows weary of this constant turmoil." . . . .

In another letter, he wrote cheeringly, ... "I have heard your home at Fordham called 'Fort No. 8.' The children, in some American Sunday-schools, you know, sing a hymn with the refrain, 'Hold the Fort.' That is what you have been doing in a great many directions these many years, and you are doing it, I know, at present. With the arrival of your son Christoph from the Fatherland, you have received a strong reinforcement; and that always gives new courage, comfort and joy. May you experience this in the fullest, richest measure!" . . . .

When this noble friend passed from earth, Dr. Mann was bowed with grief.

The many subjects of common interest and investigation

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that occupied the two theologians necessitated a lively correspondence and, frequently, a long exhaustive conversation. Especially while Dr. Schaff's home was in Mercersburg, did Dr. Mann often enjoy the pleasure of his society. "I cannot leave my post," he writes, "but shall expect to see you here. The war with the powers of ignorance permits of interruption; but the fight with evil permits of no armistice: and this war, we clergymen especially are called upon to wage!" So the short spring and autumn vacations were often passed in Philadelphia, in an interchange of thought that was delightful and stimulating to both.

In later years, many visits were exchanged; though they were often necessarily shorter because of the pressure of time than the friends could have wished. For neither distance, nor many cares, nor divergence of opinions could loosen these strong bonds of friendship. Correspondence supplemented the personal intercourse that distance made impossible. Hundreds of letters passed between them during the years of their work in America, that contain a history of their lives that goes far deeper than the narrative of events or the mere account of their labors. Soul speaks to soul from out those written pages, which cover the long years, between 1845 and the month of June, 1892.

In a letter of February, '91, Dr. Mann wrote: "Your photograph, just received, is excellent. It represents the real Church Father with a touch of the man of the New World. I have hung it beside a picture of our dear Schwab, just left of my writing table, and every moment I have you two exemplary men before me!" And his friend writes: "The older I grow, the more I esteem the few remaining friends of my youth. You and Prentiss are still among the living. Our dear Schwab is gone, and I miss him every day!"

After his friend was called home, Dr. Schaff wrote: "I cannot find words to express my grief at the loss of my

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dear life-long friend! Oh, how I shall miss him in the remaining days of my pilgrimage! He is the oldest friend I had on this Continent. He and Gustav Schwab, both younger than myself, and yet I am left behind to mourn their loss!"

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CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY WORK, 1860–1892.

THE intellectual impulse which had incited Dr. Mann when a student, to write accounts of his summer journeys, and to try his hand at the delineation of character in stories for the young, and which, in the first years of his pastoral work in America, made his contributions to the *Kirchenfreund* a pleasure as well as a duty, never permitted him, in his busiest days as pastor and professor, to lay aside his pen. His frequent lament is that other work permitted so little time for literary labor. But in examining his papers, note books full of excerpts, preparations for lectures and sermons, that fill so many hundreds of closely written pages, it seems almost as though he must nearly always have had a pen in his hand.

From 1860, when he resigned the editorship of the *Kirchenfreund*, he contributed to the time of his death to the *Lutherische Zeitschrift*, (ed. Rev. T. K. Brobst) which, in later years, was continued as *Herold u. Zeitschrift* (T. H. Diehl). Here, the circle of readers was larger, though less literary, than that of the *Kirchenfreund*, and his style became more popular. His articles cover a very wide range of subjects and deal largely with the practical questions of Christianity and its application to the social needs of the day. A survey of the political condition of the nations of the world, he gave from time to time, in these columns, in a series of articles called "Rundschau," that were deep, clear, critical and exhaustive, and presented, at the same time, the advance of God's kingdom in the world.

To the *Jugendfreund*, published under the same auspices,

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Dr. Mann contributed for twenty years. His "Letters to my Little Friends," and his unique descriptions of the illustrations, under the signature "M. S. N," were features of the paper. He knew how to entertain the little people, and for them he gave vent to his original and amusing way of viewing things. The children felt while reading, that he was looking over their shoulders at the pictures, and they had to make good use of their eyes to see all the things he noticed and wrote of. Though he often made them laugh, he never failed to give expression to some thought or word that was suggestive and helpful to the growing souls.

In December, 1862, the first number of the *Evangelische Zeugnisse* appeared which Dr. Schaff called into being and which was published by Ig. Kohler, Phila. Dr. Mann not only contributed regularly to this journal, but attended to a great deal of the editorial work as well.

As early as 1850, he had written to Dr. Schaff, "Perhaps some time we can together publish a collection of German sermons." This was realized in the *Zeugnisse;* but by that time, Dr. Mann was not very enthusiastic about printed sermons. He wrote to his friend in '62, "I am not able to make any promise as far as sermons, essays and so forth, are concerned. I already have too many irons in the fire. To write out sermons is for me a horrible task, equalled only by the other one, of hearing or reading them, —my own included. To write an article on Luther's Smaller Catechism, I feel more inclined."

But he did contribute sermons, nevertheless; and another letter of the same year says: "I have a sermon ready for you,—'War and how Christians regard it;' Text, Ezek. xiv., 17. I dislike political sermons no less than lectures in the pulpit. I never delivered a political sermon, and never shall. But to view matters in the indisputable light of the Gospel,—this is what the minister has to do.

"About the success of the journal, I do not know what to say. I am not inclined to expect a large circle of readers.

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The political aspect of the country will greatly affect the enterprise. There will be more difficulty about refusing sermons than accepting them."

And again he writes: "My article on Albert Knapp (the theologian and hymnologist) is finished, and ready for you at any moment. I suppose it will fill six pages of the *Zeugnisse*." But he thought it "a crime against good taste to print stale sermons," and his own written ones appeared to him "as mere funeral sermons of those preached."

In 1865, he edited Ignatz Kohler's large family Bible. For two and a-half years, he was occupied with this work; writing a short history of each book, indicating the contents of the chapters, marking copious parallel passages, and preparing preliminary remarks to the Old and New Testament, as well as a preface, which has been described as "one of the strongest apologies for the Bible to be found anywhere."

In 1875 and '76, he wrote popular articles on social and ethical questions for the *Kirchenboten*.

For the *Lutheran and Missionary*, especially while Dr. Chas. Porterfield Krauth was its editor and in the years immediately succeeding, he also wrote, furnishing articles on European affairs and German theological literature.

In later years (1882–91), he wrote frequently for the *Lutheran Church Review*. His subjects were drawn from the large domain of theological science; and he contributed especially interesting and exhaustive essays on ethical and philosophical questions. Among the most important of these essays for the *Review*, is a series of philosophical articles on Benedict de Spinoza, and four papers on Albrecht Ritschl and his theology, which, following his bent for philosophical investigation, he made a subject of special study.

The literary work, however, to which he devoted most time and labor during the last twelve years of his life was the early history of the Lutheran Church in America. He

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was introduced to this subject when in 1879, the publishing house of Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa., requested him to prepare a new edition of the "Halle Reports."

Heinrich Melchoir Muhlenberg, the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, a missionary from the Franke Institute at Halle, during the last century organized the first Lutheran congregations in Pennsylvania; and together with his associates in the missionary and pastoral work frequently reported to the Superintendent at Halle the conditions and needs of the German Lutherans in the New World. The relation between the missionaries in America and the "Fathers" in Germany was very close. The laborers in the new and distant field were directed to keep records of their work, diaries of their experiences in the American field of labor, and to remain in constant correspondence with their patrons in Germany. These letters and communications were not only preserved in the archives at Halle; but extracts and portions of them were printed, and distributed in Germany among those who sent contributions to further the work in America, with the object also of awakening increased interest in the cause. Sixteen successive reports of this kind were printed in Germany between 1744–1786. In 1787 they appeared in two large volumes, under the title of the "Halle Reports." These records, now of comparatively little interest in Germany, where they were published, are of vast importance to the Lutherans of America, for they are the history of the seed-time and the first fruits of the Lutheran Church in the New World.

Shortly after the middle of this century, it was not possible to buy a copy of the "Halle Reports." A new edition of the work was, therefore, an acknowledged want. But as Dr. Mann says in the Preface to the new edition, "The idea simply to reprint the 'Reports' in their original form was not to be entertained. For they contain a great number of references to events, persons and circumstances

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here and in Germany which could be well understood when written; but which, in the lapse of time, have become quite unintelligible. To the modern reader, therefore, they appear fragmentary, puzzling and unsatisfactory. Neither did they, by any means, contain all that the missionaries reported to the 'Fathers.' Only such portions as were considered desirable and suitable had been selected for publication. A new edition of the work, therefore, to be intelligible and useful to the present generation demanded copious supplementary explanations." To write this commentary was the task to which Dr. Mann applied himself. In the work, he was assisted by the late Rev. Dr. B. M. Schmucker, pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, Pottstown, Pa., and the Rev. Dr. Wm. Germann, of Wasungen, Saxen-Meiningen, Germany. The archives of Halle were rich in material, and under the direction of Dr. Germann thousands of pages were copied and sent to Dr. Mann. Even for so assiduous and rapid a worker as he, it was the labor of years to arrange these and to become master of their contents. This manuscript he eventually had bound in four large volumes. Other sources, as well, were diligently searched, the congregational records of the older churches in Pennsylvania were investigated and the available sources of historical information conscientiously followed up.

Soon after he began his labors in this new field, he wrote to Dr. Schaff: "I have been asked to edit anew the 'Halle Reports' with annotations and historical explanations. So I am in the midst of it, and search and collect and arrange a great mass of material in order to throw light on some points that may be of interest to the Lutheran Church. The work incites me, nevertheless, and I learn a good deal at the same time."

This literary undertaking was of a very different character from any in which he had before been engaged. With his ready pen, he had been accustomed, after occupying

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his mind for a time with his subject, to quickly write page after page. Some of those ponderous long articles in the *Kirchenfreund* were written at one sitting, or cost him, as he said, "all the spare hours of a day." But here, one knotty little question about a locality, or the identification of a certain individual, demanded days, and sometimes weeks of investigation; and his patience was as great as his happiness, when the difficulty was finally overcome, and the truth established.

An increased correspondence added to his labors. Not only with his co-workers were there questions always to be discussed, or discoveries to be communicated and received; but inquiries were set on foot in various directions. Wherever a little ray of light that gave promise of a clearer vista beyond was detected, the clue was followed up. From quite unexpected quarters sometimes, a helping hand was stretched forth; and it is needless to say, eagerly and gratefully grasped. Here and there, the pamphlets in which the new edition of the "Halle Reports" appeared, as each section was ready for the press, attracted the attention of those who had made a study of the early history of their own vicinity; and they perceived that a whole flood of light was being thrown on those early colonial days.

Errors which former publications had perhaps promulgated, points on which uncertainty or absolute darkness had obtained, were being presented in the light of historic evidence; and letters and visits from those who took an interest in these questions were frequent. In investigating subjects pertaining to a special locality, no one was so indefatigable or exact in research as Mr. J. C. Honeyman, of New Germantown, N. J. The letters he wrote answering questions and following up investigations, Dr. Mann had bound, and the MS. volume contains no less than 290 closely written pages. His gratitude and indebtedness to Mr. Honeyman has found expression in a number of instances in the Commentary.

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The first volume of the new edition of the "Halle Reports" with the Commentary was given to the public in 1886. This is by far the most important and difficult portion of the work, because the elucidation of the first parts clears up to a great extent, the references of the second. This work had been a "labor of love," and its accomplishment was a source of great satisfaction and happiness.

But this was not the only fruit of his labors in this department. Various subjects to which his attention had been directed specially interested him, and from time to time a volume from his pen appeared. "Good Old Times in Pennsylvania" (1880), "The Life and Labors of Wm. Penn" (1882), and "Ein Aufgang im Abendland" (1883), were written while he was at work on the "Halle Reports." The last named is a history of early mission work among the Indians.

In 1881 he yielded to the repeated requests of many of his clerical friends and published a volume of sermons, under the title, "Heilsbotschaft" (Tidings of Salvation). The book is a precious legacy to those who have been edified by his preaching. Very rarely did Dr. Mann refer to any reviews of his works or any recognition of his literary labors. But he was gratified when in a theological and literary monthly published in Leipsic, Germany, a review of the "Heilsbotschaft" estimated his sermons very highly, and criticised unfavorably only the modesty of the author, that caused the volume to be so small. It contains twenty sermons, in several cases the same text being the subject of two successive discourses.

In 1884, in remembrance of the 350th anniversary of the completion of Luther's Translation of the Bible, Dr. Mann wrote, "Das Buch der Buecher und Seine Geschichte" (The Book of Books and its History). He gives in his unique, simple, popular style the history of the development of language, the various forms of written records that have come down to us; and then, concisely, the history of the Sacred

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Writings and their various translations, especially those of the days of the Reformation.

In 1887, "The Life and Times of Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg" appeared, the most important of his historical works, which grew out of his studies for the new edition of the "Halle Reports." "During my researches concerning the early history of Lutheranism in this country," he writes, "my interest in Muhlenberg as a man, a Christian, a representative of the Church, a missionary to the dispersed Lutherans, and an organizer of Lutheran congregations, a spiritual father to many souls, a most judicious counsellor of his colaborers, could but increase." He carried out the work with exhaustive research, entering into minute detail, and presenting a picture of the social condition of that period as well as a life-like portraiture of the great and good "Father Muhlenberg."

The following is a short extract from a review of the work taken from the *Public Ledger*, June 15, 1887:

"Dr. Mann has diligently searched for, collected and examined a mass of material, bearing upon the life and work of Muhlenberg. Carefully-written diaries, papers from the archives of the Orphan House at Halle, in Germany; reports and correspondence have been consulted in the preparation of this volume. It is in every way an adequate biography of the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America. The author has admirably succeeded in portraying Dr. Muhlenberg as the man. Personal traits and characteristics are continually brought out in the course of the narrative. The position of Dr. Muhlenberg in regard to the Confessions, the use of the liturgy, and his views of ministerial authority are clearly defined. The reader is impressed throughout that the memoir is worthy of the subject."

A few sentences from the letters of friends, expressive of their estimate of the work are appended.

From Dr. B. M. Schmucker.

. . . . . "The picture is drawn so fully, so clearly and with such admirable proportioning of the features of the man, that it is not merely the first description of him which is at all adequate, but it will remain permanently the one authoritative life of him." . . . . .

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From Dr. W. Germann of Wasungen, Saxen-Meiningen, Germany.

. . . . . "With all my heart, I rejoice that you have been enabled to finish the 'Life of Muhlenberg.' And how soon you accomplished it! I did not expect it until the autumn! The book has afforded me unusual pleasure, and I wish for nothing further than that I might talk the whole work and the details of it over with you. For the author, too, I know, it is a satisfaction to talk with one who is at home in the field.

"Two things I now fully recognize: 1, the biography had to be written in America; and 2, your correct foresight about the necessity of your having the material of the archives. You most admirably control the great quantity of material and have proved yourself a master in the art of condensing. I confess I have been astonished by the conciseness of the narrative after the return from Georgia. This was the period in which I expected the greatest amount of material new to me, and I was not disappointed. . . . Excuse my tardy thanks for your admirable work and permit me cordially to shake your industrious hand! . . . . . "

From Dr. Philip Schaff.

"This morning I received your most welcome present of the biography of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. It is a noble monument to the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America. I hope it will be duly appreciated and meet with a large sale. I am glad you wrote it in English, the language of this country, in which all that is good in the German Churches must be perpetuated for the benefit of future generations . . ."

From Dr. G. F. Krotel.

"This morning brought me that handsome volume, 'Life and Times of H. M. Muhlenberg,' in which you have erected the noblest literary monument that good man has yet received, as well as a monument to yourself. I could not wait until I had read the book to write of its arrival; but after looking at it, reading the preface, the table of contents, and some pages at the close, I sit down to thank you for sending it, and still more for writing it. The sips which I have taken, and an examination of the contents convince me that there is in store for me and thousands of others a volume of most instructive and edifying reading, and that we have in your book the noblest biography so far produced by a Lutheran author in our country. The specimen bricks that I have examined satisfy me as to the character of the entire structure. . . . . "

From Dr. Joseph A. Seiss.

. . . . . "I congratulate you on the completion and appearance of the book, and much rejoice in the fullness of its contents and the admir-

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able faithfulness with which it presents the founder and true typical representative of our Lutheran Church in this Country. I cannot but wish that its influence may be to foster in our ministers and people that spirit, which was so consistently and commendably displayed by the worthy subject of your dignified and welcome volume." . . . . . .

From Prof. Oswald Seidensticker.

"I wish you could know how deeply grateful I am for your goodness in sending me your admirable work on Muhlenberg. I regret not to be able to repay like with like. It must now be recognized as a fortunate circumstance that Muhlenberg's biography was not written until a century after his death; for in you, the worthy follower of the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, was the right man found to accomplish this work. It is true, that the halo surrounding Muhlenberg's name was not dimmed by the lapse of years; but his claim to greatness now rests through your labors on a true, historic basis. Partially, you had already proved this by your commentary to the 'Halle Reports;' but to show Muhlenberg's true value required a separate literary monument."

From Dr. Charles J. Stillé.

. . . . . "The book gives me a double pleasure, that of surprise and that the work of writing this biography should have been undertaken by the man most fitted to treat so inspiring a theme. I cannot wait until I have read it to express my thanks; but I must express my deep satisfaction now, that so important and hitherto so neglected a portion of our State history should be treated by such competent hands."

In the "Memorial" Dr. Spaeth says:

"There is, no doubt, a providential significance in this concentration of Dr. Mann, in the ripest years of his life, upon our patriarch H. M. Muhlenberg and his times. As stated above, he did not take an active part in the controversies and labors that engaged the General Council after its immediate organization. There was much in those details that was neither attractive nor interesting to him. But as he busied himself in his quiet study and drew for us the life-like picture of that noble man of God, whom all parties cannot but revere and accept as the best type of Lutheranism in America, he contributed the most important building material for the future unity of our Church in this country, proving beyond the possibility of a contradiction, that the position of the General Council is not only correct in principle and theory, but also the true historical one, in the very beginning of a Lutheran church organization in America."

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In the spring of 1891, Dr. Mann was requested by the Ministerium to continue his work on the "Halle Reports," that body having entered into an agreement with the publisher to secure the completion of the new edition. With accustomed energy and with the old love he applied himself to the work. One of his former associates in this undertaking, the Rev. Dr. B. M. Schmucker, had been called from his labors on earth in 1888. Even during April and May of 1892, Dr. Mann wrote assiduously at the Commentary, though he was then suffering from the distressing effects of the attack of heart failure, which had seized him the preceding October. During that winter, after he had been so suddenly enfeebled, he said several times: "I am glad that enough of the Commentary is written to make the whole work intelligible; but I may live to finish it after all!"

In February, 1891, he was requested by Ignatz Kohler, the publisher, to write in German the life of Christopher Columbus, to mark the fourth centenary of his great discovery. During the spring and early summer, Dr. Mann collected his material and he completed the manuscript of this work while away from home during the summer vacation.

Among other things, he says in the preface:

"The great Italian unlocked the doors of the roomy house, into which the surplus of the nations of western Europe have moved and where they have made themselves at home. For them all, and therefore for us Germans in the United States, his discovery and with it the wonderful and extraordinary experiences of his life possess a high and abiding interest. And just now, after the lapse of four hundred years, that great world-historic event and the man who was providentially designed to bring it about are again called into lively remembrance."

He lays no claim in this little book of two hundred pages to "new discoveries in this department of history," but has, he says, "presented the results of the latest researches of those who made this particular field their study." The

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proof sheets of Columbus, read in March, 1892, were the last he examined.

In September, 1891, he prepared by request a condensed sketch of the life of H. M. Muhlenberg in German. It is a book of only seventy-seven pages, and he had the material all at command. In his desire to pursue his work on the Commentary, he was most anxious to have this little book out of the way, and he accomplished the whole work in ten days. When it appeared about six weeks afterwards, his unusual vigor had succumbed to his untiring exertions and he was suffering from great weakness and exhaustion.

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CHAPTER XIX.

PASTOR EMERITUS. 1884—1892.

IN a letter to Dr. Schaff, written some years after the Seminary was opened, Dr. Mann referring to his exertions as pastor and professor, concludes: "God knows how long this span will run. Usually, one wagon has two horses, but in this case, one horse—and that a poor one—is pulling two wagons!" And he did "pull the two wagons" for twenty years. Twice during that period, he had resigned as professor, seeing it was impossible to leave his congregation. But Synod would not acccept the resignation, desiring rather that the pastoral work should be discontinued. "Both offices," he writes elsewhere, "that of the preacher and that of professor, accord well with one another; so long as the Lord gives strength to fulfil their duties, the one becomes a blessing to the other." And the Lord did give strength. In the decade from 1870-80, diary and letters often express his astonishment at being able to endure more exertion and accomplish more work than he could "twenty years ago."

But in 1881 and 1882, Dr. Mann began to be greatly troubled by sleeplessness. After 2 o'clock in the morning, he could find no rest. This alarming symptom, little as he regarded it himself, awakened the deepest solicitude of his wife, and at her earnest desire, he resigned his pastorate in the following year. The thought that a younger man might in many respects, especially in view of the future, be of greater service to the congregation, influenced him in taking this step. The resignation was not accepted, but he was re-

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lieved of all pastoral work except the Sunday morning sermon, by the appointment of Rev. E. Niedecker as assistant pastor.

In little more than a year thereafter, however, on the 16th of November, 1884, Dr. Mann preached his farewell sermon to the congregation, having ministered to it for thirty-four years. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, the Trustees of the German Hospital attended the service in a body, and there were few in the large assembly unmoved by the discourse. His text was the 23d verse of the 20th chapter of Acts: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

After reviewing his labors in the congregation, and its history since 1850, in doing which he dwelt especially upon the first two words of his text, he spoke with gratitude of the ties of love that bound him to his people, applying to them the Apostle's words as given in the German version: "beloved brethren." Continuing, he said: "It is but natural that to a congregation, to which has been devoted the labor of thirty-four of life's best years, one can never grow indifferent. Least of all could this be, when in his work and with his people, the pastor has been happy. Looking back upon these years, the question proposes itself: 'What have I really accomplished during this long period?' 'What is in reality the result and gain for eternity?' And this question is enough to humble me, and bow me down, and take away any inclination to glory. And yet I may say that though, in my younger years, I felt no special desire for preaching, I have been most happy in this particular function of my ministerial office. The Apostle truly says: 'If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.' . . . . . And how, dear friends, can I thank you for everything which in all these years you have done for me and mine? I know that some of you cannot

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understand that I, who am so hale and strong, should want to leave you. And it is indeed not my intention to spend my remaining years in idleness. As professor in our Seminary, through the young pastors there prepared for the ministry, my influence may still benefit the Church at large. And when we have passed nearly three-score and six years of life's journey, we know that bodily and mental strength is not increasing, but growing gradually less. And I am sure you would not desire that I should remain among you until I am old and exhausted in mind and body, and continue my labors, rather to the detriment than the benefit of the congregation. Let your hearts the rather go out to the young man of your choice who is to become your pastor in my stead. And may the Lord bestow a rich blessing upon his labors! . . . . .

"What better thing can I now do than say with the Apostle: 'I commend you to God and the Word of His grace which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.' . . .

"And may Almighty God preserve you through the power of His might in the true faith, and may you be builded up, individually and together, as lively stones for an habitation of God through the Spirit, that ye may the more and more attain unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. And may he preserve you from all evil and clothe you in the wedding garments for the marriage supper of the Lamb, that among all them which are sanctified he may give you an inheritance,—the inheritance of the saints in light. Zion, hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. !" . . . . .

It was with the deepest sorrow that the people parted with their beloved pastor, and many tokens of affectionate regard testified of their love and reverence. Knowing well his love of music and that he often, while living next door to the church, played on the great organ, on which he was an excellent performer, they presented him with a fine

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organ for his new home in West Philadelphia. He was made Pastor Emeritus of the congregation and in the remaining years of his life preached occasionally from his old pulpit or lectured in Zion Church for some charitable cause.

The love of his people remained, though they did not see him frequently, as in former days. In any great sorrow or any especial happiness that came to them, they turned to him for sympathy. And he loved them always and to the end. During the months of his last illness, no token of love or affection from any quarter so deeply touched him as the kindly remembrances, affectionate letters and personal inquiries of members of his former congregation.

Often in the days when Dr. Mann had been most pressed by labors and cares, he looked forward to a time when he would enjoy greater leisure. In a letter to Dr. Schaff, he writes: "You say truly,—'no rest this side of the grave!' And yet the desire for a quiet evening of life comes again and again; a time for retrospection, a looking on rather than actively taking part in all this toil, a time calmly to view the Beyond and to shed this mortal coil! Yet, to be called off quickly in the midst of work is, perhaps, after all the best." After he had resigned the congregation, when his lectures in the Seminary occupied him, and his other hours were free for literary work, though besides all this he often preached on Sundays,—these years, busy as they would have seemed to many, were to him years of comparative leisure. And he enjoyed the leisure, because, as he said: "It gives me time to work"!

His health was apparently soon completely restored. When his family remonstrated because he preached so often, he used to say: "I look so well, that I have no excuse for refusing."

The calls upon him were very frequent. Between February, 1885, aud October, 1891, he preached one hundred and ninety-five times. If the nine months passed in Europe during that period and the summer months be excluded,

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there remain few Sundays when he was not in the pulpit. And his labors extended over a wide field. Besides preaching on various occasions in all the German churches in Philadelphia, including the beautiful chapel of the Mary J. Drexel Home, and in quite a number of the English ones, he delivered sermons in forty-four congregations outside of the city, and in many of these he preached two or three times. His former students begged him to present the cause of the Seminary or of Missions, or, perhaps, to preach at some church festival for them; and the people, having seen and heard him once, wanted him to come again. His warm, loving sympathy, and his practical, popular, persuasive eloquence found its way direct to their hearts. Nor were his journeyings limited to Pennsylvania: in Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Albany, even in Pittsfield, Mass., he preached to Lutheran congregations.

One pastor wrote to another, both of whom had called upon him for the same Sunday: "Your letter, with the earnest request to leave Dr. Mann free to preach at the rededication of your church, has just been received. As we have not yet made our arrangements, my installation can take place a week later. I know the happiness of your festival would be sadly marred if he could not be with you, and I wish with all my heart that you should enjoy having him on that festive day."

Among the churches in which he last preached anniversary sermons were St. Paul's, Philadelphia, when it celebrated its semi-centenary, and St. Jacobus and Emmanuel's, Philadelphia, which, twenty-five years before, he had also dedicated. One of his last sermons was delivered in St. Johannis, Philadelphia, where nearly twenty-five years before he had laid the corner-stone. The last sermon was preached on the twenty-fifth of October, 1891, in the chapel of the Seminary at Mt. Airy.

During these years, he also lectured frequently, either for some benevolent object or at a general festival of the

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Church. Here especially his orations on Luther at the Academy of Music on the 10th November, 1883, and at Steinway Hall, New York, may be recorded.

In the autumn of '87, centennial memorial services of the death of Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg were held in many congregations in eastern Pennsylvania; and Dr. Mann was often called upon to speak on the life and labors of the man whose biography he had completed on the centennial of his death and "devoted to his memory." On this subject, he addressed the Trustees, Professors, and students of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., on October 31st, of that year.

After his return from Europe in '89, he lectured no less than eight times on the experiences of his journey. The first of these lectures was delivered in Zion Church to his old congregation, which gave him on the occasion a cordial welcome home. "Rome," "Paris," "Nuremberg," "What we learn by Traveling," were among the subjects of this series.

In June, 1888, the Trustees of Muhlenberg College conferred upon Dr. Mann the degree of LL.D. After making mention of the fact, his diary characteristically remarks, "which did not make me greater, wiser, nor better!" In 1890, he delivered an elaborate essay to the students of the College, on the "Choice of a Profession."

In September, 1888, he attended the meeting of the General Council in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Besides the interest which the work of the Church naturally offered him at the sessions of the Council, he was delighted with his journey, and the sight of the great West, and its marvelous growth and progress.

In 1881, he had once more been elected President of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and in the next year, he declined another nomination. For many years, he was Archivarius of the Synod, and to his energetic exertions, the systematic arrangement of the large mass of archives

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from the last century to the present time is due. He put the vast quantity of records, letters and so forth, into chronological order at the expense of a great deal of time, and has thus made them readily available for reference and research. He zealously collected, also, everything that might be of use or interest in this department, and in this way added largely to the historical and literary value of the archives.

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CHAPTER XX.

HOME LIFE. JOURNEYS TO EUROPE IN '89 AND '90.

AFTER the greater leisure which came with the relief from the many pastoral cares that consumed so much time, Dr. Mann's family enjoyed more than ever before his dear companionship. In his deep love, his bright stimulating intellectuality, his never-failing humor, which was always readiest and best at home, their happiness was bound up. He had always taken the liveliest and kindliest interest in the little details of home life, and his help and sympathy were given in fullest measure to those about him. Whatever interested his dear ones was of interest to him. There was no visiting, no acquaintance, no book read, that he did not care to hear all about. He had time for all those little things that make family life lovely. If anyone of his family was ill, his thoughtful tenderness knew no end, and he loved to be able, personally, to minister to the sick one. His strong personality and his ready sympathy could not but give the best impulses and the highest meaning to life.

The homes of his two married daughters were very near his own, and their daily visits and those of the grandchildren completed his content. In the summer house which he had built in his garden, how many delightful hours in the spring and autumn were passed! It was the general rendezvous of the family after breakfast, and then he was always full of life and buoyant spirits. The study, which so many of his friends know, and where in the quiet morning hours he was always at his desk, was very dear to him. Before he had taken possession of the room, he discovered with delight that he could plainly see from it the steeple of Zion Church.

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With his grandsons, especially the eldest ones "Walter" and "Julius," he made any amount of fun, and to the end of his life he was their merry companion, entering into their interests and their pleasures. The beloved Grandpapa always helped to trim the Christmas tree; and even in the last year of his life, that dear hand decorated it for the happy festival.

During the autumn and winter of '88, Mrs. Mann's health became a great source of anxiety. The physicians recommended a journey to Carlsbad, which was undertaken in the spring of '89, not without many misgivings, especially on the part of Dr. Mann, because of the extreme weakness of the dear patient. Traveling, however, had a very beneficial effect, and after the cure at Carlsbad was begun, Mrs. Mann was so much better that she persuaded her husband to join his friend, Rev. Dr. Chas. S. Albert, of Baltimore, on a visit to Italy.

The most beautiful incident of this trip to Europe was the meeting in Antwerp, immediately upon landing, of Dr. Mann and his brother, the Rev. Adolph Mann. As the steamer drew up to the dock, the faces of those awaiting her arrival on shore were eagerly scanned, as the dear stranger was expected to meet the party. Dr. Mann had hardly stepped ashore, when a gentleman said to him, "Is this Dr. Mann?" "No," said he, "it is your brother!" and in an instant they were in each other's embrace. For forty-four years they had not met, not since parting in Strassbourg in 1845. Though both had been several times in the Fatherland in the long interval, their visits could not be arranged at the same time. But constant correspondence had kept the tie of brotherhood very close, and it was as dear and sympathetic friends they met. The Rev. Adolph Mann had again at that time made his home in Stuttgart, after his zealous labors of more than thirty-five years in the mission field at Lagos, West Africa, and had come to Antwerp to welcome his brother. The re-union was the source of

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much happiness, and when they parted a few days after at Cologne, there was the prospect of an early meeting in Stuttgart, where later in the summer a very delightful visit was paid by Dr. Mann and his wife and daughter.

En route to Carlsbad, the party visited Hanover, Berlin and Dresden, and after his family was comfortably settled at Carlsbad, and he had been assured by the physician that his wife's health would be benefited by the cure, Dr. Mann joined Dr. Albert. From Milan to Naples, and from Genoa to Venice, the friends traversed Italy. The charms of Italian scenery, its tropical vegetation, the rich treasures of art, the relics and monuments of antiquity made the weeks spent in that classic land a season of rich enjoyment, that left most delightful reminiscences.

In his articles "From Afar," sent to the *Herold u. Zeitschrift*, Dr. Mann from time to time gave impressions and descriptions of his journey. The following is a short extract from an article written in Rome:

"It is an old proverb, that says 'all roads lead to Rome.' That one can arrive there from any starting point is, doubtless, true; but not that one must. And after arriving there, much will depend upon what one carries within him, and what is the object of the visit.

"Should the traveler, in this venerable City of three thousand years, inquire for the road leading to the South, he will be directed to a highway that contains more remnants of the old imperial Rome than any other site, and that offers for many reasons a deep interest to us as Christians. Upon this road, the Apostle Paul traveled to Rome, and, truly, it was a good way, that led him thither. Upon this highway, the brethren went to meet him as far as Appii Forum, 'whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.' Paul, indeed, was in the company of Luke; but the friendly greeting of the brethren from Rome must have cheered his heart. Rome, in which the lion Nero was raging, and before whom Paul knew he had to appear, was yet unknown to the Apostle. But even in that day, there was in that great worldly city, a little company who knew and acknowledged the Lord Jesus. And this congregation in the midst of the millions of heathens was well known to Paul. He had heard of it when in Greece and Asia Minor; he had taken a lively interest in these first followers of Christ in the midst of the great throbbing centre of the heathen empire of the world; and with intelligent foresight he had recognized the importance of this congregation, knowing

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that many roads led not only to Rome, but that many led also from Rome into all the countries and peoples of the world, and that they might become highways for the tidings of salvation. And they did become so. Therefore had the Apostle written that Epistle to the Romans,—testifying not only of his brotherly love for them, but of his apostolic insight into the mystery of faith, and justification by free grace through it. And, verily, that message is an "epistle to the Romans" even at this late day. . . . .

"Yet another, altogether different interest appeals to us as Christians on this famous Appian way. Several miles southward from the city, and on the right of the road, there lies a garden through which one enters the Catacombs. . . . . I confess, that in these deep, dark underground passages, among the sacred dust of the early saints, my soul was far more deeply moved and animated than amidst the glorious display of color and statuary and the magnificent architectural proportions of St. Peter's, within whose wide walls there is enough room to accommodate a respectable town. For I must acknowledge, that to me, St. Peter's did not seem to suit at all for the place of assembly of a Christian congregation, that meets to hear the gospel tidings of the crucified Savior, and that in penitence and faith desires not to glorify itself, but to honor Him. The great Cathedral is a great palace, a pompous building for the glorification of a world-swaying popedom; but God's kingdom is not of this world! There everything appeals powerfully to the senses, and the countless riches of papal wealth reveal themselves in the gold, marbles and paintings everywhere displayed; this all rather distracts than concentrates and elevates the soul. How much more serious and elevating are the emotions evoked in the solemn, venerable naves of a Gothic cathedral! I was astonished to find so few worshippers in the great church, on a fine Sunday morning. . . . . Indeed, just on Sunday one receives the impression that Rome, notwithstanding its four hundred churches is not a very pious city. The churches generally were not well attended. Masses of people promenaded the streets; booths and stores were open, and only the costumes worn, gayer and finer than on week-days, indicated that it was Sunday. . . . . ."

"Before the *Piazza del Populo* lie the stones that are said once to have formed the stairway leading to the Judgment Hall of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. When Martin Luther, full of devout and humble veneration, visited Rome, he ascended these steps upon his knees. He did not do it after he had been in Rome for a time. But that was the same man, who, a few years later, confronted the Emperor and potentates of the realm, to testify against popedom and to confess the Lord Jesus and His Gospel. First humble, then brave!" . . . . . .

After the Italian tour, Dr. Mann rejoined his family at Carlsbad, and after spending a few days with his co-laborer

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on the "Halle Reports," Dr. Wilhelm Germann in Wasungen, Saxen-Meiningen, he enjoyed a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Hermann Hilprecht, with whom he also afterwards went to Leipsic, where he had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Dr. Tholuck and Prof. Dr. Franz Delitzsch, the great theologians and renowned authors.

After the Carlsbad cure was completed, the family went by way of Nuremberg, Munich and Ulm to Kirchheim, near Stuttgart, where in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Otto, a delightful fortnight was passed. Later, some very happy days were spent in Stuttgart in the society of Rev. Adolph Mann and his charming wife; and the relatives who had known each other through correspondence only, were soon the warmest and most sympathetic friends.

The journey home was made by way of Strassbourg and Paris, which to its many interests added that year the attractions of the Exposition. Toward the end of September, the party arrived safely once more in Philadelphia.

When in the spring of 1890, it had been decided that Mrs. Mann would again have to visit Carlsbad, Dr. Mann's brother in Stuttgart wrote to him: "That we shall soon again greet each other on the soil our dear parents trod is the source of very great rejoicing here. But it shall not prevent me from most heartily wishing you for your approaching birthday all the good that mortal souls need to feel perfectly content and happy! When the review of life and labor bears the motto, 'to the glory of God,' as yours does, it prognosticates good also for the future; and what better can I wish for you than that your future life and work may be increased, strengthened and completed in this same spirit!"

Dr. Mann and his wife and daughter were accompanied on this journey by one of his married daughters and her husband and son. This trip, because of Mrs. Mann's improved health was even more enjoyable than that of the preceding year. The time passed at Carlsbad, which is so roman-

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tic in situation and offers so many attractions to the lover of nature, was most delightful. Dr. Mann remained with his family during the month they sojourned there, which he had not done in the previous summer. He made many interesting acquaintances among the evangelical clergy visiting in Carlsbad, and enjoyed the intercourse with them very much. The life in the open air, the enforced rest—he wrote only letters and articles for the *Herold u. Zeitschrift*—were most beneficial to him. His wife's health was almost completely restored, and that added blessing made the summer very happy.

The visits in Stuttgart and at Kirchheim were especially delightful experiences. Later in the season, at Lucerne, Dr. and Mrs. Mann met their daughter and son-in-law, who had, while the others were at Carlsbad, been traveling in Switzerland. The following is an extract from a letter they received from Dr. Mann, while on their journey:

. . . . . "It is a peculiar satisfaction to me, that in thought I am able to accompany you to a considerable extent on your route. Time and again, I came up Lake Zurich to Rapperschwyl, where, on that island is the resting place of Ulrich von Hutten, that humanist of the 16th century, who, without understanding that powerful faith, which was the main-spring of Luther's reformatory activity, sympathized with Luther, in whom he saw the herald of a new age of freedom, and to whom he offered his sword and his satirical pen, of neither of which Luther wished to make use.

"I also, after passing the Linth Canal crossed Lake Wallen, dark and deep and most romantic. Right well, too, I remember Ragatz and Pfaeffers. (The old Romans knew the place and the springs and called it Via Fera, which was corrupted to Pfaeffers. All that region is full of names traceable to Latin). In that Tamina Gorge, I walked on boards suspended in iron chains to the hot springs. It does me good to follow you all through that region.

"From Pfaeffers, I crossed over the mountain ridge into the valley of the Rhine and came to Coire (Curia in Latin). Opposite the town, on the other side of the Rhine, I see still rising before me that giant, uncouth and unclothed, the Calanda Mountain, raising its head thousands of feet to the clouds. In its neighborhood, some years ago, a terrible landslide occurred, driving the people out of house and home, and destroying a village.

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"I can follow you up to Thusis and the Via Mala, from which I then pursued my course to Andeer (a large village, all Romansch, in which language the waitress at the inn gave me some valuable instruction), and to Spluegen and Rheinwald, from which point I crossed the mountain-pass, and struck out through the deep snow for the Mesocco Valley, and came down to Bellinzona.

"From Thusis, I cannot follow you up to Dissentis and Lake Alpnach, but find you again at Andermatt, and go down the valley with you to Fluellen and across the grand Vierwaldstaeter to Lucerne. All these are magnificent scenes.—Switzerland is the park of Europe, as Italy is its museum of fine arts and its world historic cemetery." . . . . . .

In September, Dr. and Mrs. Mann and their daughter and grandson, whose parents extended their tour to Italy, turned their faces homeward. By way of Schaffhausen, the Black Forest route, Baden Baden, Worms, Wiesbaden, the Rhine and Cologne, Antwerp was safely reached.

Dr. Mann enjoyed unusually good health during the journey. He climbed to the tower of the Cologne Cathedral, and seemed not to feel that it was a great exertion. He was full of life and activity, and never said that he felt fatigued while traveling.

On the day of the opening of the autumn session of the Seminary, he was present, having arrived from Europe the day before. All the following winter, he labored with his usual indefatigable zeal and love of work. The only interruption occurred at the end of November, when he had a severe attack of lumbago, which was much aggravated by his heroic disregard of the pain at first, when, without telling his family that he suffered, he went to Mt. Airy and delivered three successive lectures to his students.

But he appeared fully to have recovered after a few weeks; and in the spring was glad that his wife's health did not necessitate another trip to Europe, as he had so much literary work awaiting him. In May, he attended for the last time, the meeting of the Ministerium at Pottstown, Pa.; and it was at this session he was requested to continue his work on the "Halle Reports."

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST YEAR.

JUNE 1891–JUNE 1892.

AFTER the summer vacation at the Seminary began in 1891, Dr. Mann devoted himself assiduously to literary work. He was so desirous of continuing the "Halle Reports" that he would have liked to stay at home all summer, and only on his wife's account did he leave the city during July and August. While away from home, he completed the manuscript of the life of Columbus.

Several weeks of July were spent at Saratoga, where for more than a week, a severe attack of lumbago caused him much suffering. Happily, the subsequent visit to the White Mountains quite restored him; and after the sojourn there, some time was spent at Pigeon Cove on the Massachusetts coast, where he enjoyed the sea-shore more than he had ever enjoyed it. He took great delight in the bold rocks and dashing waves, and when he left there, it was with the thought that he would like to return at some future time.

It was his earnest desire to be at home some weeks before the Seminary opened. The month of September of that year was unusually hot. But full of energy, and apparently as full of strength, he labored during that month and the next with all the ardor of his nature. He preached every Sunday; in ten days of September he wrote the "Life of Muhlenberg" in German, before referred to; and beside his usual hours at the Seminary, he gave, by special request of the students, several extra lectures every week.

On Tuesday, Oct. 27th, he lectured three hours in the morning; in the afternoon, he had business in the

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city that occupied him until 4 o'clock. From that time until six, he was at literary work in his study and in the evening attended a meeting of the trustees of the German Hospital. It is not surprising that his wife was deeply concerned about him when at half-past ten he returned from the Hospital. But he was in excellent spirits and said that he "was all right, but tired." The next morning, however, he did not feel well, and did not rise until 6 o'clock. When about to take breakfast, he was seized with violent pain in the chest. Alarmed at his pallor, his wife and daughter ministered to him and in a few moments, his son-in-law, Dr. C. L. Mitchell, was at his side. The family physician who was immediately summoned, at once recognized the seizure as a most serious one. It was heart-failure that laid him low, who until that moment had been full of life, energy and activity. But before the close of that day, new hope filled his dear ones, for the heart recovered somewhat under the powerful stimulating medicines administered, and the terrible pallor and coldness disappeared.

In the weeks and months that followed, Dr. Mann suffered at times most severely. The great distress in breathing after the slightest exertion, was a sore trial. And he always "felt tired," a feeling that he had rarely known in former days, even after great exertions. But he was hopeful, cheerful, patient, and altogether lovely! Nothing could have been more beautiful than the assurance to his dear ones, repeated every morning: "I think I am better to-day! I certainly feel a great deal stronger this morning! And such a good night's rest, I did not get in former years!" In health, he had rarely slept more than six hours of the night; now he could sleep for eight or nine.

His sudden and severe illness was a great shock to the Lutheran community. From every quarter came messages and visits of sympathetic inquiry. The students felt the loss of their professor most keenly, and hoped against hope, that time might restore him to them. But before the close

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of the year, recognizing that his days of active work were over, he sent in his resignation as professor. By a resolution of the Faculty, his name was not taken from the list of professors, and the hope was expressed that in the future, he might still from time to time, perhaps, deliver lectures to the students.

Before his illness, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry had been proposed by the Alumni of the Seminary; but Dr. Mann refused to have it publicly mentioned. In commemoration of his long and active service in the Church, the Faculty of the Seminary presented him, through Dr. C. W. Schaeffer, their Senior, with resolutions, highly appreciative of his character, influence and labors. This recognition by his colleagues touched him deeply and made him very happy.

Those long months of inactivity that winter were sweetened as well by his own patient submission and almost constant cheerfulness as by the many visits of dear friends, kind and helpful letters from far and near, and many tokens of affectionate remembrance. The sick room was always bright with flowers, the sweet offerings of love and esteem.

At Christmas, Dr. Mann was so far restored, that he was able thoroughly to enjoy the visit of Dr. Schaff, who spent the day with him. The friends were very happy in each other's society, on this, their last meeting on earth. Dr. Hilprecht was also present at the Christmas dinner, and Dr. Mann felt particularly grateful that his strength permitted him to fully participate in the conversation, and his friends scarcely realized that he was no longer vigorous as of old.

Toward the close of February, his physician who had desired him to leave home for a warmer climate, persuaded him at least to go for a time to Atlantic City. There, during the month of March, he gained visibly. In a letter to Dr. Schaff, written at that time, he said warningly, "Take care of yourself, and do not demand of the veteran of seventy-

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two, what the *juvenis* of forty-five could easily perform. This was my mistake!" He read the proof of "Columbus," wrote many letters, amused himself by sketching or extemporizing on the piano, and was out doors every day for some hours, when the weather permitted. The sea-air and the change were very beneficial, and when he returned to his home in April, he had greatly improved.

Unfortunately, he often allowed his energy to make him oblivious of suffering and exhaustion. He devoted himself again to the "Halle Reports," and during the next two months wrote the notes to two continuations,—a great physical effort, irrespective of the mental labor and research involved.

Twice he attended the meetings of the Pastoral Association at Mt. Airy, and Dr. Spaeth says in the "Memorial," he "made one of his most brilliant extempore addresses in the May meeting on the condition and influence of the Jews in modern history." He went a number of times on Thursday afternoons to the German Hospital and the Mary J. Drexel Home, and was also, once at the Orphans' Home at Germantown. He went in and out, happy to be able once more to attend church, to go down town on business matters, and, sometimes, too, to surprise his friends by repaying some of the many visits that they had made him during the winter.

A day that Dr. Krotel spent with him in May was long, happily anticipated, and he was well enough to be able thoroughly to enjoy his friend's society. On the afternoon of the same day, Rev. Alex. Richter, President of the New York Ministerium, also called upon him, and found him, as he afterwards wrote, "no longer in his former accustomed sparkling liveliness and vigor, but unspeakably dear in his gentleness and geniality and in the winning friendliness of his manner."

In the early spring, Dr. Mann's only son, Mr. Edwin R. Mann, had been married and had sailed for Europe with

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his bride. He returned on the 27th of May, and on the 29th, his father's birthday, a happy family festival was quietly celebrated.

On the 1st of June, Mrs. Mann's mother, Mrs. John Rommel, Sr., died in her 89th year. She had enjoyed remarkable vigor until within a few weeks before the close of her life, and fell peacefully asleep surrounded by her children, Dr. Mann and a number of her grandchildren. She had indeed been a "Mother in Israel," and her long, beautiful and useful life was the source of joy and blessing to children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. On the 4th of June, she was laid to rest in Laurel Hill cemetery, beside the father and grandfather who had so long preceded her to that better home; and Dr. Mann, who was tenderly attached to her, read the burial service at her grave.

Warm weather was very unfavorable to his condition; and his family and the physician were most anxious that he should escape the heat of the summer months. He willingly acceded to all arrangements and expressed a preference for Pigeon Cove, where during the preceding summer he had enjoyed the invigorating air. On Wednesday, the 15th of June, accompanied by his wife and two daughters and his grandson, Walter Mann Mitchell, he left home in cheerful and hopeful mood. On that morning, he received several visitors, and sat for a while at his piano, extemporizing and playing some of his favorite compositions. He seemed to feel able to bear the journey and suffered apparently no discomfort. He enjoyed the early evening on the Sound steamer; and when he retired shortly after nine o'clock, he fell into a peaceful sleep which lasted until three in the morning. At that hour, he awoke with a terrible sense of oppression and suffocation. The usual remedies afforded little relief, and for two hours he suffered intensely. By and bye, a decided reaction set in, and he was able at nine o'clock to take the train for Boston. On the way, he fell into a gentle sleep and when he arrived there,

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he said, "Let us go at once to Pigeon Cove! I can stand the journey, and I do not want to detain you all in the city!"

But he was willing to do as his wife and daughters thought best, and without having permitted him to make any exertion, a rolling chair having been secured at the depot, he was soon safely in very comfortable apartments at the Thorndike Hotel.

In the afternoon, somewhat against his wish, a physician was summoned. In the emergency, the friendship of Mr. John L. Bremer, of Boston, a connection by marriage of Mrs. Mann and a life-long friend of the family, was a great source of comfort; and his thoughtful and helpful ministrations lessened the burden of external care in the days of sorrow which were coming. The doctor enjoined rest and the use of the medicines prescribed at home. On the following day, Friday, he found Dr. Mann enjoying the view of the Common and gardens in an arm chair at the window, and he spoke hopefully of the journey to Pigeon Cove, thinking that if nothing intervened, it could be undertaken on the next Monday.

But the frequent recurrence on Friday night and on Saturday of severe attacks of difficulty in breathing, followed by profuse perspiration were most alarming. In an arm chair or on the sofa, surrounded by his dear ones, he passed the greater part of Saturday and Sunday, cheerful and most patient. He was interested in all that passed, and was, as usual, full of thought and even merry. He was concerned as always, for those about him; and not a murmur passed his lips. On Sunday morning, the physician could no longer give his stricken family any hope of prolonging that precious life on earth.

But in those last hallowed days, he was mercifully spared the knowledge of his extreme weakness, and as he had suffered similar attacks during the months past, he talked hopefully of being better soon, and was so sweet, and patient

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and calm, that the strength that upheld him, was vouchsafed also to his dear ones. Now and then he repeated a Bible verse or hymn. Early on Sunday morning, when it began to dawn and one of his daughters told him that day was coming, he said, "O Jesu, suesses Licht, nun ist die Nacht vergangen!" and he repeated the beautiful hymn. After Sunday at noon, he spoke little, because he was so weak, but every word was full of encouragement and perfect trust. When his wife sat beside him, and held his hand in hers, he often fell peacefully asleep. During these days, he was not unconscious, nor was his mind wandering, except once or twice, for a few moments, when he seemed to be lecturing to his students; and once from out those higher realms to which we could not, alas, follow him, he said, "I am on the high road!" At another time he spoke the name of his absent daughter, Clara.

On Monday morning he did not ask for his spectacles. It was the first time. At noon his son arrived. The father clasped him in his arms. In the early afternoon he rested quietly without anodynes. Once, on awakening he made a humorous remark about himself and was amused at it. Another time, he said aloud, "Er sitzt im Regimente und fuehret Alles wohl!" At twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, having taken a few drops of ice water which his wife held to his lips, he smiled and said, "Thank you, Mamma!" and a few moments thereafter, his soul passed from earth. The change was sudden and painless, and one of his children whispered a prayer as his spirit returned to God.

In the anguish of heart and the bitterness of sorrow of those to whom he had been the blessing and the joy of life, the glorious promises of life eternal and the comfortable assurance of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" brought a ray of light in the darkness of the shadow of death. Mercifully upheld by the unseen but very present Help in time of trouble, they were enabled to bear and do all things needful.

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Scarcely changed in outward appearance by the peaceful parting from this world, he lay majestic in the dignity of his noble presence, a smile of peace upon his venerable features, his silver hair like a halo around his beautiful head.

That Dr. Mann had passed away was known to his many friends in Philadelphia early the next day. The mourning for him, especially in the Church of which he had so long been a highly honored and beloved teacher, was general. Many were the tributes of love, veneration and high esteem for him and the work he had accomplished sent in loving and helpful sympathy to his afflicted wife and children.

In the far distant home of his childhood, the hearts of dear relatives and friends were bowed in sorrow.

On Friday, June 24th, his body was laid to rest in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. At the house, No. 114 N. 34th St., the Rev. Wm. Ashmead Schaeffer, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, West Phila., read the service for the burial of the dead. Dr. Chas. W. Schaeffer, Senior of the Theological Faculty, addressed the family in touching words of sympathy and deep appreciation of the departed one. Rev. Hugo Grahn, the oldest of his German colleagues in the city, closed with a German prayer. Zion's Church, whose pastor Dr. Mann had been for so many years, and where most appropriately the last honors would have been shown him, was unfortunately undergoing repairs, in preparation for the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the congregation. As a scaffold had been erected in the auditorium, the church was not available for the funeral service, which therefore was held in the Church of the Holy Communion, at Broad and Arch Sts., kindly offered for the purpose. There was no place in the large building unoccupied, and many stood during the entire service; members from all the Lutheran Churches in Philadelphia and from the whole territory of the Synod were present.

The casket containing the precious remains was carried into the church by pastors, who had all been Dr. Mann's

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pupils; the vestry of Zion's Church, the Directors of the Seminary, a delegation from the Ministerium of New York, at the time in session in New York City, and about two hundred clergymen followed. After an organ prelude, the congregation sang "Mein Glaub' ist meines Lebens Ruh," Dr. Mann's favorite German choral. The Rev. Fred. Wischan then offered prayer in the German language; after which Rev. E. Niedecker, Dr. Mann's successor in Zion's Church, read the Scripture and Rev. Dr. Adolph Spaeth delivered the German address on the text, John 9:4, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." After the aria from Handel's Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss delivered the English address on 2 Sam. 3:38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Rev. Dr. H. E. Jacobs then led in prayer and the solemn service closed with the singing of the hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

That Dr. Philip Schaff and Dr. G. F. Krotel, who was also expected to make an English address, were both prevented, the one by distance, the other by illness, from being present, to look once more upon earth upon the face of their beloved friend, was a source of sincere regret and sorrow.

In the vestments of the church, with his hands calmly folded, he lay in serene and beautiful dignity, while hundreds who knew and loved him well looked for the last time upon that well-known face and form. The evening sun was setting as the last words of consecration were spoken at his open grave. "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

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CHAPTER XXII.

CHARACTERISTICS.

DR. MANN'S qualities of mind and soul were such, that whatever station of life he would have been called to fill, he would have attained prominence. He was endowed with unusual mental gifts. He possessed a clear, sound judgment, a ready insight into human nature, an unquenchable thirst after knowledge, a capacious and tenacious memory, popular and persuasive eloquence, originality in thought and speech, and an indomitable, energetic will, to which were added quick wit and a genial humor.

Trained in the best classical schools and University of his native Wurtemberg, renowned for its educational institutions, he had a rich capital of knowledge; and to this he constantly added new stores. Study was his delight; even when a boy, it had never been drudgery to him; and throughout his life he was an earnest student. With his wonderfully retentive memory he appropriated with marvellous ease, and his material was always at command. With unfaltering exactness, names, dates, events, incidents came at his bidding. While theology was his legitimate field of thought, study and investigation, he was also deeply learned in metaphysics and philosophy, history, æsthetics, physics, philology, astronomy, geology and kindred sciences. His active mind was always stretching out its feelers into the world around it, and seizing and appropriating to its own uses the best that was offered.

Nor in the latter years of his life was there any appreciable diminution of the freshness and vigor of his memory.

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Even in the days of his illness, when prostrated in body, it was apparently as good as ever. Some weeks after the fatal seizure of the 28th October, his daughter sitting at his bedside, entertained him by relating something she had read about Alexander von Humboldt's experiments with the magnetic needle. "Yes," said her father, "in the 'Cosmos' he enters fully into the subject and gratefully acknowledges the investigations of Fred. Gauss and the English Captain Sabine." "When did you read the 'Cosmos?" was the next question, "I thought it was years ago!" "So it was; forty years ago, I believe, *why?*" He was accustomed to have his memory behave in that way and expected such faithful service.

On other matters, quite removed from literary or scientific subjects, his information was as accurate. He knew how many feet of timber a western saw-mill could cut in a day, what new investigations and applications of electricity were being made, how many bushels of wheat were raised in Russia, India, and out West, and kindred matters marking the world's practical progress as well as the subtle differences in the systems of German philosophy. Everything pertaining to the condition and welfare of humanity was fraught with interest and every phase of life suggestive to him. On one occasion, his son brought a friend, who had spent a number of years in Rio Janeiro, to dine. The conversation turned upon that city and after a little while, the visitor asked, "Dr. Mann, when were you in Brazil?" His host had never been there, which the stranger could scarcely credit, so full and definite was the knowledge of localities, buildings, harbor and characteristic features of its most famous city.

Reliable as was his memory, he constantly aided and strengthened it by taking notes and making extracts from books and journals. He read "pen in hand." Two books of excerpts on a wide range of subjects, neatly written in his microscopic handwriting are among his papers.

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But with all his learning he was neither pedantic nor scholastic; never dry or tiresome, even in deep theological or metaphysical discussion. But alert, quick, ready, his individuality marking his modes of thought and expression. His vigorous mind assimilated the learning he gathered; and in his mental forge, the raw material was converted into new, shining coin stamped with his originality. He had a way of putting things that was quite unexpected. His ready word often went deeply home and bore good fruit.

Some years ago he was surprised at being accosted in the street by a Roman Catholic priest, who said, "Dr. Mann, I want to thank you for a word you spoke long ago, that marked a turning point in my career. I had fallen into the terrible habit of drink and was rapidly sinking lower and lower. One morning I was in a saloon; you entered and passed upstairs to see, as I afterwards learned, a dying woman. As presently you went out again, you looked at me and I involuntarily arose and made some excuse to you for being in that place, and murmured something about being thirsty. Whereupon you immediately answered: 'Hier ist keine Gefahr so lange als Sie den Durst haben; aber wenn einmal der Durst *Sie* hat, dann stehts schlecht!' (There is no danger here so long as you have thirst; but when the thirst has you, all is lost!) and you went away. But I was so struck by your word, I realized my danger and learned to control my appetite."

He always prepared himself thoroughly for public speaking, but in an emergency was at no loss without preparation. On one occasion, a Rev. Dr. Newmann of New York, was to lecture in the old Zion Church on "Emigration." The evening had arrived, the auditorium was well filled and Dr. Mann and Dr. Spaeth, then his colleague, were waiting in the sacristy for the lecturer. But he did not come. At length, Dr. Spaeth said: "There is no help for it, you will have to hold forth yourself!" And soon

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after, Dr. Mann ascended the platform and began: "My friends, the new man has not come, so you will have to be satisfied once more with the old Mann!" His audience appreciated that opening, and he held their attention for an hour and a half, lecturing on the subject of the evening.

All his qualities of mind were hallowed by their consecration to his Maker and their devotion to the service of his fellow-man. Love was, after all, his characteristic quality; and it was in the spirit of love that he approached all with whom he came into contact. His great heart seemed to have room for everybody, and he never failed to give to everyone the very best that he could offer. This was the secret of that strong personal magnetism that drew the hearts of others to him.

Little children loved him; it was not unusual that, knowing him from Church and Sunday-School, they ran after him in the street. One day a little girl said to him: "Dr. Mann, wart 'e 'wenig!" (wait a minute!) He turned and stretched out his hand and said, "What can I do for you, my dear child?" And her answer came at once, "Nichts, ich hab nur gewollt das du mich anguckst!" (Nothing, I only wanted you to look at me!)

There was no limit to the trouble he would take to accommodate,—not only a friend, who had claims and whom it was delightful to be able to please,—but any one and every one who called upon him for aid or advice. Noting on one occasion in his diary the trouble that had befallen one of his younger brethren, he closes: "It did me much good to extricate him from his unhappy position, which I could do with a little exertion."

He made duty an almost tyrannical mistress to himself, but he did not realize how severe he was, because his heart was in his work. In his boyhood, he laid down strict rules for his own conduct, and of himself he demanded a great deal. There was no pampering allowed in his own case; no swerving to right or left. Inclination had no claims at

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all. And in the performance of his work he had an intense satisfaction.

Toward others, on the contrary, he was most lenient. He never expected of them what he thought but just in his own case. And he appreciated most highly their efforts and work. For instance, he thought it a most unnatural thing if any one of his own family was up early in the morning, and he was very likely to say: "My child, you need more sleep! You ought to be in bed!" But he was always at his own desk at 5 o'clock and not infrequently at four in the morning.

With his strong, enthusiastic nature, he had also in earlier years a high spirit and a hasty temper. But he learned to rule his spirit and the sunshine of his sweet and happy humor irradiated his whole being. It shone out in his benevolent features, and showed itself in the kindly patience in which his heart went out toward all men.

He had in a marked degree the ability to concentrate his powers at any moment, and he was in consequence a wonderfully ready writer and rapid worker. The method which pervaded all his work, and resulted in an almost punctilious attention to detail in business matters, correspondence, and the like; the order in which invariably his books and papers were kept was, so to speak, an index of his mind; for order was the law of his nature. He was never known to have left anything out of its proper place. Without the ability to work rapidly and the time saved by the observance of system and order in all things, it would have been altogether impossible for him to have accomplished all that he did.

Regular habits and abstemious diet, he was fully convinced, had been largely instrumental in preserving his health, amid the wear and tear of his unusual mental and physical exertions. To deny himself any physical enjoyment, apparently cost him no effort whatever, so perfectly was he master of himself. His physician at one time ad-

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vised him not to drink coffee for a while. He did not taste it after that for fifteen years, though it had been his favorite morning beverage.

The energetic exercise of his mind and his indefatigable zeal kept him always youthful. Though his years numbered more than threescore and ten, he did not live to grow old. As long as he lived, he was full of life and enthusiasm. He was constantly growing and advancing with the advance of thought and the progress of the world. Long after he had passed his prime, he wrote to his friend, Gustav Schwab, "I must protest when you write you are growing old! This is not and dare not be! You, too, have something of that 'youth that never fades!' In years, I am older than you and my work taxes body and mind: the years may come, but not old age! Let us then go forward to the work of coming days with the calm of the combat-hardened veteran, taking time to notice, while we labor, what music the world's progress is scoring for the band, and marching in the dress parade with senatorial gravity! We shall arrive at 'Quarters' in due season and then,—may our rest be honor!"

To Dr. Schaff he writes in the same strain: "The first instant did not pass without reminding me that my friend is fifty-seven years old, that I shall before long be in the same predicament, and that the road still before us is getting 'beautifully less.' A few years more, and we shall be considered superannuated representatives of a bygone age! We may feel ever so young, the stubborn fact is, that we are getting old. When we once shall feel old—there is a possibility of such misery—then life will be a business that does not pay its expenses. May it be our good lot never to entertain this pessimistic valuation of it; rather may we always enjoy 'that youth that never fades'!"

While he remained young in spirit, he realized well his advancing years and sometimes regretted that he would not live to see the possible development of those forecasts of

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progress and civilization that his lively mental vision often pictured. The future of mankind, the course of history, the future of God's kingdom on earth were questions and problems of never failing interest to him. "Russia," he writes, "certainly cannot boast of much civilization; but I am convinced that the Sclavonic race has a future: it can be developed, there are potencies slumbering in it." And in a letter to a friend, referring to Cuba, he said: "The United States has a mission to fulfill in that part of the world. The fact is, the Antilles could form a commercial empire of the first magnitude, like that of the Phœnicians of old, or the British Isles in our day. Cuba alone contains 88,000 square miles of land, of which only the tenth part is cultivated. The Antilles are the Italy of the New World, and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean. There are prospects for the future between North and South America and Europe on one side, and Australia, Japan and China on the other. We came several hundreds of years too soon into the world!"

He lived in and for the future. "Ruhig schaue ich vorwaerts auf ein Neues. Das Alte ist mir und bleibt mir vergangen," he wrote. (Steadily I strive forward, the past is and remains beyond our power.) This constant striving to attain, and with it the disregard and humble appreciation of anything that he had accomplished, continually stimulated him to fresh efforts. It was one source of that deep humility which marked him. He never rated his own work highly, and often ends his searching self-examinations with the thought: "How little, after all, is attained! one works much and accomplishes nothing!" It was because his ideals and aims were so high, and because he saw so much to do in the world around him that he felt he had done little!

When the editor of a paper for which he wrote begged that his name or initials might accompany his articles, he replied: "The name is of no consequence, the *cause* is the

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thing of importance, not the individual!" He had an innate dislike of publicity, and always kept himself in the background when he could. He recognized perfectly well his own powers, but he never thrust them forward, for he recognized even more fully the gifts of others.

He had an intensely sympathetic nature, and never could thoroughly enjoy anything *alone;* if it were a beautiful landscape, fine music or an interesting occasion, he needed some one to partake of his enjoyment to make it perfect. He had a happy faculty of making friends wherever he went, and he nearly always found congenial companionship when on a journey or when absent from home, in a strange city. He drew out the best qualities in those with whom he came into contact. But one thing that runs through all his correspondence, and that markedly showed itself in his dislike to leaving it and his sometimes almost amusing haste to return to it, was his love of home. There, notwithstanding his manifold and practical interests in mankind, he had his purest pleasures.

He was exceedingly thoughtful of others; and of those who served him, he was most considerate, sparing them all possible annoyance and exertion. One day, having officiated at a funeral, he left the house and passed, as might often happen on such an occasion, half a dozen carriage drivers, in a little group at the street-corner. As he passed, one of them said in an undertone, "There's the man that never keeps us waiting!" and another joined in, "That's true! Three cheers for him!"

Though he was so busy and accomplished so much, he never seemed hurried. On the contrary, he appeared to have time for everything. When his friends came on a visit, he always had leisure to devote to them and often enjoyed, as he said, in that way, "an unexpected vacation."

His manner was warm-hearted, genial, friendly. It was his natural impulse to love everybody, and his kindliness was the exponent of his loving heart. It was this that

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made nearly everybody love him, too. Many people, also, who rarely saw him or who knew him but slightly had a most affectionate regard for him.

For those who in the course of his life and labors had misunderstood or misrepresented him, he had full, hearty forgiveness; and no one was happier than he to be able to give a full meed of confidence and esteem to others. Unkindness and injustice pained him most deeply, for he was very sensitive; but he could bear it patiently without rancor.

On the other hand, the love and affectionate regard of others made him very happy, and he often said: "The highest good which this world can offer is the esteem and love of worthy people."

In the many-sidedness of his nature, many talents were bestowed upon him. The world of beauty was reflected in his soul and he held the golden keys that open her sacred treasures. His native Suabia, richest of all German lands in poetic and historic reminiscences, and so charming in its lovely landscapes, early awakened in him that strong personality of thought and feeling that mark the poet's nature. His prose was often impassioned imagery, and when touched by some great deed, some sweet remembrance of the past, or some act of love, his thoughts found expression in melodious numbers, sublime, tender and true. When his imagination was roused, his ideas were quickly "bodied forth" in verse, and he rarely changed a word of what was written on the first inspiration. This gift was, of course, only a luxuriant decoration of his mental structure, and he used it now and then, to afford himself and others pleasure. With few exceptions his poems were written in German.

For nature's charms he had the poet's eye, and it was a peculiar delight to him to be able to sketch whatever pleased his fancy. A drawing block and pencil were always in his pocket, and on the steamer's deck, in the railroad

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car, as well as from more quiet and favorable points of view he quickly brought to paper what he saw. Pen and ink sketches, too, of remarkable beauty he found time to make, and some of them are fine as the most exquisite engravings. In designing also his imagination always had some original striking form to present, and artists envied him the ease with which he produced new combinations. After excessive mental work it was a rest to him to draw, and in the intervals of sterner labors, he executed many beautiful pictures.

But the art heloved best of all was music. With Luther he said, "Nach der heiligen Theologia, the heilige Musica!" Music dwelt in his soul; his highly cultivated taste, and his fine capacity to enter into the musician's thought, to enjoy those "ideas and emotions known and nameable only to music," made it a real mental refreshment and stimulus to him.

As a boy he mastered the intricacies of thorough-bass, studying diligently the fuges of Bach and the simpler forms of the German choral. He had the construction of harmonies at his finger's ends and could extemporize for hours. Perfectly independent of notes, he was usually at the piano in the twilight, calling forth melodies, solemn, sad or brilliant as his fancy prompted and carrying out his theme with artistic elaboration and originality.

Haendel and Beethoven were his greatest masters, and in the majesty and the melodies of the "Messiah" he found endless delight. Some melody from it nearly always crept into his extempore playing, and when the "Hallelulah Chorus" was sung, he used to say, he could almost hear the angels swelling the rapturous waves of harmony. The majestic forms of Beethoven with their sublime architectural development, he never enjoyed more than when his musical daughter interpreted them for him; and how often after her playing, he said: "Das war ein wahrer Genuss!" With wonderful depth and richness of expression he played

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the German chorals. How beautiful the majesty of "Ein feste Burg," the sweetness of "Mein Glaub ist meines Leben's Ruh," and the grandeur of "Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme!" (which he called the queen of all the chorals), fell upon the ear in all the unity and dignity of their exquisite melodic forms, when his gentle yet vigorous fingers handled the keys with their delicate touch!

In the high calling which he filled, he found that inner peace that is the surety of a happy life. With the devotion borne of deep love of the work, he labored as pastor and professor, and often said, "no other calling would have given me the satisfaction which I have had as preacher and teacher."

"After all," he writes, "there is nothing that gives the inner man more noble, holy joy than to call men out of darkness to light, to preach to them everlasting salvation, and to make them feel that the Word and the Spirit are mighty powers over men's souls." And again: "It is a most glorious privilege to testify of the unspeakable love of God, to encourage men to lay hold of Christ by faith, and to walk in the way of life. There, all that is temporal, worldly, vain, perishable, and deceptive and charming to the senses vanishes; there the power of the true and the eternal fills the soul; there the riches of God's Word are revealed and we drink of the waters springing up into everlasting life!"

In the world, but not of the world he lived, an inspiration and a priceless blessing by the grace of God to those bound to him by the tenderest ties; unswerving in faith and in duty, he was by that same grace a blessing and an honor to the church; striving with indefatigable zeal to make evil less in the world and to increase good, he was a blessing to his generation. His own words are the keynote to his life: "There is that great wonderful problem, Eternity, compared with which all the wonders of this world and its history sink into insignificance. Who does not long to know

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what joys it will reveal? The spirit recognizes that it gravitates toward another and a better world! With God forward to God! That remains the aim and eternal object!"

"BY FAITH HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

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Tributes and Letters from Friends.

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Tributes.

Three weeks before Dr. Mann was called from his labors on earth, the Faculty of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, through their Senior, the Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer, presented him on his 73d birthday with the following, in commemoration of the semi-centennial of his entrance into the ministry.

MAY 28, 1892.

REV. PROF. DR. W. J. MANN,

Prof. of Hebrew, Exegesis, Ethics, etc., in the Ev. Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

REV. AND DEAR DOCTOR:—As it has pleased Him in whose hands our lives are so to lengthen out your days, and to endow you so bountifully in body, soul and spirit, that you have been enabled, for a period of fifty successive years, to render a service in the interests of the Gospel remarkable for its diversity, impressive for its earnestness, and all strongly characterized by singleness of aim, the glory of God; in addition to the felicitations and best wishes with which they would honor the anniversary of your birth, your Colleagues of the Faculty offer you their sincere congratulations upon the occasion of your Jubilee.

Whilst they fondly cherish the memory of their personal and professional intercourse with you, as members of the Theological Faculty, for so many years, they will ever continue to hold you very high in their regards, for the eminent and varied services that have so clearly entitled you to the gratitude of the Church and the literary world.

Your faithfulness and devotion as a pastor in the cure of souls; your earnestness and unction in the pulpit as a bearer of Glad Tidings; your zeal in proclaiming the "Heilsbotschaft" far beyond the reach of the living voice; your sympathy with the times, your appreciation of their wants, so clearly seen in your symbolical, biblical and biographical works; your keenness of perception, your soundness of judgment, your untiring industy, all so well sustained throughout your historic labors, and supplemented with the graces

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of a genial fraternal spirit, all combine in the constitution of a character which we shall ever regard it as an honor to have familiarly known.

With our congratulations we assure you of our best wishes, and our prayers, that, by the favor of Heaven your strength and usefulness may be renewed and continued yet, for years to come.

C. W. SCHAEFFER, *Chairman*,
A. SPAETH,
H. E. JACOBS, *Secretary*,
JACOB FRY.

The day before Dr. Mann passed from earth, the following resolutions of the Alumni of the Theological Seminary were received.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO THE REV. PROF. WM. J. MANN, D.D., LL.D.,

HIGHLY HONORED AND DEAR DOCTOR:—In the name of the Alumni Association of the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, the undersigned beg to present to you the following resolutions:

I. The Alumni Association, whose members all sat at your feet, desire to express their deep sense of gratitude to the Great Head of the Church that He not only called you fifty years ago to labor in His vineyard, but that He endowed you with extraordinary gifts for His ministry, and made you a blessing to uncounted souls as well as to a large number of pastors.

II. The members of the Alumni Association therefore lament the more deeply that you, dear and highly esteemed Professor, have been compelled because of your weakened physical condition, to resign the work, which with great energy, unusual capacities, and unflagging devotion, you have carried on for the past twenty-seven years.

III. It is the devout prayer of your former pupils that the Lord God may mercifully preserve your mental powers for many years to come, that you may continue a blessing to the Church and that you may be enabled to complete the difficult work (the new edition of the "Halle Reports,) for which you are peculiarly fitted and with which you were entrusted by your brethren in the Ministerium of Pa.

With highest esteem
and sincere love,
THEO. L. SEIP,
S. A. REPASS,
J. NICUM,
Committee.

Phila., June 7, 1892.

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The following are some of the tributes received by Dr. Mann's family after his decease:

Resolutions of the Vestry of St. Michael's and Zion's Congregation.

"Die Lehrer werden mit viel Segen geschmueckt." Ps. 24, 7.

Da es dem allmaechtigen Herrn ueber Leben und Tod gefallen hat,

WILLIAM JULIUS MANN, D.D., LL.D.,

Pastor Emeritus der deutsch. evang. Luth. St. Michaelis u. Zions Gemeinde in Phila., Pa., aus der Zeit in die Ewigkeit abzurufen, und in Anbetracht, das der Verewigte 34 Jahre hindurch an besagter Gemeinde als Lehrer und Seelsorger in grossem Segen gewirkt hat, so sei hiemit

Beschlossen, dass wir in Demuth uns beugen unter die Hand Gottes und als Gemeinde das Abscheiden des geliebten Hirten innig betrauern.

Beschlossen, das wir dem Herrn der Kirche von Herzen Dank sagen fuer seine Gnade, mit welcher er den Verewigten so lange Zeit unserer lieben Gemeinde zum Segen gesetzt hat.

Beschlossen, dass uns die grosse Weisheit, die unermuedliche Treue, die ungewoehnliche geistige Begabung, so wie die vaeterliche Fuersorge mit welcher der Verewigte in guten and boesen Tagen seines Hirtenamtes an unserer Gemeinde gewartet, unvergesslich bleiben soll.

Beschlossen, dass wir der so schwer betroffenen Familie unser tiefes Beileid bezeugen und in dieser Truebsal des gnaedigen Gottes reichen Trost erbitten.

"Die Lehrer werden leuchten wie des Himmelsglanz." Dan. 12,3.

JOHN EMANUEL NEIDECKER, *Pastor.*
M. LANGENSTEIN,
J. KNAPPER,
Committee.

Phila., June 26, 1892.

Resolutions of the Second District Conference of the Ministerium of Pa.

At a regular meeting of the Second District Conference held at Bangor, Pa., Oct. 4th, 1892, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, In the providence of our Heavenly Father, the Luth-

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eran Church, and especially the Ev. Luth. Ministerium of Pa., of which this Conference is a part, has been bereaved by death of one of its most honored, best beloved, most learned and eloquent members, the Rev. Wm. Julius Mann, D.D., LL.D., and

Whereas, It is but fitting and proper for this body to express its sorrow and its respect for the illustrious departed,

Resolved, That we hereby put upon record the sincere sorrow of this Conference at this severance of the ties that bound its members to one who was the teacher of some, the personal friend and acquaintance of many, and the admiration of all.

Resolved, That we do hereby affirm our conviction of the great service rendered to the Church by our deceased brother; as its historian, as the defender of its faith, as professor in its Theological Seminary, as pastor for many years of one of its most important congregations.

Resolved, That we admonish ourselves by his example to greater fidelity in our calling, more zealous consecration to our work; and likewise encourage ourselves by his peaceful departure to hold fast our faith and rejoice in the sure and certain hope vouchsafed to those whose lives are hid in Christ.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and published as part of our proceedings; and that a copy of the same be sent by the officers of this Conference to the family of the deceased.

M. H. RICHARDS,
J. D. ROTH,
A. F. ERDMAN,
Committee.

Resolutions of the Fifth District Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

At a meeting of the Fifth Conference in Elizabethville, Pa., held on Oct. 10, 1892, the following was adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the great Head of the Church to remove our beloved and esteemed brother, Rev. Prof. Wm. J. Mann, D.D., LL.D., from the church militant to the church triumphant, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of the Rev. Dr. Mann, we lose a man of true and noble purpose, of fine judgment, of great faithfulness in every matter of trust and an ardent lover of the Lutheran Church.

Resolved, That we, some of whom have sat at the feet of this erudite instructor, whilst others among us received ordination at his

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hands, cherish in memory his good counsels, his faithful teaching, his great zeal and arduous labors for the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That our profoundest sympathy is herewith extended to the bereaved family, and that we commend them to the tender mercies of Him, who overruleth all things for the true welfare of them that love Him.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of this Conference, and a copy be sent to the family of the departed.

O. E. PFLUEGER,
Secretary.

Resolutions of the Ministerium of the State of New York.

In der siebenten Sitzung der 98 Synode des Ev. Luth. Ministeriums vom Staate New York und angrenzender Staaten und Laender, am 27 Juni, 1892, wurden folgende Beileidsbeschluesse angenommen:

Beschlossen, dass dieses Ministerium durch das so unerwartet schnelle Abscheiden des von ihm so hochgeschaetzten Herrn Professor Wm. Julius Mann, D.D.,LL.D., in grosse Trauer versetzt worden ist, und darin einen herben Verlust fuer die gesammte ev. luth. Kirche dieses Landes erkennt.

Beschlossen, dass es dessen Heimgang um so tiefer betrauert, zumal ihn der Herr nicht nur mit eminenten Gaben ausgeruestet, sondern denselben auch zu einen treuen Zeugen fuer die Schriftgemaessheit des Bekenntnisses unserer teuren ev. luth. Kirche gesetzt hatte, und zwar zu einer Zeit, als dasselbe in unserem Lande auf's heftigste angefochten wurde.

Beschlossen, dass wir dem Herrn danken fuer die so fruchtbare schriftstellerische Thaetigkeit des Heimgegangenen, sonderlich auf historischem Gebiet, sowie fuer das Grosse, welches es dem Verewigten durch seine langjaehrige Verbindung mit unserem theologischen Seminar in der Ausbildung so vieler Pastoren unserer Kirche zu leisten vergoennt war, von denen nicht wenige an Gemeinden unseres Ministeriums stehen.

D. W. PETERSON,
Secretaer.

Resolutions of Condolence of the Susquehanna Synod.

At a meeting of the Susquehanna Synod, held at Northumberland, Pa., June 21-26, 1892, the Synod hearing of the death of Dr. Mann, and in recognition of his faithful and great services to the Church, unanimously adopted the following:

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WHEREAS, The Rev. William J. Mann, D. D., LL.D., professor at the Lutheran Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, a distinguished author, theologian and pastor, has been called to his rest and reward in the church triumphant; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Synod deems it right and proper to give expression to its sense of high appreciation of the valuable and long-continued services of his life, crowned with many years by the mercy of the Most High, and hereby gives utterance to its sense of the great loss sustained by the Church, of which he was so long a prominent part; and that his devotion and faithfulness to our beloved Zion, the mother of us all, be remembered as an inspiration, urging our fuller consecration, and greater zeal and earnestness for the Master's work.

Resolved, That this body hereby expresses its sympathy and condolence with the bereaved family of the departed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family and be published in the church papers.

Minute of the Decease of the Rev. Prof. William Julius Mann, D.D., LL.D.

Adopted by "The English Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the Northwest," in convention assembled in Duluth, Minn., June 25, 1892:

The sad news reaches us that another of the original faculty of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary has passed to his reward. The noble heart of our esteemed professor and friend, Dr. William J. Mann, is stilled. He who doeth all things well has called him from his earthly labors to his heavenly rest.

Every clerical member of the Synod of the Northwest sat at his feet. It is, therefore, befitting that we as a Synod express our deep sorrow at the heavy loss which we, together with the whole Church, have sustained in the death of so great a scholar, so thorough and able a professor, and so earnest and zealous a Christian gentleman.

We likewise give utterance to our gratitude to Almighty God for the gift to the Church and the world of this noble and preëminently useful life, and for the great privilege of learning wisdom and catching inspiration from his lips.

Though he rests from his labors, yet his works do follow him.

W. K. FRICK,
Secretary.

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Minute of the Lutheran Pastoral Association of Philadelphia, adopted at its meeting, October 17, 1892.

This Association desires to place on record its sense of the great loss, which, in common with our entire Church, it has sustained by the death, on June 20, 1892, of the Rev. William Julius Mann, D. D., LL. D., who was one of its most deeply-interested members. The breadth and variety of his learning, the generosity and warmth of his feelings, the sincerity and candor of his conversation, the brilliancy and readiness of his eloquence, the fruits of his extensive reading and historic research, his quick perception, his minute and thorough acquaintance with all the details of the pastoral office, his long service as a professor, his active participation in all important church movements among us for nearly half a century, made this Association for years almost a body of attentive scholars that gathered from time to time to receive from him most valued instruction and advice.

His attendance at our meetings at a long distance from his home during the last weeks of his illness, with his mental faculties unimpaired and his interest in our work as ardent as though he had many years of service in the Church and Seminary before him, will be ever held in grateful remembrance.

Present with the Lord, he now sees what we believe, and comprehends the mysteries that so often formed the subject of discussion at our meetings, and participates in the bliss of the saints on High.

We desire to present to his family the assurances of our sympathy in their bereavement, and record, for the information and encouragement of our successors, this humble tribute to his noble life and extraordinary abilities, consecrated by their devotion to the service of God.

J. F. C. Fluck,
Secretary.

Resolutions of the Trustees of the German Hospital and Mary J. Drexel Home.

Nachdem es dem Allmaechtigen in seinem unerforschlichen Rathschluss gefallen hat, aus diesem irdischen Leben in sein ewiges himmlisches Reich zu berufen, den Ehrwuerdigen Herrn Dr. Wm. J. Mann, einen ausgezeichneten Theologen, einen Gelehrten von seltenem Verdienst und einen christlichen Ehrenmann, dessen Character mit den liebenswuerdigsten und zugleich solidesten und zuverlaessigsten Eigenschaften geschmueckt war; da es ferner eine

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Thatsache ist, das die Mitglieder der beiden Verwaltungsraethe des *Mary J. Drexel Heim* und *Diakonissen Mutterhauses* sowie des *Deutschen Hospitals* in dem Verstorbenen einen hochgeschaetzten Freund und Kollegen verloren haben, welcher stets bereit war seine ueberlegene Intelligenz und seine persoenliche cooperation fuer die Verbesserung und gute Verwaltung der uns anvertrauten Institutionen einzusetzen, so bestaetigen wir hiermit folgende in einer heute berufenen Trauer-Versammlung einmuethig gefassten Beileids-Beschluesse:

I., dass wir den Tod eines so werthen Freundes und Kollegen tief betrauern und sein Andenken damit ehren, dass diese Beschluesse in das Protokoll beider Anstalten aufgenommen werden;

II., dass wir hiermit der Gemahlin und Familie des Geschiedenen unsere tiefgefuehlte Sympathie und aufrichtiges Beileid aussprechen und den Allmaechtigen anrufen, dass er sie in dieser harten Pruefung troesten moege;

III., dass eine Copie dieser Beileidsbeschluesse au Frau Wm. J. Mann ueberreicht werde.

Im Auftrag der Verwaltungsraethe des
Mary J. Drexel Heim und Diakonissen Mutterhauses
und des Deutschen Hospitals.

Phila., am 23 Juni, 1892.

JOHN D. LANKENAU,
President.

Resolutions of the Board of Trustees of the Orphans' Home and Asylum for the Aged of the Lutheran Church at Germantown, Pa.

It is with feelings of profound sorrow we contemplate the mournful fact that death has taken from among us so earnest a co-laborer as the Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Mann. We realize that God has laid on us a heavy loss; the loss of a true friend and loving brother, a wise counsellor and a ready helper. He was in truth a loyal friend to the helpless orphan and to the aged in their loneliness and infirmity. For both his tender heart always beat in fatherly affection and fraternal sympathy, whilst with tongue and pen he ever stood ready to plead their cause and advance their interests. His work in our Board has always been characteristically earnest, energetic, prompt and decisive, as his counsel has ever been eminently wise, careful, and far-seeing. Be it therefore

Resolved, That whilst we humbly bow to the inscrutable wisdom of God, who has called him from a life of unusual activity, great

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influence, and constant service to the enjoyment of rest and peace in the mansions of the just; and whilst we are constrained to regret the absence of his familiar form, genial counsel and whole-hearted interest at our meetings, we desire to give expression to our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the many years of faithful labor, in which Dr. Mann's gifts were devoted to the work of this charity.

Resolved, That this minute be entered upon the record of this Board; that it be published in the church papers; and that a copy be sent to Mrs. W. J. Mann with assurances of our sincere sympathy.

F. WISCHAN,
J. NIEDECKER,
C. J. HIRZEL,
Committee.

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Letters.

Extracts from a few of the many letters of condolence, full of spontaneous and helpful sympathy, that were received, are given below.

MOHONK LAKE, ULSTER CO., NEW YORK,
June 23, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. MANN:—I just received the stunning news of the sudden death of your good husband, my dear life-long friend! I cannot find words to express my grief at his loss and of my sympathy with you and your children.

I at once inquired of the possibility of reaching Philadelphia in time for the funeral to-morrow; but I find there is no possibility of it! This is to me a very sad disappointment! If you had only sent me a telegram yesterday or early this morning! But you thought I was still at New York, which I left a week ago, on the same day on which you started for Boston! . . . . .

And now there is nothing left for me but to attend the funeral in spirit and to pray that the good Lord, the Father of widows and orphans, may sustain and comfort you with his comfort. Oh, how I shall miss him in the remaining days of my pilgrimage! He is the oldest friend I had on this Continent. He and Schwab, both younger than myself, and yet I am left behind to mourn their loss! I can say no more.

God bless you all and grant unto us, in his own good time, a happy reunion in heaven forever!

Yours most truly,

PHILIP SCHAFF.

GERMANTOWN, PHILA., JUNE 28, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. MANN:—Your kind note of the 25th has been received. Although I passed through the sad scenes of the 24th, yet I cannot realize that your excellent husband has gone, to return to

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us no more. His genial spirit, his pure heart, his eminent learning, his varied accomplishments, his sound judgment and his readiness for every good work made his presence a benediction; and, I may say of the faculty of the Seminary, that we shall long bewail and mourn our loss. Yet,

"Wir sind ja nicht geschieden
Von unsern Lieben dort;
Nur leben wir hienieden,
Und sie am bessern Ort."

With fervent prayer that Divine Grace may be the abiding comfort of yourself and your dear children, I remain,

With highest regards, yours sincerely,

C. W. SCHAEFFER.

NEW YORK, June 21, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS EMMA:—Yours of yesterday was a shock indeed, for I had been indulging the hope that your dear father was reviving in the cool air of Pigeon Cove, and that I would soon get a reply to the letter which I had sent thither, immediately after his last to me. But alas, it is all over, and I write to you with a heart filled with sorrow, as I think of your mother, and you, your sisters and brother, and all of us! Although his condition has been so critical and I saw how he had lost strength, I hoped that his strong constitution and his active spirit, might, with God's help, enable him to go on for a good while to come. But God has ordered otherwise, and we must submit, remembering how many extraordinary gifts of body, and mind and spirit he gave him, and how long a life and how wide a sphere in which to use them for the good of his fellows and for the glory of God.

While his family has sustained an overwhelming loss, we all—the whole church with which he was so long connected—rise up and proclaim in saddest words, what a loss we have sustained! And among his friends, surely I, who have been on such confidential terms with him for years, have the greatest reason to lament his departure . . . . . May God comfort and sustain your stricken mother and you and all!

Yours truly,

G. F. KROTEL.

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LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MT. AIRY, PHILA.,

June 21, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. MANN:—Please accept my assurance of deepest sympathy with you and your family in the severe bereavement you have met. In the death of Dr. Mann, I feel that I have lost one of my very best friends. Nine years ago, when I entered the Faculty, my acquaintance with him was but slight. But with the greatest warmth and cordiality he admitted me to his full confidence; and I can never forget his many acts of kindness, down to the last note I received from him just before the meeting of Synod. While, until recently, his youngest colleague, I was in fact all the time his pupil, and owe to his suggestions and advice as much as though it had been my privilege to have been under his instruction in the lecture room.

His life was crowded with good works. The amount which he accomplished in the many spheres in which he was active was truly wonderful . . . . . To him the change is a happy rest. I am satisfied that he would not return to us if he could. But to us all, and to you and your children most of all, the loss is irreparable.

That the blessed consolation he brought, by his ministrations, to so many stricken households may be abundantly yours is my sincere prayer. Mrs. Jacobs is also deeply moved by the affliction, and sends her assurances of sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY E. JACOBS.

From Prof. Oswald Seidensticker.

PHILA., June 22, 1892.

. . . . . "Through forty years Dr. Mann has been to me an ever kind and revered friend. Not a speck tarnishes the memory of so long a friendship. And how many human beings, with whom he associated, must, like myself, bear witness to the sweet power of his great and good soul.

"May God in his goodness give you and your family strength to bear the irreparable loss that you have sustained!"

From Rev. Dr. Charles S. Albert.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 11, 1892.

. . . . . "In those delightful days we spent together in Italy, I learned to love him, whom I had always honored. His presence

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was sunshine; he was the youngest in all gatherings. His knowledge was so accurate that he enlarged my conceptions of the treasures of that great land. He was so lovable a Christian that one drew nearer the Master through him. He was so unselfish in all things that his life was a constant lesson. How much I treasure those days that taught me what you have known through so many years! . . . . .

"It is needless for me to add, or, try to add, words of consolation to you. On every side, tributes to him have come, which feebly struggle to express his worth. The most eloquent words can never set forth the most precious creation the world knows,—a life hid with Christ in God. . . . . .

"And now, he is not here; he has passed to God. Blessed life! noble man! It is refreshment to have known thee; inspiration to mark thy work!" . . . . . .

From Thomas MacKellar, Esq.

GERMANTOWN, PHILA., June 24, '92.

. . . . . "A great blow has fallen on you and your dear family in the decease of good Dr. Mann. Your hearts are sore with an affliction that the world outside cannot meddle with or appreciate, save in a general way. It is a thing between God and your own souls, and nothing but his living touch can give healing, peace and comfort to you. The Lord Jesus is still as kind and compassionate as when his blessed feet trod the soil of earth; and he is just as near to you, though you see Him not, as when He comforted Martha and Mary. To Him I earnestly commend you all. . . . . .

"There was something in Dr. Mann that took a strong hold on me, and my heart went out lovingly toward him, as it does now toward his memories; and it touches me deeply to remember that here I shall see his kindly and intelligent face no more. But heaven is not so far away that we should grieve as those who have no hope, when a beloved one goes there before us." . . . . .

From Rev. Alexander Richter.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Oct. 13, 1892.

. . . . . "Mir persoenlich ist der liebe Verstorbene ja seit Jahren ein vaeterlicher Freund gewesen, den ich nicht nur ausserordentlich hochschaetzte und verehrte, sondern auch von Herzen liebte. Seine Briefe waren mir stets eine Quelle des Genusses, der Ermunterung

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und Belehrung ; sprudelnd von Geist und Humor, weisem Rate und scharfblickender Weltanschauung. Er wird mir unvergesslich bleiben und seinen Platz in meinem Herzen behalten. . . . . .

" So hat ihm denn der barmherzige Herr, der ihn im langen Leben so reich und mannigfaltig gesegnet und zum Segen gesetzt hat, ein schoenes friedliches Ende inmitten seiner Lieben beschieden— ohne langes Schmerzenslager, ohne bittern Todeskampf ; er hat seinen Diener im Frieden fahren lassen und ihm seligen Feierabend geschenkt nach muehsamem, fleissigem, erfolgreichem und unvergesslichem Tagewerk." . . . . .

From Robert Otto, Esq.

KIRCHHEIM-TECK, WURTEMBERG, July 12, 1892.

. . . . . " Noch vor einigen Wochen erhielt ich einen sehr lieben, theilnehmenden Brief aus seiner Hand ; er ist vom 5 ten Mai datirt. Mehr als aus einem der frueheren Briefe konnte und durfte ich aus demselben so recht herausfuehlen, in wie enger, herzlichster Freundschaft und Liebe er mit mir verbunden war. Und nun weilt er nicht mehr unter uns, aber ich fuehle es, er blickt mit einer noch viel vollkommeneren Liebe auf uns Alle herab. . . . . .

" Der Kreis derer erweitert sich, die uns vorangegangen und im Himmel auf uns warten. Wenn sichtbare Bande hier schwinden, so werden wir durch jeden aehnlichen Verlust fester und inniger mit dem Himmel verbunden ; je einsamer unser Lebensweg wird, um so maechtiger zieht es uns heimwaerts in's Vaterhaus." . . . .

From Otto Pross, Esq.

LAKE CONSTANCE, WURTEMBERG, JULY 4, '92.

. . . . . " Nun er hingegangen ist, fuehlen wir eine weite Luecke in unserem Bekanntenkreis, die sobald sich nicht schliessen wird ; und wie uns, so wird es den Tausenden gehen, die ihm nahe standen, hat er doch alle bezaubert durch Liebreiz im Wesen und Volkommenheit im Wissen. Niemand, der mit ihm verkehrte, konnte ohne Eindruck bleiben von dem Reichthum des Gemuehts und der Festigkeit des Charakters.

" Ich erachte es als ein besonderes Glueck, dass ich Ihren Herren Gemahl vor Zwei Jahren hier begruessen durfte und ich bin im Stande das Andenken an ihm frisch zu erhalten." . . . . .

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From the Rev. Benj. W. Schmauk.

LEBANON, PA., FEB. 1st, 1893.

. . . . "The 'Memorial' of your sainted husband is to me a most welcome and highly prized gift. There are quite a number of details in it that were new to me; and much that I knew, but had partly forgotten, has been freshened in my mind; the entire sketch, placing before me a more fully rounded and living picture of his life, character and work than any that has yet been drawn by the pen.

"It is more than the remembrance of him,—it is he himself in the quickening, inspiring, moulding, and abiding influence he exerted that lives, and shall ever live in me, as in so many others. What a glorious group of loved and loving ones we have waiting for us in heaven!" . . . .

From Prof. Dr. C. J. Stillé.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 9, 1893.

. . . "The "Memorial" of Dr. Mann is most interesting and valuable as the record of the labors of a man who never ceased to work for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, striving to train their minds, strengthen their souls and to minister to them when in affliction. It is a strange proof of the many sided nature of Dr. Mann that none of these details, important as they are in forming an estimate of his complete character, are precisely those which I fondly recall when I reflect upon the causes of my affection and reverence for him.

"I had been taught by my and his dear friends, Dr. Krauth and Dr. Schaff, long before I knew Dr. Mann, to regard him with a special loving tenderness. He took great pains to give me some information about certain genealogical matters in which I was once interested, and for the sympathy which he showed me in my work, and the kindly manner in which he helped me, I felt especially grateful. I used to see him frequently at the Historical Society, and I valued his support and sympathy in our labors there very greatly. He never, notwithstanding his constant work, failed to turn aside and help me when I needed aid.

"It will always be a matter of regret to me that I had not an opportunity of knowing him better; but remembering what our friend, Dr. Schaff, told me of his extreme modesty, I hesitated often to consult him for fear of intrusion.

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"I do not know anything more beautiful in this materialistic age than the lifelong friendship of your husband with Dr. Schaff and Mr. Gustav Schwab. Such a friendship must have been founded on the solid qualities of worth which each recognized in the other, a friendship, as we may well believe, so strong and lasting that death has had no power to sever it." . . .

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Omitting other notices which appeared in many of the papers, both secular and church, the following from the *Lutheran*, of July 7, 1892, from the pen of the Rev. G. F. Krotel, D.D., LL.D., is subjoined.

WILLIAM JULIUS MANN.

The parable of the talents still holds good. The Lord still calls "his own servants, and delivers unto them his goods." "And unto one, he" gives "five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability." The five talents represent the highest endowments. Dr. Mann was one of those to whom the Giver of every good and perfect gift gave *five* talents. At the very beginning, the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places, and his was a goodly heritage. . . . . .

God gave him a sound body and mental faculties of the most remarkable kind. It was easy for him to learn, and to grasp whatever was presented, and whatever he learned seemed to be retained by a memory of extraordinary tenacity, that was always ready to deliver up its stores of knowledge. . . . . .

He was a full man, and had the noble gift of ready expression. Words, winged words, were ever ready, to convey to others the ever flowing movements of a mind of wonderful alertness and originality. He was ready to converse upon almost every subject, for he was reading and hearing and thinking of everything that could interest men. And when he spoke, it was not mere words, but words full of thought and fire and life, that stirred his hearers.

And with all this, what warmth and geniality! There was nothing dry and cold about him. He was always aglow. He had what the Germans call "Gemuethlichkeit" in the best sense of the word. . . . . It was this genial warmth and kindliness of spirit, in addition to his extensive knowledge, his sound scriptural teaching, and his oratorical ability that made him so popular as a preacher, as a lecturer, as a professor and as a speaker on the floor of Synod. When men listened to him, they not only heard words of instruction and sound common sense, but came under the influences of a glowing imagination and a genial spirit.

And who that has known him has failed to notice that inexhaustible flow of humor, that distinguished him? It made itself felt, not only in his home, and in his intercourse with friends, but also on the floor of Synod, where his sparkling utterances gave life and bright-

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ness to many a dull session, and put the house in such excellent humor, that it was better able to come to an understanding.

And even in the pulpit, where he scrupulously and conscientiously avoided all that was in conflict with the sacredness of the place, his way of putting things would often move his hearers to an expression akin to a smile, such as is so natural to us when something is said in an unexpected, striking, and original way.

Those of us who heard him preach over forty years ago, when he first appeared in Phila., remember the impetuosity of his delivery. From the announcement of his text to the close of his sermon, there was a continuous torrent of words, in a powerful voice. Large congregations listened with the deepest attention, and were greatly impressed with his fervor. But as the years went on, he restrained himself; and the comparative deliberateness which has characterized his preaching for a long time presented a striking contrast to the rush and impetuosity of his youth.

In this he displayed remarkable self-control, for he changed his method, believing his later way was the best. Nor was he mistaken in his efforts. He preached most acceptably not only to the cultivated, but the masses always heard him gladly.

It is well known that he preached more frequently than any of our professors among the congregations of the Ministerium of Pa., in towns and cities, as well as in the country, and wherever he appeared, he was welcomed with the warmest appreciation of his admirable gifts as a preacher. There are few learned professors, who have such gifts of popularity in the best sense of the word.

In the parable we read: "*Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.*"

Those who knew Dr. Mann will bear testimony that he most diligently and faithfully used the five talents which gave him such a distinguished place among the highly-favored servants of God. Whatever gifts he had, he kept, and used and improved. Like the good and faithful servant in the parable, he did his utmost to make them "other five talents."

Well might his colleague in the pastorate and in the Seminary, select as his funeral text, the words: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work!"

He was an indefatigable worker all the days of his life. If ever a man might have relied upon what he had already acquired, and upon his powers of utterance, he was the man; but he never had such a thought. It was work, work, all the time. The work of

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gathering knowledge that he might quench his own thirst, and qualify himself to teach others, in the pulpit, in the lecture room, and by his pen. Work in his congregation, ministering to the sick and sorrowing, attending to the ten thousand duties that claimed the attention of the pastor of one of the largest congregations.

In addition to this, he did full professional work in the Seminary for years, without neglecting his congregation. Besides this, all the work he did with his pen, for church papers and reviews, and in the preparation of his books. What an amount of the most painstaking and laborious work was devoted to the new annotated edition of the "Halle Reports," to which he most faithfully consecrated himself to the very last hour that he could give to work! . . . . .

For I know not how many years he was at his desk at five o'clock every morning, and had done a good day's work before many began their own. And yet, with all this, he was always ready to meet his brethren, to welcome them to his house and to give them of his time, as if he had time enough to do all his work. Busy as his pen might be, he was a most faithful correspondent, and his friends never waited in vain for a reply to their letters; nor could anything happen to them, that did not promptly call forth a sympathetic epistle from him . . . . .

Rapid in all his movements, he was equally rapid in his work, without ever slighting it. What he did, he did carefully, thoroughly, conscientiously. His mind moved rapidly. He saw through difficulties, and was quick to perceive the relation of things. When he had grasped the facts and their bearings, it did not take him long to put them upon paper . . . . .

He worked the works of him that sent him, and consecrated his talents to the advancement of the Kingdom of God. He was devoted to the church of his fathers, and was ever ready to lift up his voice in her behalf. There was nothing narrow about him, for he was a broad-minded, large-hearted and liberal man, in the best sense of the word. Firm in his convictions, he was nevertheless ready to recognize good wherever he found it, and to make allowance for the imperfections of men. He was a lover of peace, ready to forgive, and full of goodwill to men. Tender-hearted as a woman, his sympathies went forth to all who needed help, and none excelled him in the touching manner in which he pleaded their cause.

A faithful and devoted husband, a loving father, a true preacher of the pure gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, a laborious worker in the vineyard, he will be sadly missed in the home where he was all that a husband and father should be; in the Seminary, in which he was one of the most brilliant and efficient teachers for twenty-seven

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years; in the city, in which he was a most distinguished and useful citizen; in the Synod, into which he infused so much of his vigorous life; in the congregation, which he served for thirty-four years, and in the Lutheran Church at large, which in him has lost one of its most gifted and best known sons.

Those of us who knew him best, and who have for many years enjoyed his friendship, and have felt the constant stimulus of his brilliant mind, of his ardent spirit, and of his loving sympathy, will miss him most. The places in which we have met him, will seem sadly empty. He filled so large a place in them, and in our thoughts, and hearts and lives.

We thank God for his gifts, and for the work he was able to do, for by the grace of God he was what he was. We thank God that he was permitted to work so long, and that he has now found rest. May his example stimulate us to work, in the same spirit, and for the same Lord, while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work.

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Sermons and Miscellaneous Extracts.

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Sermons.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

(Translated)

Phil. 1 : 23 : For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.

IN the gospel lesson of to-day, we meet our Lord walking through the streets of Capernaum. Beside him, we see a man whose face is full of trouble and anxiety. He has sought Christ to beg that he would come to his child, lying at home sick unto death. The Saviour goes with him. But, as St. Mark tells us, they were met on the way by certain which said: "Thy daughter is dead!" Was it a wonder, that the father's heart sank within him? The Saviour, however, had the right word for him, and said: "Be not afraid, only believe." So the two proceeded and came to the home, that because of the death of the child had already become a house of mourning and lamentation. All kinds of people from the neighborhood, as it often happens, had come in. There was a great deal of talk and noise, and we may hear that, even to this day, without any real accompanying sympathy. There were those who wept and wailed, according to the ruling custom, as though the sorrow could be drowned in noise! The Lord calmly makes his way through the crowd and says: "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Then we are told: "They laughed him to scorn." He let them laugh, but when he had put them all forth, with the father and mother he entered in where the damsel was lying. Had not death done its work here? Yes, verily! But now the Prince of Life also did

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his work; he stepped to the bedside, he took the child by the hand, and said: "Talitha, cumi!" "Maiden, I say unto thee, arise!" And straightway the damsel arose and walked.

The laughter and the scorn were of no account here. But the maiden is not the only one who upon the Saviour's word arose from death. At his bidding, the son of the widow of Nain came to life. At his call, Lazarus came forth from his tomb. And from out the darkness and death of the soul's sepulcher, on which the great stone of the world had been rolled, uncounted numbers have come forth through the word of the Lord. Yea, his word has become the word of life unto many nations. It is the word of life for the world. Does it show much understanding to seek in unbelief to "laugh to scorn" a word that accomplishes these things?

It is very comforting and very lovely, that our Saviour here speaks of death as a sleep. He indeed, had the right to call it so. To people generally death does not seem so friendly and pleasant. Some are afraid of it; many shudder only to look upon the dead. They do not wish to speak of death nor to be reminded of it. Live, that is what people want to do; but not die. Here our Saviour transforms the frightful aspect of death into the lovely picture of sleep and slumber. But sleeping is resting; from it we may expect an awakening, a rising and a coming forth in renewed strength.

Thus could our Lord speak of death, he, death's conqueror; he, the first fruits of them that slept; the Holy One of God, who rested in the grave, but did not see corruption, who on the third day arose glorified, and hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.

To-day, on the last Sunday of the Church Year, we especially remember those who walked life's pathway with us, hand in hand: our dear ones, through whom, perhaps, God manifestly blessed us, and who, fallen asleep in Christ,

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rest from their labors. "Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation!"

And now, our text presents to us words written by a man who also received from our Lord Jesus Christ a call to life, to the new life! He speaks here also of death. But see, the parting from this world has lost all terrors for him. Therein we can learn from him. Let us hear therefore: THE APOSTLE PAUL'S THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

The Apostle is far from having any fear of death. Rather is he so fully prepared for it, that he has a DESIRE TO DEPART. And of that future state which awaits him, he entertains a BLESSED CERTAINTY: he knows he SHALL BE WITH CHRIST.

We must not, however, think that the Apostle recognized no interests at all that still bound him to this world. He tells us that he is "in a strait betwixt two,"—departing, and remaining in the flesh. "To abide in the flesh," he writes to the Philippians, "is more needful for your furtherance and joy of faith." This bound him to earth, notwithstanding his "desire to depart." And we can readily understand the Apostle's feeling here. His was a noble motive. The work, which by the grace of God he had so long carried on, was a matter of great concern to him. The churches he had founded in so many cities; the souls which through his gospel message had come to the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus Christ; all, to whom he had imparted some spiritual gift to the end that they might be established, and he comforted together with them by the mutual faith, were dear to his heart. It is not so easy a matter to tear one's self away from that to which the best part of life has been devoted. It was a tender tie of love that bound the Apostle to the Churches and them to him. We see this plainly, as well in his letters to them as in the narrative of the Acts. (Acts 22: 11-38.) And especially close and tender was his relation to the Philippians. (Phil. 4: 10-17; 1, 3-8.) So that from this standpoint, his

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departure would not have been easy. But this feeling was by no means akin to mortal shrinking from death. Nor was it a clinging to the world for the sake of earthly pleasures. Much less was it a fear of death and eternity. Any one, who, like the Apostle, had a thousand times calmly looked death in the face, for the sake of the testimony of the gospel of Christ, has proved beyond a doubt that he was not afraid to die.

But those bonds of love were strong and St. Paul rejoiced in the Apostleship to which he had been especially called, and in which his labors had been signally blessed; he was willing to remain and carry on his work. Therefore, when he tells us, "I am in a strait betwixt two," we may feel assured that he told us just what he felt.

What other claims, indeed, could still bind the Apostle to things of this life? Truly, he had experienced enough of evil. What had his whole Apostleship and mission work been but burden-bearing and walking under the cross? Did he not feel that in the abundance of his sorrows "he filled up that which is behind in the afflictions of Christ?" (Col. 1, 24.) What the other messengers of Christ experienced was manifest also in him. "For we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." "Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labor, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." (1 Cor. 4: 9-13.) Hear what he has to impart to us of his experiences as an Apostle: "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among

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false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." (2 Cor. 11 : 25-28.)

Verily to him who carries his cross in this way, and at the same time Christ in his heart, to him the world offers very little and thoughts of death bring only comfort.

Think for a moment of the circumstances under which the Apostle wrote these words to the Philippians. The hand which held the pen was bound night and day by an iron chain to a Roman soldier. The persecution of his own people, the Jews, had driven St. Paul to Rome. To escape their murderous designs, he had appealed before Roman judges to the Roman Emperor. After his long and perilous journey, he had reached Rome and had stood before Nero, that man of blood, who cared little whether he sacrificed one human life or a thousand! And Paul had been constrained to write to Timothy: "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge." And we may well believe the Apostle felt convinced that the greater part of his work was accomplished and that his walk would soon be ended. Full of these thoughts of death, he writes also: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

All these considerations lead us readily to believe that the world did not chain the Apostle, and that he could regard his departure only as a release. He had not, indeed, sought the pleasures of this world. But, besides this, there was another and a yet more powerful influence drawing him away from earth. He knew of something inestimably better and greater than anything this world could offer him. This was, "to be with Christ."

This expressed for the Apostle all that he could imagine as desirable, glorious, blessed! He did not crave more;

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nor would he be satisfied with less. That word, Christ, was everything to him. Others might find their life in the world. He could say, "for me to live is Christ." How devotedly, how tenderly, he must have loved the Lord! We need not marvel, in view of all this, that he has a desire to depart and to be with Him, "which," indeed, is "far better."

We have need to remember here, that to the Apostle, the word CHRIST, was not a mere empty sound. To most people who call themselves Christians the word Christ is a name, like many other names they have often heard. They do not know him intimately and stand in no close relation to him. The deep, all-absorbing power of His love has never penetrated their hearts and awakened there an inextinguishable flame of responding love and humble, devoted gratitude. The new birth of the Spirit and the water, in which the soul's deepest depths are overshadowed by the divine love, has not changed and renewed the inmost heart. Therefore Christ does not appear to them great and lovely, glorious and divine. They do not feel constrained, like the woman in the gospel story of to-day, to press forward in the multitude thronging Him and seek to touch the hem of His garment, that they may be made whole. Do they not rather avoid him, as though afraid of the virtue that goes out of Him? They do not yet know the Lord.

Had not this once been Paul's condition also? Verily, and his state had been even worse. Had he not as Saul been a bitter enemy of Christ, had he not beyond measure persecuted the Church of God and wasted it? Upon this past Paul looked back with sorrow. He thought then that he was persecuting a DEAD Christ. But when it pleased God to reveal to him His Son, and the hand and Spirit of the Lord seized Paul, he felt that this Christ was not dead, but living and life-giving, a quickener of the dead,—the Prince of Life. "And there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." Then the glory of the new life in faith nourished

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by the living spring of the Savior's justifying grace, was revealed unto him. This was, in truth, a thorough-going transformation,—a resigning of the heart's thoughts and motives, as well as of the will, to Christ. And the Apostle, having received of His fullness, grace for grace, and having given body and soul to the Lord, could say: "Not I live, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." And in him was the Savior's word fulfilled: "From him that believeth on me, there shall flow rivers of living water." For this reason, Paul went forth, also, and joyfully proclaimed the gospel of Christ, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Nor was it given to any other to preach Christ with more telling effect. Never did the story of the cross appeal more powerfully to the hearts of men than under the preaching of the Apostle Paul.

There can be no doubt that the Lord was with Paul. His grace and His blessing never failed him, whether he was there in Philippi, bringing the message of salvation to the keeper of the prison; or in the market-place at Athens, or there on the sea-shore, kneeling in prayer with the elders of the congregation at Ephesus, or whether he stood before the Emperor to answer the charges brought against him; and when all men forsook him, the Lord "stood with him." The Lord was with him, too, when he wrote these words of our text, when the thoughts of death crowded upon him. Had not our Savior said also unto him: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!"

Yet the Apostle, nevertheless, here desires to DEPART "TO BE WITH CHRIST." Ah, that is again quite a different thing, and an infinitely better! Even if Christ is with us in this world, there are always so many other things that beset us. Earthly affairs, opposing forces, press upon us; we have

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often to deal with those who, perhaps, are not with Christ and for him; here, there are constant attacks upon our inward peace and we live in strife and disturbance; here, we have daily to struggle with our own weakness and to withstand the wiles of the devil, and never are we entirely free from care and danger. How altogether different will it be when we are once with Christ! Here we but know in part, and are always making mistakes; there, is perfection. For now, we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face. Here, nothing is perfectly pure, perfectly good, perfectly blessed; but there, in the presence of the Lord, is fullness of joy and at his right hand, pleasures for evermore! And there is the congregation of the saints, and the holy angels of the Lord, and there is the cloud of witnesses, and there are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!

To be then with Christ was Paul's desire. Was this strange? No. Why not? Because Paul was VERY CERTAIN of his future and knew, therefore, that in departing from this world he would lose nothing, but gain all.

There is nothing more distressing than to be annoyed by doubts. He to whom nothing is certain, is like a man who is in momentary fear that the ground may give way under his feet. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1, 8.) Who will expect a man, uncertain and wavering in his faith, to risk much for that faith? He is vacillating, and the thought that things may be very different, after all, and that there may be no ground at all for this faith, is always tormenting him. This is a great evil. Between the two forces, faith and unbelief, the poor man is storm-tossed and he has neither rest nor peace. He who is in doubt about his destination, will take no sure steps on a

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journey; and he who runs, uncertain of his goal, will lose the race.

This was not the Apostle's case. The truth of the Gospel of Christ was as sure to him as the ground under foot and the sky overhead. Therefore he risked everything for this cause. Therefore he could say: I count all things but loss, and "do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and be found in him." It is indeed no small matter to be cast out, beaten, stoned, scorned and maltreated for the sake of the faith. To bear all this patiently and to offer life itself for a cause, a man must be pretty sure of his case. And here we must not forget that this was no matter of temporary enthusiasm with Paul, no sudden ebullition of feeling. He was no enthusiast, no fanatic. Very calmly, with composure and deliberation, he takes his course, and that from the time of his conversion to the end. Nobody could be more clear than was he, about what he believed, thought and wished. Nobody could determine more clearly in his own mind what was to be his task in life. Nobody could have devoted himself more calmly and more perseveringly to that which he recognized as the best and highest cause. With whole-souled ardor he began his work and thus he continued in it unto the end.

The Apostle was therefore absolutely certain that he would in all eternity be with Christ. If the man who is about to move out of one house, does not know of another that will receive him, he is in a bad predicament. Paul knew that he would soon have to move from this earthly home. He knew that his earthly house—the body—would soon be destroyed. But this did not disturb his peace. He knew that he would be with Christ. He knew that if his earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Since then he was certain that a far better home awaited him, why should he not have rejoiced at the thought of death and the departure from earth? How

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should he not have desired to be with Christ, his Lord, his Savior, his best friend, and to be with him in all eternity? It is not well with us if we cannot herein understand the Apostle. The Christian who has firmness and joy of faith has also experienced something of that desire "to depart and to be with Christ."

The Master, whose teaching and footsteps Paul followed, also lived in this blessed certainty of eternal life. Therefore with sublime composure, he told his disciples when preparing them for his departure, "I go unto the Father." Therefore he said so lovingly and comfortingly, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Therefore he prayed so touchingly: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." And therefore he assured his disciples: "Where I am, there shall my servant be also."

And with the same confidence all the beloved apostles speak of the eternal life, reckoning the sufferings of this present time not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed. Therefore, St. John, full of confident hope, writes: "My Beloved, now we are the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know (mark the certainty!) that, when He shall appear that we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." This also throws light upon the word: "to be with Christ."

How steadfastly did the early Christians, in the days of persecution and distress, cling to the hope of eternal life! With courage and resignation they suffered martyrdom for the sake of this blessed hope, reckoning the day of death the happy birthday of a better life. And with them and the holy Apostles, the whole Christian Church on earth to-day acknowledges and confesses: "I believe in the Resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

We know, my friends, that parting from this world awaits every one of us. You, to whom life to-day smilingly offers many charms, who rejoice in youth and strength and before

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whom life's pathway seems to stretch in endless perspective, forget not that all flesh is grass and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field, which flourisheth in the morning and groweth up, and in the evening is cut down and withereth; and therefore let me recall to you that good old word: "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I find no pleasure in them!"

And you, who stand in the midst of life's cares and labor, and who often sigh under the burden and the pressure, and cry out: it is too much, too much!—beware, lest the care for earthly things and the claims and demands of the world absorb all your powers, and you eventually have neither room in your hearts nor time in your lives for the better, the higher and the eternal interests!

And you, who claim and enjoy many earthly possessions and who say unto yourselves: "Life is delightful and its charms many, and every day brings new joys and honors!" —oh, forget not that the evening sees many changes of which the morning dreamt not. The hour comes and perhaps much sooner than you now think, when they will say to you: "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live!" Are you prepared?

And you, who have borne the burden of many years and who perhaps, with weak and tottering steps and trembling knees, approach the grave, soon, soon the messenger of eternity will beckon for you and the question comes also to you: Are you ready?

Our departure, therefore, from this world is certain. Now, have we that blessed confidence and assurance with which the Apostle looks forward to the eternal goal? In our day we have need to ask ourselves this question with especial earnestness. People are now-a-days not inclined to hold fast to unseen powers and possessions. Spiritual things are so strange and unfamiliar! What cannot be grasped with the hands and seen by the eyes is of little

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account. The tangible world of sense, its enjoyments, its gain, its gold, its pleasures,—these are considered the great factors of happiness. Everything else is uncertain and they like to ignore its existence. They want neither to hear nor know about it. What does not yield pleasure to the senses has no value in their world. Therefore, they cannot enter at all into the problem of eternal life or eternal hope. They do not want to believe in an existence after this mortal state. There is no future, they say, beyond the grave; only eternal night and the silence of death. Neither life, nor recognition, nor feeling, nor desire is there. Neither God, nor light; no retribution, no joy and no woe; it is therefore of little moment how one lives here, or what kind of seed one sows, neither the good nor the bad bears fruit in eternity. There everything is over, past and gone. Therefore while we are here, we must live,—let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die! Let us not consider to-day the foundation on which such a view of life rests, and that, indeed, is very poor and shaky. But I ask you, Are these comforting thoughts? Can the soul strengthen and refresh itself in them? Or will they elevate, vivify and purify mankind? Do they contain any power that can free man from the bonds of sin, under which all languish, or inspire him with love for the truth and love to his fellow-man? Or, is it so certain that there is no God, no eternity, no recompense? Was our Lord Jesus Christ a liar or a fanatic, that he tells us about going unto the Father and the Father's house and the many mansions? Or were his disciples false witnesses when they preached to us of the Resurrection? Is it possible that there really is no God? Or is God a God of the dead, because unbelievers would have it so?

No, so long as the Scripture stands firm and irrefutable; so long as that Word speaks to our consciences with overwhelming force and testifies against sin; so long as from this Word, the Spirit of a higher, better world breathes upon us; so long as the Spirit, moving our heart's deepest

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centre, inspires us to serve God, to live for eternity, and to "labour for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life," so long we will joyfully confess: "I believe in the life everlasting."

And may this belief work in us joy, as it did in the Apostle Paul. To him, how refreshing is the thought that at the goal, the prize awaits him! he was so fully persuaded that God was able to keep that which he had committed to Him against that day, and that there awaited him an exceeding and eternal weight of glory! And we can well understand that he DESIRED to depart and be with Christ. This was by no means dissatisfaction with his life's course. Rather was it like the joy of a child that, having long been among strangers, has the near prospect of an early return home; it was the natural wish of a friend to be with the friend, to whom he owed everything and with whom he knew he would forever be at home.

Perhaps we cannot deny that thoughts of death are rather uncanny and uncomfortable. From a great distance, one can of course regard such a subject with becoming composure; but a nearer approach makes death so terribly serious! Nature resists dissolution. And yet—is death not a deliverance from much evil? Yes, if it will not bring greater! The sting of death, says the Apostle, is sin. That is the bitterness of it! Dying in itself is nothing; but the appearing before the judgment seat of Christ, and the rendering an account of our stewardship; all this is inseparable from the thought of death. It is for this reason that we are uncomfortable and troubled in thinking of our death and departure.

Should this be so? No; assuredly not! But the trouble is that we do not yet fully enough recognize Christ as the conqueror of sin, who hath done away with it by the shedding of his precious blood, and has made us righteous before God the Father and therewith has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. This is His glory, which we dare

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not lessen. This is His mercy and His gift. In all humility, with faith, we must lay hold of it. This alone will drive away the fear of dying and the horrors of death. This alone sweetens the parting from earth and changes death to sleep. Through this alone, we fear no evil, though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death; for the Lord is with us, his rod and his staff, they comfort us.

My friends, the Lord was with Paul long before Paul was wholly with him. This was so beautiful! But he wants to be with us also. For his promise stands: "Lo, I am with you alway!" Let us hold fast to it, and do our part that he can remain with us and vouchsafe unto us his holy blessed presence. And if at times, our peace is disturbed, or if within us or round about us shadows fall, or we feel the last night approaching, let us cry unto him and pray: "Lord, abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

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THE HOLY TRINITY.

(Translated.)

John 3 : 5 : Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

"O THE depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?" Thus the Apostle exclaims in the epistle of to-day (Rom. 11 : 33, 34.) Light had broken in upon him, and he had obtained a glimpse of God's "ways past finding out," and into the conduct of His kingdom on earth. He mourned the unbelief of the Jews. But while he recognized in the blindness "that is happened to Israel" the "severity of God," he beheld also the "goodness of God" to the Gentiles, and humbly bowed in reverence to His judgments, His wisdom, and His love.

We too, have a mystery presented unto us to-day. It is the festival which the church calls TRINITY. In the progress of the church year since Advent, God's eternal decree for our salvation has once more been placed before us: the wonderful development of the Father's thoughts of love toward us in the manifestation of Christ in the flesh, in his life, passion and glorification; in the founding of the Church on earth, of the congregation of the saints, the work of the Holy Spirit. And to-day, on Trinity Sunday, we praise God for having revealed himself, as TRIUNE, as FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Here, indeed, we are confronted by a MYSTERY, by some-

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thing we cannot understand, penetrate, nor conceive. But we can BELIEVE it, and will abide by the old German verse: "Three persons in the Godhead we glorify eternally!" And I would have you guard against thinking that faith is only an opinion,—of which there are so many in the world. No, faith is the unseen, but firm hand, with which we hold fast the unseen, Triune God, and accept him as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. This is salvation for us poor sinners. Here we deal not with a question of opinion, but with a confident conviction, a blessed certainty. This every-one has realized who has experienced what our Lord says in the gospel of to-day, when He speaks to Nicodemus of "being born again."

I am well aware that when confronted with such mysteries, especially such an one as the Holy Trinity, the elated understanding and the ordinary common sense rise quickly in revolt and exclaim: "How can these things be? They are opposed to the simplest conception; every child knows that one cannot be three, nor three one!"

Yes, if God, before He created the world had had to take us men into His counsels, and had had to inquire of us what could or could not be, there would have been, in truth, a strange universe. And shall we perhaps desire to prescribe for the Almighty what Being He should have and in what manner He should reveal Himself to us, His creatures?

It is, possibly, not altogether superfluous to remind people that in this world about us, three qualities are often found united to make one, and that one can frequently again be resolved into three. The universe, as a whole, is the manifestation of mechanical, chemical and organic forces; mankind consists of the individual, the family and the state; man is a unit made of body, soul and spirit; the soul again is the union of feeling, consciousness and will. Every ray of light may be resolved into light, warmth and motion; and the harmony of every musical accord consists in the union of three distinct sounds. One might bring endless exam-

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ples ; but it is not necessary. He who observes, finds he has reason to believe that the principle of three in one and one in three is more widely manifested in the world than he might at first have supposed. Not for a moment would I have you think that I would attempt with such comparisons to explain the mystery of the Trinity. But they are nevertheless calculated to repulse the hasty judgment and to make the proud intellect, that after all comprehends so very little, more careful in drawing its conclusions.

But to you, believer, let the thought that the one eternal, true God has revealed himself as Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bring comfort, light, and peace on your life's journey. Hold fast in joy and sorrow, in repose and activity, in life and death, the truth that you have a Father in Heaven, who has created and preserved you, directed your footsteps, bestowed countless blessings upon you in temporal and spiritual things, and has guarded you with long suffering and patience ; "all which he does out of pure, paternal and divine goodness and mercy, without any merit or worthiness in you, and forget not that for all this you are in "duty" bound to thank, praise, serve and obey Him." And since you, like myself and all others, are a poor sinner, and cannot free yourself from the burden of your sins, which are as the sand of the sea in number, and since there is none righteous, but all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, flee in the disquiet of your soul, to Him, who is "true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary," and accept Him in true repentance and firm and confiding faith as your Lord, who hath redeemed you, "a lost and condemned sinner," secured and delivered you "from all sins, from death and the power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent sufferings and death," in order that you might be his. In this trust, and to it, hold fast ; in all eternity you can neither hear nor know a better thing. And be-

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lieve firmly and unwaveringly, that God, the Holy Ghost, has called you by the gospel, and that He desires to enlighten and sanctify you by his gifts, to separate you from the children of this world, and call you to the congregation of the saints; and believe that He "which hath begun a good work in you will perform it," and will make you "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." Withstand Him not, and "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Pray that He may come to you, that He enter in and abide with you.

Dearly beloved, the mysterious word: the Holy Trinity is not only a word, a sound; no, it is full of life, of strength, of salvation for us: it is full of the revelation of Him, who is love. Here is the source of all mercy, here the fount of life, here is the power against sin and the "murderer and liar from the beginning;" here is the sum of all Christianity, the eternal foundation of all evangelical tidings and truth, Therefore let us pray and sing with all our hearts:

"PRAISE FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST!"

The gospel of to-day presents to us yet ANOTHER MYSTERY, namely, that of "being born again." And this, also, is a thing, mysterious as it is, which concerns every one of us.

We here read that one of the Pharisees, well-known to us from the gospels, Nicodemus by name, "came to Jesus by night." The last is apparently a trifling detail, but it nevertheless has significance, testifying for the exactness of the narrative and teaching us something about the visitor. Did he wish, perhaps, by not coming to Jesus in the daytime to avoid publicly professing that he could not, like many of the Pharisees, pass this man of Nazareth disdainfully by? Or was it rather the thought that in the quiet of night, undisturbed by the multitudes who crowded about

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the Master in the daytime, Nicodemus might speak alone with Him? However this may have been—he came, which many others did not. He came at night, yes, and we all come in the night, in the darkness of our own souls, to the Lord. We are by birth and by nature in the dark. Let us come to Him: He is the Light that shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. He is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Only in His light can we behold the light; this Nicodemus learned. And we, too, must experience it.

Nicodemus addressed our Lord most courteously. He said unto Him: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him!"

We may feel assured that these words were prompted not by politeness alone, but by a certain kind and degree of faith. This is not the language of the proud Pharisee, who in advance has determined, that what his school does not teach has no merit. Nicodemus was unprejudiced, and what his eyes saw and his ears heard, he did not seek to deny. The saying: "What good can come out of Nazareth? For out of Galilee ariseth no prophet!" had not obscured his judgment. In malice others might exclaim: "He doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils!" Nicodemus saw in the miracles of Jesus a power which convinced him that no one could do them, "except God be with him." And therefore he had ears to hear and eyes to see what the Saviour taught and showed unto all the people; nor could he fail to see that it was from Above, and he acknowledged, "Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher come from God." So much he perceived, and even that confession proved and proves that some advance has been made in the right direction. But more can and must be attained. Simply to confess our Savior, a Rabbi and teacher and to acknowledge that he performed

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miracles is not enough to bring light and life to the soul. Nicodemus had still much to learn. Here was fulfilled the word: "Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." And how often this is true in the world, as well as in the kingdom of God!

And our Lord received Nicodemus most kindly; but approached him in His own way. Into the words of polite greeting with which his visitor addressed Him, He did not enter at all. But then our Saviour is different from all others in his words and actions. He speaks of death, as that from which life springs. He calls those, that are poor in spirit and that mourn, blessed. To Him, the strait gate and the narrow way are the road to glory. He came not to bring peace, but the sword; and yet he calls the weary and the heavy-laden unto him, that they shall find rest unto their souls. And to Nicodemus, He, at once, without circumlocution presents a mystery of the kingdom of God: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and repeats the saying, adding the significant word: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Here Nicodemus found himself at once confronted by an unfathomable mystery. He could not imagine what our Savior meant. He had never thought upon this subject. His questions show plainly that he did not understand: "How can a man," he asks, "be born again when he is old?" And—it does not precisely redound to his honor, that he, a "master in Israel," finds the words so altogether unintelligible. For, surely he was acquainted with the law and the Prophets, and he knew that in the days of old, the Psalmist prayed: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me!" (Ps. 51: 10), and that Jehovah had promised his people through his prophet Ezekiel: "I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of

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their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh: that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God." (Ezek. 11: 19, 20). Surely this speaks plainly enough of a new life, a being born again. And the word of the Lord spoken by the mouth of Isaiah, contains the promise that water shall be poured "upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;" even so, Joel spake, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." (Joel 2: 28.) Assuredly Nicodemus had read all this and more, time and again, but here as the Savior tells him of being born of water and of the Spirit, we find it verified that, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2: 14.) It is true, Nicodemus could not then know that by the God-given means of grace, the "washing of regeneration" in Holy Baptism, our sinful natures are transplanted into a new spiritual element. But the Scriptures of the Old Testament, he might nevertheless have understood more fully. He had now, although a "ruler of the Jews" to begin again at the very first principles; and, through divine enlightenment, to gain an insight into the mystery of this new birth, yea, to experience it in his own heart. And that he did this, we have reason to believe. (John 7: 50, 51; 19: 39.)

And every one of us, without exception, must do the same. Our Lord pronounces so unequivocally upon the necessity of "being born again," that about it there can be no doubt, no uncertainty. But to us it is a mystery. We know not how this thing can be, that the Holy Spirit, when he has called us through the gospel, enlightens us by his gifts, leads us to repentance and faith, and makes us, who are by nature disobedient, now obedient unto God, how he

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holds communion with our spirit, and how, through the hearing of the word of God, he draws us to our Savior, assures us of the forgiveness of our sins, and preserves us in the true faith. You can well observe that the wind blows and sweeps through the streets and over the highways; but where in illimitable space was its first motion, and where its movement ceases, you cannot know. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." You realize well enough that a new life has entered into Peter when he boldly stands before the rulers of the people and the elders of Israel, that shortly before delivered his Master to be crucified, and now joyously professes: "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4: 12). Is this the same Peter who grew so cold as he sat by that fire in the midst of the hall of the high priest's house, and was so pitiably troubled by the fear of men? Yes, it is the same Peter, and yet quite another and a new man. And is Paul, whom the love of Christ constraineth so that he is willing to be beaten, stoned, scorned, tortured, persecuted year upon year, in order that he may preach to the Gentiles the gospel of Christ, is he the same Saul, who once breathed out "threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord?" Yes, the same, and yet quite another and a new man.

Such examples show what a glorious and divine mystery is this "being born again," and how it manifests itself. For it remains: Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. O, let the Holy Spirit, descending from the Father and the Son, who testifies also in you of Christ and for him, renew and sanctify your heart, and make you strong to withstand all fiery darts of the devil, the world, and the flesh, and make you rich in the fruits of righteousness, and lead you into all truth, giving you the peace that the world cannot give, and seal you with his promise, the earnest of your inheritance. Let him mightily exercise

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his power in you, and then only you will truly feel why you say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

Yet a third mystery, most closely knit to the other two, is to-day also placed before us. What the Lord says of being born again is something that we experience in our lives on earth. If we cannot comprehend when he tells us of earthly things, how much less could we do it, if he told us of the nature and events of the other, higher world? We know that when the Apostle Paul was caught up into paradise, he heard "unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter" (2 Cor. 12: 4). But to Nicodemus, who addresses our Lord as a "teacher come from God," He intimates that the Son of man, the Savior of the world, who was to ascend to heaven to occupy the throne of glory, must be of divine origin, and that though He came and walked as the Son of man upon earth, must yet be far exalted above the mere nature of man. In the sense in which our Lord here speaks to Nicodemus, he also questions the Pharisees: "What think ye of Christ, the Messiah, whose Son is he?" and when they answer, "The Son of David," he reminds them that David speaks of the Messiah as his Lord, giving him divine honor, and ascribing to him not human greatness alone.

To Nicodemus this also was a new thought, marvelous, astonishing, mysterious, incomprehensible. And to that which the Savior said of the person and glory of the Son of Man and—Son of God—he added also the great and peculiar feature of his work on earth. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." This then,—to hang upon the cursed tree, to be nailed to the cross, to be made in his death, a spectacle for all men,—this is the mysterious means, the dark way, this, the divine "must," thus it has been foreordained, "that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life."

There was, indeed, for Nicodemus, mystery upon mys-

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tery; that the Savior of the world must be the Son of man, and yet from Above, from heaven, One with God; and that despite his majesty, despite the supernatural of his being, he must see death, be lifted up between heaven and earth as that serpent in the wilderness was lifted up, and by that very means would give everlasting life to all who would accept and believe in him as the Savior.

To us, also, this all may seem mysterious and incomprehensible. And to the "natural man" it is "foolishness." But it is nevertheless true that in the Crucified One, God was, and reconciled the world unto himself, and that from him the healing waters of a new life have flowed and are flowing; that in him and in him only is the medicine for the sting and the poison of sin, that by his death on the cross, righteousness, life and salvation is found for all them that believe. What would the world's history be without the Crucified Savior? What his life on earth, without his suffering and death? But death could not have dominion over him who descended from heaven. He ascended to his God and to our God, to his Father and to our Father. And we also are to be heavenly, to live in the strength of divine grace, born anew of the Holy Spirit, and when our life-work is done, we, too, shall enter in to those heavenly mansions. It was to this end the Lord prayed for his own: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Great, and weighty above all things, were the mysteries upon which Nicodemus looked in that hour. He was placed upon the one, everlasting foundation, the centre of our most holy faith. And that is true of us to-day. We gaze upon divine mysteries. The place whereon we stand is holy ground. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," and worship the Lord, thy God! Mystery it may be, but it is divulged to you, it enters, renewing and sanctifying

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into your hearts and lives; it clothes you with the righteousness which alone is acceptable to God; it brings you the mercy, without which you are lost. In the mystery there is revelation. "NO MAN KNOWETH THE SON, BUT THE FATHER; NEITHER KNOWETH ANY MAN THE FATHER, SAVE THE SON, AND HE TO WHOMSOEVER THE SON WILL REVEAL HIM." May he reveal himself to us all through his Holy Spirit! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost from everlasting to everlasting! Amen.

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SERMON DELIVERED AT DR. DEMME'S OBSEQUIES.

(Translated).

"By faith he being dead yet speaketh." Heb. 11 : 4.

THAT HE IS DEAD, is our sorrow and lamentation; that HE YET SPEAKETH, is our consolation; BY FAITH, may that admonish and encourage us.

Verily, we have cause to mourn. "A prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel." A nobleman in the realm of mind lays aside his laurels and descends into the sepulcher of his ancestors. The tree, which for years had offered us the sweetest, wholesomest fruits began to wither, and the last storm has laid low its mighty crown, that so long towered above its neighbors. "A burning and a shining light, in which we rejoiced for a season" has been extinguished. A star which for a generation had shone with bright radiance over our congregation, began to grow dim and now has set, and it seemed to us that the night was growing darker and the darkness, gloomier.

Truly, we are ALL mourners to-day. Most sorrowful are you, dear friends, to whom he was husband, father and brother; you who were about him in the days of his strength and who nursed him with devoted love in the days of his infirmity; you, who, when he could no longer lift up his voice to God in the house of prayer, yet heard his voice raised in supplication at the family altar. You had him amongst you, a precious gift bestowed by God; now, how vast is the change for you since you see him no more, since he has been taken from you, and you seek him in vain in the old loved familiar places.

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But with you another family is mourning to-day: this large congregation, to whom as a spiritual father, he broke the bread of life for seven and thirty years; amongst whom he testified with prophetic inspiration of things eternal and divine, in which he was, to many, a well of living water, and as a "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," showing the way to the better world amid the confusion and distraction of earth.

And with this congregation, there is mourning to-day in the whole Church; for to her, he was an ornament and an honor; and she recognized him as God's chosen vessel, strong in the Spirit and powerful in utterance. Therefore, we, his brethren in the ministry, deeply sorrow, we, old and young, who have come hither from near and far to say farewell to him, to whose words of fire we listened with admiration, whom we reverenced with loving pride, and whom in faithful and grateful love we shall keep in blessed remembrance. His image is impressed upon our minds in deep and ineffaceable lines. Who could confer with him on the great and grave questions of the church or the world, time or eternity, without an abiding impression of his unusual gifts and mental strength? It was impossible to come into contact with him without feeling the remarkable character of his personality. In him, unusual talents were combined with rare and many-sided knowledge. Who was his superior in the clear and rapid grasp of a subject, or in wealth and readiness of memory? And by the side of these gifts, there was an unusual and surprising soundness of judgment, a soberness of thought, a knowledge of men combined with great strength of will and that inflexibility which, added to the power of the Word, irresistibly swayed those about him. His was a nature full of primitive force, indifferent in its noble independence to the commendation or censure of the world. Never changing his principles or convictions to please or flatter others, his unfaltering aim was truth and fidelity, wisdom and right. Thus we knew

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him, a German with the noblest German virtues; yet, warm in his love for this country, of which he expected great things for the world and for humanity, and whose decline from the purer height of true republican principles, he deeply deplored.

Thus we saw and knew him in the performance of those pastoral duties to which he was called and for which he was so eminently fitted.

Thus we often learned to appreciate and admire him when participating in the councils of the vestry. Unbending in that which he thought good and necessary, he knew how to select with great wisdom those things which were truly conducive to the true welfare of the congregation. In like manner he made himself felt in the meetings of Synod. Whose judgment there bore greater weight than his? Undauntedly he bade defiance to every storm that menaced the Church, to every threatened inroad upon her borders by the changeable spirit of the times, to every dangerous attack upon her bulwark of faith and doctrine: far too wise was he not to distinguish the true from the false; far too honest to ignore differences for the sake of worldly considerations. New measures, however plausible, had no attractions for him so long as he felt that the established methods were based upon truth; he realized that too often the want of appreciation of existing laws was the only reason for their abolishment. But every cause that truly furthered the kingdom of God on earth could rely upon his hearty co-operation. With what whole-souled warmth did he labor for the Bible Society and in the cause of Home and Foreign Missions. For years too, he sought with loving devotion morally and spiritually to elevate the unfortunate inmates of our prisons. Who that was good and noble could withhold from him the highest esteem and deepest veneration? How many lasting monuments of his greatness and his industry has not the Church to-day? Our prayer-book and our hymn-book, so closely associated with his name, bear

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testimony to his comprehensive mind and indefatigable labors.

And thus he went about among you, beloved members of his congregation, who mourn to-day your friend and teacher; and thus he stood especially before you who knew him in his years of strength and vigor. With you he shared the joys and sorrows of life, and to you in a thousand ways he brought instruction and comfort, hope and courage.

For a time, enfeebled by sickness, he was withdrawn from you and how often did you lament that he could no longer with his inspiring presence live and labor in your midst. To-day, he is already, in a measure, transfigured before us! The fire of love and veneration that has been glowing in secret, hidden as it were, under ashes for a time, bursts to-day into new, bright, warmth-giving flame. And you, my noble father and friend, have well deserved this love, this universal mourning! You, who spent your life in the service of this congregation! To these your people you devoted your strength, your enthusiasm, your love, your prayers. O, could I but restore you to them once more, you, whom they ever must sadly miss—how gladly would I depart!

Yes, here, in this holy place, to which to-day you mutely bid farewell; here, in this house of God, in which the stones would cry out were we silent; here, in this place, at this altar, on this pulpit, you wrestled in prayer like Jacob with your God, and with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, you battled with sin and unbelief, and with the powers of darkness, in the hearts of your hearers—in our hearts.

Truly, within these walls, this faithful pastor and eloquent preacher passed the loftiest moments of his noble life! This memorable Zion's Church had to withstand the encroachments of time, once more to receive for the final farewell, him whose glorious voice so often resounded

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within these walls, where with overwhelming power he rebuked the wickedness of men, the sin of unbelief and willful disobedience to the laws of God and man; where he, consumed by holy zeal for Christ and his atoning love, carried us on the mighty pinions of his inspired eloquence far from ourselves and the things of earth; and our hearts, filled with adoration, were raised to higher realms of thought, aroused to holy resolves, and bowed in reverence before God, our Maker and Redeemer.

How often, when he testified of eternal and heavenly things, or when he portrayed the depth of sin and misery, or when he spoke of the love of God, of his saving grace, of the peace that passeth understanding, of our great hope, how often in those moments when his soul spoke unto our souls, did we not see the tears coursing down his cheeks, as enraptured he stood absorbed by the thoughts which filled his soul, by the words, which like a living stream came from his lips! Who, indeed, could warn, teach, rebuke and awe, encourage and persuade as he could?

And if we ask by what power he did all this, what sanctified in so high a degree all his talents, we shall find it was that gift of gifts, to which the Apostle's word in the text directs us: it was BY FAITH.

The majesty of the word of divine revelation and that brightness, which streams forth from the face of Christ—and from him alone,—into this darkened world, had risen before his eyes, and had become to him the light of life.

What he was to you as a pastor and preacher, he was by faith. His heart was full of the truth which the Holy Spirit had revealed unto him, and his lips testified of it. By faith, this strong man bowed to Him, who alone is mighty. By faith, the noblest forces of his soul were sanctified. By faith, he became God's co-laborer in behalf of your souls. By faith, he testified, a prophet of the New Dispensation, of that world to come. By faith, he felt the

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powers of eternity in his own soul. By faith, he stood in this holy place and scattered the seeds of truth in the depths of your hearts, and led you in the way of eternal life. By faith, he walked in patience, and when all earthly and human things had lost their charm for him, this most precious of all possessions remained, and by faith, he kept close to God, knowing that his Redeemer lived and that the arms of everlasting love encircled him, and that in his appointed hour, God would bring him out of the night into the blessed light of everlasting day!

And now, dearly beloved, to whom so much was given in this beloved pastor, shall I say: He SPOKE in your midst by faith? No, the apostle says: He YET SPEAKETH.

Not in vain has been his work among us. Not forgotten shall be the testimony he bore to the power and the truth of the word of God. He yet speaketh through you, who were awakened, encouraged, spiritually strengthened, refreshed, comforted by his word; in whose hearts has been reared a monument of love and gratitude toward him, that will outlast time, and that death cannot overthrow. Not in vain has he scattered the seed of heavenly knowledge. May it bear fruit in eternity and may he, reunited with you stand before the throne of God in that great day and say: Lord, here am I and those whom Thou hast given me!

He yet speaketh. Though the eloquent lips are silent, there in the realms of light he yet speaketh, praising and thanking God for all his mercies; there, seeing God face to face, he prays for you, for all his loved ones here on earth. May this blessed hope be your comfort, and may it bind up the bleeding hearts of those who were bound to him by the nearest and tenderest ties! His God is your God, and He heareth prayer and forsaketh not! God has taken him unto Himself, and over his grave we write the words: "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

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We who are yet in the land of the living will keep him in blessed remembrance. "Remember them who have spoken unto you the Word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." (Heb. 13: 7.) In the cemetery set apart for our congregation, in the midst of those who are peacefully resting from their labors, he, too, will sleep the last sleep. "Seed, sown of God, to ripen in the day of the harvest!"

May his spirit of fervent faith, his zeal for everything holy, his inspiring word, his testimony for Christ abide among us! Then will he not be altogether gone from us. Then shall we still be united with him in the holy bonds of love, of faith, of hope, until, reunited in eternity we shall together in that church triumphant bring adoration, and praise and thanksgiving unto the Lamb.

O how glorious is the message of the gospel of Christ, of the Prince of Life! It sends its heavenly rays of light into the dreary, weary heart, and brightens our path through this vale of tears, and even into the gloom of the grave, the glorious Sun of Righteousness casts the comforting ray of eternal life and eternal bliss!

"The seed of Abraham though dying,
Not in despair nor fear is lying,
For death to them that believe is gain;
Bonds and sorrow may oppress them,
But nothing can in death distress them,
For glorious hope dispels the pain!
The narrow road is trod,
The home is reached with God,
Heavenly, Blessed!
The body dies,
The spirit flies,
To realms supernal in the skies!"

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Miscellaneous Extracts.

BAPTISM AND REGENERATION.

(A Tract.)

Most Christians agree that it is right and proper to have children baptized and in this way received into the Church of Christ. But that Baptism in the name of the Triune God actually is regeneration, this appears to many to give undue weight to Baptism, and they hesitate to give their consent.

Now, it may be that such persons entertain no doubt about the extraordinary ability of the godly man, Martin Luther, as an expounder of Bible doctrine, and they would not be willing to contradict him. What does Luther teach on the point alluded to? He says in his Small Catechism that Baptism "worketh forgiveness of sin, delivers from death and the devil, and confers everlasting salvation on all who believe, as the Word and promise of God declare." He here refers not to his own personal opinion, but firmly stands on the Word of God. He quotes the words of promise which our Lord Jesus Christ spake, as they are recorded in the last chapter of Mark, verse 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." And, as though thinking of such as might object that this is not what they call regeneration, he answers the question, "How can water produce such great effects?" in this manner: "It is not the water, indeed, that produces these effects, but the Word of God which accompanies and is connected with the water and our faith, which relies on the Word of God, connected with the water. For the water without the Word of God is simply water, and no baptism; but when connected with the Word of God it is a baptism. That is, a gracious

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water of life and a washing of regeneration in the Holy Ghost, as St. Paul says to Titus, in the third chapter."

Now we see that in calling Baptism a "washing of regeneration" we fall back, not simply upon that great theologian, Martin Luther, but through him upon the very Word of God. And what we here read is so clear and decisive that in rejecting it we must deny faith in the Bible, which says: "According to His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ, our Savior; that being justified by grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." Titus 3: 5-8.

Some might entertain the idea that we consider the child converted because it is baptized. To this we answer that we never thought of considering a child converted on account of his being baptized. Regeneration and conversion have to be properly distinguished. But this we say, that no one can be truly converted except he be regenerated. No one can give life, new life, to himself. This is God's doing. Regeneration is the root of true conversion. For the present we have to do with regeneration.

Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that you are the owner of a delicate plant which, on account of the approaching autumn and its cold winds and frosty weather, you cannot leave exposed in the open air. You give it a quiet place in the cellar, hoping that there it will be protected and live through winter, though left without light, sun, and nourishment. As might be expected, the tender plant has a hard time of it. It cannot help itself and no one takes care of it. At last the symptoms of returning spring show themselves. The sun rises higher and higher in his daily wanderings across the sky. Warmer waves of air blow over the land. Enjoying the genial mildness, you all at once remember your plant and remove it from its silent corner. Alas, how lifeless it appears to be! You can hardly entertain a faint hope that a spark of vitality is re-

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tained. It would seem that any kind of help came too late. However, you put it in a corner protected from the winds, a sudden shower of rain can do it no harm. And now the warm, golden rays of the sun touch it. On the evening of that day not the least change in the aspect of that plant may be observable. Of course this does not prove that an invisible internal transformation has not taken place, and must be considered as the forerunner of a revivification. After the lapse of a few more sunny days the most unmistakable signs of returning vitality are made manifest. But let us not forget that the very first day was the starting point of the revivification of the plant. In the cellar its death was beyond any question. The sun gave it new life.

All this is simply illustrative language, yet it teaches enough. The child, conceived in sin and born into the world, is flesh of flesh. In this, its natural condition, it is not near to God; the love of God and of fellow-men is not there, but the love of the world and self. In this condition it is spiritually dead, cannot help itself, and it is impossible that as such it should be a pleasing subject in the sight of God, the Holy One; the wrath of God abideth on it, John ii., 36.

But the Scriptures also say that "mercy rejoiceth against judgment." James ii., 13. "In his favor is life." Ps. xxx. 6. It is not God's will that the child die, but that it have eternal life. From all eternity He elected it to everlasting salvation. The child cannot ascend to the heavens to come to him; He comes to the child. Even whilst in the cradle the child receives His unspeakable grace. He has mercy on it and loves it. In spite of the child's sinful and lost condition he pledges himself through Holy Baptism, out of pure mercy, to prove to the child a merciful, gracious Father. He transplants it into his covenant of grace. This shows his great, uninvited, saving love. Without this love the child would be lost, the prey of eternal death. Through Baptism, the child has entered

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into communication with its Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, and is adopted into the sphere of divine, eternal life. Its relation to God is a changed one. Instead of being left in a condition of death, life is given to it. It is new born, regenerated. Remaining in this new condition it retains baptismal grace. In case of falling from it the right, granted in Baptism, to view God as the merciful Father, and to return to him as a disobedient but now penitent son or daughter, is to be used humbly and gratefully. Thus, through a true conversion the condition in grace may be restored. And this will be indispensable in the very largest number of cases.

All this goes far to prove that in accordance with the simplest fundamental truths of doctrine we cannot but view Holy Baptism as regeneration. Of course the newborn child is no more than a child. As such it is what, as a child, it is expected to be. The end of its existence, however, is not to remain a child, but to grow up to manhood. To this nursing, feeding, clothing, etc. are needful helps. In the same manner, in a spiritual sense, a child needs nursing after being baptized. It is revolting against all our better feelings and impulses to think of a child being put, after Baptism, into godless, wicked, infidel surroundings. Its proper place is the truly Christian family and the congregation of the saints with all their happy influences, where it will be nourished with the pure milk of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit will continue his influences to the end that the new birth may vigorously develop spiritual strength, may increase and produce a life full of the fruits of true, living faith.

The blessings bestowed upon the child in Holy Baptism are, under the increase of spiritual knowledge and experience, to be kept and guarded faithfully and perseveringly, and to be used conscientiously. Neglect herein will make us guilty of receiving the grace of God in vain. To a child yet slumbering in the cradle a million dollars may be

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bequeathed. The value of this million is unknown to the little child. Neither does the child know that it is the legitimate possessor of that sum of money. The time will come when it will learn to understand the value of that possession for practical purposes of this life. Two things are possible: of that ample sum of money a wise, beneficial use can be made, or it can be squandered and lost through wickedness. It is the same with the spiritual blessings granted to us by free grace in Holy Baptism. A man may know how to appreciate them, and daily to derive from them new strength to fight the good fight of faith and to live a godly life in this world. On the other hand a man may treat God's mercy with contempt and reject it in his blindness, wickedness, or unbelief. To him also divine grace was pledged in Holy Baptism. He takes upon himself a fearful responsibility.

That there are Christians who view Baptism simply as a ceremony or as a figurative emblematic performance, this we cannot understand. That Baptism also signifies great things and reminds us of them, this Martin Luther, in his Small Catechism distinctly tells us. Weighty as this is, the main point is that through this Baptism we are baptized and placed into a living contact with and participation in God's revelation as Father, the primary cause of all existence, life, and salvation; as Son, the Redeemer from sin and all the misery connected with it, death, temporal and eternal; as the Holy Ghost, who through the Word and the Sacraments appropriates to us all the blessings conditioned and accorded to us by redemption.

Ought we to think it possible that the holy names of the Trinity should be properly used in the performance of a mere form or ceremony? What to Christianity is most peculiar, profound, and holy is expressed in the terms Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Let us not trifle with them and reduce them to a mere matter of form or ceremony. In them also is stated and implied what is the most holy,

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the very nerve and vitality of Holy Baptism. Baptism is not simply an act performed by us before God and his Church. The substance, the main point of it is, that which God in his mercy does and imparts to us.

Beloved evangelical Lutheran Christians, do not allow yourselves to be led astray from the faith and doctrine of your Church. You can see that in calling Baptism regeneration she stands on a sure foundation, the Word of God. Thank ye God for his infinite grace bestowed upon you in Baptism. There is in it consolation against the accusing voice of conscience. Make good use of the privileges granted by it, that watching and praying ye may arise daily to fight the good fight, and in a state of genuine conversion walk with Christ in a new life.

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EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ON "CHURCH AND SCHOOL."

Kirchenfreund, Vol. I., Pg. 162.

(Translated.)

. . . . Reviewing the general plan and object of our public schools, we shall find all energies absorbed in supplying the heads of the pupils with an amount of useful knowledge; and at the same time, a careful avoidance of everything that might in any respect refer to a positive confession of faith. This, indeed, seems the more justifiable, as it clearly follows the letter of the constitutional law. Whether any teacher of morals in our public schools succeeds in faithfully adhering to this acknowledged, lawfully established principle, we shall not here discuss. Enough, teachers are directed to attain the largest and best possible results by laboring with all diligence to instruct, to inform and to educate; but to abide at the same time by the strict decree, never to refer to the fundamental principles of positive faith.

Let us consider for a moment what influence this setting aside of religious instruction must have upon the souls of the young. Their various studies are to be pursued with great energy, are presented to them as most necessary,—the state bestowing education upon them as a precious gift; yet, because of some wise reason, religion is entirely thrust out of sight. Ought we then be surprised to find that religious convictions, from youth up, are looked upon as a mere side issue? In this way, the consciousness of the positive in Christianity becomes more and more superficial, acquaintance with things of the faith, the definite knowledge of the doctrines of salvation declines; and we seek to

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be Christian, without Christianity, to lead Christian lives without Christian faith. This is a contradiction, the practical significance of which, the future may present to us in an alarming light. To compensate in after years for the lack of thorough religious training in youth is not easy. To it, many of the extravagances in the domain of religion in our day may be traced. And it is especially the lack of clearer insight into things pertaining to the kingdom of God that leads to the invention of so many pitiable substitutes designed to heal apparent evils; but they can never supply what is wanting in knowledge of the way of salvation and the wholesome and abiding fear of God.

But consider further the influence upon the social life of the masses of a system of public education devoted entirely to things worldly and temporary. Deprive the teacher of the noblest means of educating—appeal to the religious motive—and you have barred his way to the noblest part of his pupil,—the soul. Is it not a mysterious truth that the child, though too young to read or write, yet has a perception of the world of the unseen, of the nearness and existence of a God? Verily the capacities for the eternal precede in their development the growth of worldly talents: the child, yet ignorant of all earthly politics, knows well the foundation of all politics in the kingdom of God, which consists in this, that doing right brings blessing; but that evil, as an abomination before God, is followed by misery and ruin. In its first days of awakening consciousness, the child can be guided to this truth; and well for that child when this motive impels, rather than the incentives which a baleful worldliness implants, or the hard school of life may teach. Lessen, now, the teacher's influence by depriving him of the religious motive, the more he must seek to stimulate his pupils by other appeals. And so the imposing scaffolding of worldly culture is built upon the miserable worm-eaten props of ambition, jealousy, and perhaps the fear of punishment. He who learns and strives for the sake of

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worldly advancement alone, will always carry under the varnish of his culture a coarse grain. But just that nobility of sentiment, that love of the good for its own sake, that high-mindedness, that delight in learning, not because it brings gain, but because it really makes man truly human, these are rare pearls in this century of materialism. But it is no wonder! Despise to whet the diamond of the soul upon the diamond of religion, and clearly enough we can see its rough formlessness reflects no light, refracts no rays, and casts no radiance upon the fog and darkness of the changeful, toilsome life and strife of earth. And when should a more appropriate time present itself than in the promising days of youth, when the mind is, above all things, receptive, and the world has not yet trodden a hard pathway across the heart? Do not say that this is a matter for the parents, and that they may concern themselves about it. Who made the laws, the school laws, inclusive? Are they not the expression of the will of the people, of the great mass of the parents? And do they not plainly present the position of the citizens in regard to religion and the education of the young?

Moreover there can be no doubt that such neglect of the culture of the heart will sorrowfully revenge itself. Could we believe that an essential, innate capacity of man's soul could die, it might appear to us that the spirit of the times, by various means, is systematically seeking to bring about such a result in regard to the capacity for religion; to gradually destroy the innate longing for salvation from sin and death, and to put in the stead of the true ethical motive founded on faith, a morality of worldly wisdom and expediency conducive to the enjoyment and advantage of this life, without any especial reference to eternity. Many indeed openly confess a creed of infidelity, and others swim in this stream more than they realize or even desire to do. But so long as man is man, so long will religion be a necessity to him; and that, not only under the guise of morality

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or an accepted formula of certain excellent principles, but as a definite, hope-inspiring creed. For only in his confession of faith has man explained and expressed his position in relation to God, the source of all life; and to eternity, the goal of his existence; and here alone has he been able to objectively state his hopes in a definite manner and to give them clear and abiding expression, much to his own consolation. True it is, that times may come when the desire to solve these holiest and highest questions languishes; the progress of history may evoke a materialistic spirit that directs the minds of men more exclusively to external things and their development and enjoyment; but it cannot satisfy the necessities of the soul forever. Social and national catastrophes, turbulence and commotion in political life—that rise from the sway of materialistic tendencies like vapors from a marsh—are calculated to fill souls with greater seriousness, and to awaken a longing for a hold upon things eternal. But what under such stress are people to believe, if the confession of faith and the knowledge of the way of salvation has before been regarded as so indifferent, so unnecessary? Then it is, that superstition reaps a rich harvest, particularly if it seeks to impress by imposing forms and enticing display. If such social storms shook the pillars of our national life, the Roman Catholic Church might calculate upon a large increase from among the mass of those who do not exactly know what they ought to believe. With an indifferent, superficial knowledge of what one believes, there is also naturally no personal experience of faith, and especially also a lamentable wavering in reference to creed and doctrine. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light! How wisely the Roman Catholic Church seeks more and more to do away with Scripture reading in our public schools! But over her own members she exercises a constant oversight, and insures to the growing generation careful instruction in the doctrines of Rome. Would that the va-

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rious branches of the Protestant Church, awakened to a lively sense of the condition of her own affairs, might take efficient measures to cope with the growing danger!

In view of all this, we cannot feel justified in entertaining for the cause of the Church, those great hopes which many place upon the wide-spread culture and enlightening influence of our public schools. But we are the happier to observe that of late greater attention is being paid to this serious problem, and that prominent Protestant denominations in our country are earnestly agitating the question of establishing parochial schools. Sunday schools, in spite of their many defects, certainly accomplish much good. If we desire, however, more of the true enlightenment which Christianity brings, we must devote to its study more time than a few meagre hours on Sunday. . . . . .

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CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF AN ARTICLE ON "THE NATURE OF THE CHURCH."

Kirchenfreund, Vol. I, pg. 197.

(Translated.)

. . . . . "For us it is therefore essential to realize that the Church is a life within herself and shows the evidences of life. From this standpoint, too, we must conceive the developments of our own day within the sphere of the Church. We can plainly see, however, that her condition at present is essentially a product of the past. Endowed with life, vivifying life, she will seek more and more to emancipate herself from whatever in the past was not healthful growth. In its entirety, the Church lies before us divided into various kingdoms which had their rise at different periods of the world's history. They stand side by side, modify each other and struggle against each other. Yet each has its own past from which it cannot sever itself without becoming different, and emerging again as a new factor. Each seeks to be true to the principles laid down in the past. The more varied they are, the more varied are the evidences of churchly and religious life springing from them. Traces of an approaching future transformation, we may expect as long as there is life, movement, activity. For life is change. The less activity and action there is, the less is there life; and when we look upon the great Greek Church languishing in inactivity, we realize that her pulse is ebbing. There, naught can be said of the present that was not true of preceding centuries, and involuntarily we turn to a picture of more active life. As with renewed strength, we

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behold the Catholic Church of Rome, not without a smile for the multiplex activity of her younger Protestant sister, observing her coat of many colors and the disorder of her housekeeping, while with unfaltering faith in her oft-tried political schemes, she daily seeks to regain what was lost. Uncertain in her plans, often even divided in her councils, but boldly bearing the torch in the van of the world's history since three hundred years, the Spirit of the Reformation wanders through the lands of earth and seeks—the Church; and though she sees about her nought but darkness and confusion, she looks up with the eye of faith to Him, who was before the church was, who is, and who shall be in all eternity.

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THREE OPENING PARAGRAPHS OF AN ARTICLE ON "UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE IN PUBLIC LIFE."

Kirchenfreund, Vol. V, pg. 198.

(Translated).

The spirit of our century is, in an especial sense, disorganizing and disintegrating. There is evidence of this in the attacks upon conditions of civilized life which had attained a certain stability and in which advances had been made in a definite direction. A critical tendency already marks the leaders of thought in the decade before the French Revolution, and we find historical and traditional heritages in Church, State and Society arraigned before the forum of individual thought and opinion. Not by accident was the rising, philosophical school of that period in Germany called the "critical." Yet there is a marked difference between the spirit of that time and the present. What then occupied the individual mind has been absorbed by the masses. If at that time, the critical tendency satisfied itself with analytical thought, the trend of the various grades of society now is to metamorphose the real world, to destroy the venerable edifice of inherited conditions and, forgetful of the past, to rebuild upon new foundations. Wantonly, indeed, in our day this desire vents itself rather in destroying than in building up. As a consequence, it calls forth on the other hand, a one-sided adherence to existing institutions, and the two opposite factors, conservatism and radicalism, stand in bold juxtaposition; neither will easily be exterminated. The forces of rest and motion are not well adjusted.

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It cannot surprise us to find the Universities, also, those great laboratories of public opinion, drawn into the conflict. To an extent this is the case here, and the need is felt of having our important educational institutions reorganized in order that they might more fully satisfy the demands of social life in its intellectual bearings. Much more, however, are the venerable foundations of the European Universities shaken, and the feeling that they should be more nearly conformed to modern necessities is frequently manifested. Certainly, he who studies the progress of history, cannot deny the significance of the university in its relation to public life and in the development of national character. The weapons for the greatest battles waged for centuries have been forged in these workshops. In the proportion in which intelligence gained power, the importance of these institutions increased. In them, the world of reality was reflected as an ideal whole. The varied manifestations which the universe presented to the thinking mind were reflected in them; there developed into theories, they reacted strongly upon the practical world, and the more direct this influence, the more immediate was their effect upon the history and the condition of the nations, whether inciting or restraining, speeding or arresting. For centuries, the intellectual light of special epochs was focused in universities. The elements of culture of every period in the various and manifold avenues of thought and knowledge are concentrated in them. They have become the centres for man's deepest thought upon God, himself, and the world about him. Here, learning possesses herself of the diverse spoils of the past. She seeks through them to comprehend the present, and with unwavering certainty she asserts principles, which are universally accepted and in a thousand ways exert an influence in the near and distant future. Thus the effect of these great nurseries of culture upon the life and condition of the nations is incalculable.

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We may appear to have overestimated the historical significance of the university. But for it, history herself bears witness. What mastery over the minds of men did not Aristotle exercise during the Middle Ages! How completely for centuries did he rule the thinking mind! And yet it was not even himself; but a phantom of his mind, which conjured from his grave by Arabic professors, wandered to the universities of the Latin and Teutonic West, where it haunted the study rooms, the cloister cells and all the thinking heads. Universities were the true home of scholastic thought applied to theology; they became the centres for the intelligent development of the various departments of civil law; through them, canonical and Roman rule gained preponderance in the Middle Ages; and through them, the sense of justice and the rightful interpretation of civil law among Teutonic races were ultimately unfolded. And when in the 14th and 15th centuries, the scholars of Greece occupied the chairs of Italian universities, the classical treasures of ancient culture were divested of the dust of ages, and the light of a new epoch began to dawn. If before that period, the magnetic influence of oral delivery inspired the students, and mighty as this power will ever remain, there was then added the endless multiplication of scientific productions through the art of printing, which, by extending the influence of learning upon wider circles, increased also the importance and significance of the universities. What wonders were accomplished in the days of the Reformation by such centres of learning as Wittenberg, Basle and Geneva! When thousands of aspiring youths hastened from distant lands to Wittenberg to sit at the feet of Luther and Melanchthon, one could grasp, as it were, with hands, the mighty influences of the university professor and the power of university life. And since that day, the European universities have been the homes of the greatest thinkers and the most extended and profound learning in all departments of knowl-

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edge. With reference to Germany for example, we need but recall the names of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, to realize the influence of the university in moulding the thought of the cultured throughout the land. . . . . .

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"Gelegenheits-Gedichte."

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Gelegenheits-Gedichte.

LETTER TO DR. SCHAFF.

LIEBER FREUND:

Saechzig Jahre dahin—weitaus des Weges laengere Haelfte;
hinter uns ferne in rosigem Dufte der Kindheit Lachen u. Weinen,
und des ganzen holden Kleinlebens Spiele und Sorgen;
hinter uns laengst der rascheren Jugend Streben und Irren,
und des erwachenden Geistes erster Fluegelschlag,
und die erste selige Lust zu erkennen die Regel der Dinge,
das was in der Jahrtausende Flucht ueberdauert den Wechsel,
und aus der bunten Erscheinungen Vielgestalt
als aus rauhem Gestein hervorblitzt mit Demantgefunkel.

Seid mir willkommen, dankend begruesst, ihr edele Geister,
der Weltgeschichte Adel, ihr gottbegnadeten Meister,
die ihr auf der Menschheit dornigem Ackerfeld
Saamen ausstreutet, der bluehet der sammelnden Nachwelt;
Ihr Maenner aus Hellas, ihr Streiter, Dichter, und Denker,
die ihr das Irdischgemeine getaucht in 's Gold der ewigen Wahrheit,
und von dem Vielen den Geist hinlockt auf das Grosse und Schoene.
Homer, du Liebling, voll Einfalt ein tiefer Kenner der Menschen,
der du so kindlich in ewiger Wahrheit uns malest die Welt und die Herzen;
Plato, du mit dem Tiefblick in der Ideen unsichtbare Welt,
und mit der Sehnsucht hinter dem All und dem Nichts das Eine, den
[Einen zu finden;

Und ihr Alle, deren Schlaefe schmuecket der Lorbeer, unsterbliche
[Namen,
Ihr seid uns Fuehrer geworden, den Geist aus Banden zu loesen.

Ihr auch, Roms stolze Heldengestalten,
die ihr uns mahnet, dass es gilt dem Manne, Thaten zu thun
und muthig zu Stehen im Kampfe des Lebens.

Da ruft uns, o Freund, vom fernen Lande des Morgens
der dort in blutiger Dornenkrone schwebend am Kreuze
an sich zog mit magnetischen Kraeften die Welt, die ihm fluchte,
dem sie bot Speichel, Geissel, Verachtung, und Marter,
dass sie, geheilt von der Suende umnachtendem Wahnsinn,
dereinst es ihm dankend, anbetend abbitte.

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Und mit seinem Scepter beruehrt er uns beide—
und wir folgten dem Winke, dem Rufe des Herrschers,
dass wir als berufen ihm Andere rufen.—
Uns fuehrte sein Stern fern hin vom Lande der Heimath,
wo einst die Wiege uns stand und der Jugend Traumwelt uns lachte,
Weit ueber die Meere hin der Sonne nach zum Lande des Abends,
auch unseres Theils einer Neuen Welt zu bringen die alte Botschaft des
[Heils.
Und uns ist in Liebe der Arbeit die Fremde zur Heimath geworden.
Hat uns der guetige Gott nicht freundlich geleitet?

Siehe, dir gab er den Geist des ernsten Forschens und Sammelns,
der herrlichsten Kenntnisse Schatz in reichgefuelleten Scheunen,
und von Allem, was in der Jahrtausende Ringen
die Edelsten Gutes gedacht, reichts Du uns, waehlend das Beste,
zu der Kirche lebendigem Grundstein, durch des Baues heilige Hallen
fuhrst Du uns an sicherer Hand—und wahrlich
Dir ist das Heilige Buch zum Buche der Buecher geworden,
und was der Deutschen Heimath sinnende Geister,
mit der Ameise Fleiss erforschen, entraethseln, erringen—
Du machst's mit ernst sichtendem Sinn der Welt zum Gemeingut
und wie Du zu Haus bist in Einst und in Jetzt, in Altem und Neuem,
so ward Dir Europa nur zur Bruecke zwischen Osten und Westen.

Mich aber, den zu kleinerer Arbeit der Meister berufen,
stellt er als Hirte an, zu weiden die Heerde;
mir gab er ein Wort, sein Wort, von Sabbath zu Sabbath
meine Seele zu zuenden am ewigen Licht, und in anderen Seelen
Funken zu werfen und mit den Strahlen der himmlischen Sonne
zu bannen die Nacht und Herzen zu binden an's Herze dort oben.
Bald drei Jahrzehnte trag ich des Amtes Wuerde und Buerde,
froehlich gewiss, dass Besseres Niemand kann leisten,
als mit des Wortes freundlichem Schein die Irrenden weisen
aus der Wildniss der Welt den Weg in die ewige Heimath.

Sechzig Jahre—und doch noch so jung! so ist uns Beiden
zu Muthe und milde beruehrte uns der Kampf und das Dasein.
hat der Zeitstrom uns auch mit schaeumenden Wogen manchmal gefasst,
so hat er uns geglaettet wie Steine, rollend im Bache—
risch noch stehen wir da, aus seinen Wassern naehrend die Wurzeln,
aber sonnend das Haupt im Glanz des ewigen Lichtes,
bie seinem Feigenbaum Jeder und unter dem Weinstock
des eigenen Hauses taeglich sich freuend und Gutes geniessend.

Frisch auf denn, entgegen den kommenden Tagen!
nicht wuensch ich zurueck, was dahin—es tauchen von ferne
auf die Ufer des Jenseits und ruecken naeher und naeher.
Schwellet, ihr Segel; du Schifflein, mit sicherem Gange
richte den Lauf, nach dem ewigem Port und meide die Klippen,

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die auf dem tueckischen Meere der Welt uns droh'n bis zum Ziele,
und Wer von uns Beiden zuerst wirft den Anker
und wandelt durch's Perlenthor und steht am Throne—
freundlich gedenke er dann und wartend und betend des Andern!

Das kam mir in's Herz beim Lesen Deines letzten Schreibens und der Erinnerung an deinen Geburtstag. So sendet's mit freundlichem Gruss,

Dein

Jan. 26, 1879. WM. J. MANN.

BEETHOVEN.

Der Haydn war ein lieber Mann,
Und Mozart hat gar wohl gethan;
Der Haendel herrlich hat gesungen,
Dem Mendelsohn ist viel gelungen,
Und kommt noch praechtig ausgeziert
Tannhaeuser hintendrein marschirt,
Und auch die Tarantelle dort
Reisst stuermisch Alles mit sich fort;—
Doch endlich kommt im Feuerwagen
Beethoven noch vom Sturm getragen.
Da sieht man Alle sich verneigen
Und ehrfurchtsvoll sie Alle schweigen,
Da hoert man goldne Saiten rauschen
Und der Sonate Alle lauschen;
Und jetzt kommt im Triumphezuge
Die Symphonie im Goetterfluge
Und will auf ihren goldnen Schwingen
Mit uns empor zum Himmel dringen.
—Da fuehlt mans wohl, das ist der Meister
Im Reich der Toene; und die Geister
Die er beherrscht, die wollen nimmer
Nur leeren Klingklangs eiteln Schimmer.
Drum woll'n wir alle Brave loben—
Beethoven aber—der steht oben!

AN HERRN PROF. DR. HILPRECHT.

Zum Dank fuer zugeschickten Rosenstrauss und Gruss vor seiner Reise nach Babylon.

Sie wilkommen Blumenduft!
Balsam durch die stille Luft!
Gruss von treuer Freundeshand,
Scheidenden in Lieb' gesandt!

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Seid wilkommen, schoene Rosen,
Die dem Morgenland entsprossen;
Bluehet auf des Ostens Wegen,
Uns'rem Pilgrim reich entgegen.
Flechtet um sein Haupt ihm Kraenze.
Fuehr't ihn Heim im naechsten Lenze;
Gute Geister, lasst ihn sehen,
Aus Jahrtausenden erstehen,
Vor ihm was aus aelt'sten Tagen
Stumme Zeugen jetzt uns sagen;
Aber schuetzt ihn wieder Tuecke,
Bringt ihn froehlich uns zuruecke,
Und bei 'm Wiedersehens Feste,
Duftet, blueht erst recht auf's Beste!

July, 1888.

ZUR GEBURTSTAGSFEIER.

des deutschen

KAISERS WILHELM II.

Dem Deutschen Reichs-Konsul, HERRN CHAS. H. MEYER, zum Festgruss gewidmet.

HOCHWERTER FREUND:

Und wieder rufst Du uns zur Tafelrunde
Und ehrest Dich und uns mit Deinem Ruf;
Wer freute sich nicht einer frohen Stunde,
Die uns des Vaterlands Gedaechtnis schuf?
Man ist im fremden Land doch nie zu Hause,
Des Deutshen Heimweh zieht mit um die Welt;
Drum sei willkommen, freundlich hehre Pause,
Die heut dem Welt getrieb das Schwungrad stellt!

Tauch auf, o Vaterland, vor unserm Blicke,
Sei farbenhell dem innern Auge nah;
Wir alle, staunend ueber dem Geschicke,
Das uns als Zeugen Deines Ruhms ersah,
Wir bringen jetzt weit ueber Meeresferne
Den Jubelgruss in Dank und Liebe Dir,
Und hoch bis an des Himmels lichte Sterne
Wall auf im Glanz Dein Kaiserlich Panier!

Steh auf aus Deinem Grabe, alter Recke,
Du stirbst uns nie, Du hochgekroentes Haupt;
Umwallt vom Kaisermantel siegvoll strecke
Dein Scepter aus, Lorbeer und Palm umlaubt—

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Da stehn sie alle, Deines Winks gewaertig,
Jetzt eine Geisterschar, die Helden all—
Noch heut mit Dir zum heissen Kampfe fertig
Fuers Vaterland beim Kriegstrompetenschall.

Doch schau—vom milden Himmelslicht umflossen,
Jetzt ewig jung seh ich den Dulder stehn;
Es draengen sich die alten Kampfgenossen,
In's edle Auge heute ihm zu sehn.
Ein Held aus Helden hast Du Dich bewaehret,
Und stehst im Schlachtgewuehle nicht zurueck;
Ein Held im Dulden steht Du nun verklaeret,
Jetzt ausgesoehnt mit herbem Schmerzgeschick.

Rollt auf mit Stolz des Vaterlandes Fahnen,
Blast mit Trompeten in das weite Feld,
Macht dieser Schar da weithin offne Bahnen,
Sie sind 's, die euch die freie Bahn bestellt—
Ein Bismark und ein Moltke und sie alle,
Die Schicksalsmaenner, Deutschland's Neugestalt;
Baut weit und hoch die neue Ruhmeshalle,
Zu der die deutsche Jugend kuenftig wallt!

Sei uns gegruesst, Du Spross vom Eichenholtze,
Reichserbe, Stern, der uns den Pfad erhellt;
Du hast im Friedensfeldzug edlem Stolze
Manch hoch gekroentes Haupt schon beigesellt.
Drum fahre fort! des Vaterlandes Mauern
Lass fest und stark von innen aus erstehn;
Und siegreich spotte aller Feinde Lauern,
Bis spaet'ste Enkel Dein Geburtsfest sehn!

Bald kommt der Tag, da unsre Bahn vollendet,
Das ernste Tagewerk fuer uns gethan,
Doch wie des Vaterlandes Los sich wendet,
Das geht zwei Doppelwelten an;
Nicht Meere und nicht Laender koennen trennen,
Nicht Zeit noch Ewigkeit zerreisst das Band;
Lasst ewig uns die deutsche Treue kennen
Und ewig ist die Lieb zum Vaterland!

So kommt den alle, deutsche edle Brueder,
Und segnet beide heut, den Kaiser und das Reich!
Ihr Wolken, traeufelt Segensstroeme nieder,
Du Sonne strahle mild! Und guten Engeln gleich

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Soll Fried und Heil durch deutsche Gauen ziehen;
Der Vaeter Gott, Er waltet heute noch—
Drum sollen Furcht und Hader ewig fliehen:
Der Kaiser und das Reich—sie leben hoch!

January 27, 1890.

AN HERRN JOHN D. LANKENAU,

zum Geburtstags-gruss.

In frueher Morgenstunde
Komm ich und klopfe an;
Sie hat ja Gold im Munde—
Ich haett's auch gern—wohlan,
So komm ich denn und bringe
Geburtstags-gruss Dir dar;
Gott geb's, dass es gelinge
Noch manches lange Jahr!

Im traulich stillen Raume,
Wo Niemand laermt und stoert:
Wo Dich mit seinem Schaume
Der Weltglanz nie bethoert;
Da weilst Du, Freund, und sinnest,
Und hast nicht Rast noch Ruh,
Und was Du so beginnest,
Schlies'st zart Du in Dir zu.

Auf Deinem Tische liegen
Viel Dokumente schwer;
Und Brief und Blaetter fliegen
Wie Tauben zu dir her;
Viel Bitten, Wuensche, Fragen—
Sollst Antwort geben d'rauf;
Magst noch so sehr Dich plagen,
Das hoert d'rum doch nicht auf.

Und bist Du dann alleine,
Ein Mann nur ganz fuer sich?
Fuehlst Du im Daemmerscheine
Denn nicht verlassen Dich?
O nein, sie sind's, die Deinen,
Die schweben um Dich her,
Sich liebend Dir zu einen
Aus jener Welt so hehr.

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Seid zweifach heut willkommen,
Lichtboten jener Welt;
Der trueben Erd entnommen,
Wohnt ihr im Himmelszelt;
Bringt heute Freud and Frieden
In's treue, liebe Herz;
Ihr seid ihm nicht geschieden,
Ihr ziehet's himmelwaerts!

Doch, Freund, Du bist nicht immer
Da in dem stillen Raum;
Und Ruh bei Lampenschimmer
Befriediget Dich kaum;
Du suchst nicht traeges Rasten,
Du bist ein Arbeitsmann,
Bist frisch bei schweren Lasten,
Ein Held der tragen kann.

Drum seh ich Dich im Saale
An Kranker Brueder Bett
Wo Dir im Hospitale
Ein dauernd Denkmal steht;
Ich weiss, das Alle segnen
Dein Gehen aus und ein
Und Ihnen Dein Begegnen
Muss Gruss und Freude sein.

Und wo empor zum Himmel
Der schlanke Thurm sich hebt
Und sonntaeglich gewimmel
Den heil'gen Raum belebt,
Du hast Du ed'ler Liebe
Ein Mutterhaus erbaut,
Dass sie sich eifrig uebe,
Des ew'gen Koenig's Braut.

Die Alten, los von Sorgen—
Du sorgtest ja fuer sie—
Die leben dort geboren
Ohn' Mangel spaeth and frueh.
Den Kindlein, auch mit Schmerzen
Schon allezufrueh bekannt,
Hast Du die Schwesterherzen
Zu treuster Pfleg' gesandt.

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Und wenn wir als Gesellen
Um Dich, den Meister, stehn ;
Uns an die Arbeit stellen,
Auf Deine Haende sehn ;
Dann regt Dein eifrig Walten
Uns auch zum Eifer an ;
Wir wollen's mit Dir halten,
Du fleiss'ger Arbeitsmann !

Wehr, bitt ich, dem Gedanken,
Dass ich Dich loben will ;
Ich kenne jene Schranken,
Die mir gebieten : Still !
Ich kann mich willig beugen
Und schliesse meinen Mund ;
Doch Stein und Mauern zeugen,
Thun schweigend Alles kund.

Nur Eines moecht ich fragen,
Das ist mir unbekannt,
Vielleicht wirst Du mir sagen,
Wie Du das bringst zu Stand :
Was haben Viele Muehe,
Dass Hab' und Gut werd' gross ;
Und Du sinnst spaet und fruehe,
Wie Du Dein Geld wirst los ?

O seliges Beginnen,
O seltener Verstand !
Es stammt ein solches Sinnen
Aus einem bess'ren Land.
Da weht ein Hauch von oben,
Ein Strahl erglaenzt von fern,
Und gute Geister loben
Mit Dir, Gott, unsern Herrn.

Ein Straeusslein wollt ich druecken
Dir heute in die Hand,
Die schoensten Rosen pfluecken
Aus reichstem Gartenland.
Doch muss ich mich bescheiden,
Und sage : Nimm vorlieb !
Nur musst nicht von uns scheiden,
Bleib da—Du bist uns lieb !

March 18, 1890.

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AN HERRN CHARLES A. WOERWAG.

Schatzmeister des Deutschen Hospitals,
zum Dank
fuer empfangenen Neujahrsgruss.

Mitten d'rin in Zahlenmassen
Und in Millionenhaufen,
Wo Gedanken mir erblassen,
Wirre in einander laufen;
Wo dem armen Alltagsmanne
Hoeren, Sehen schon vergeht,
Und wo unter schwerem Banne
Die Verrechnung schmaehlich steht.

Wo es gilt, aus Thalerbergen
Volle Zinsen sicher ziehn,
Und kein Cent sich kann verbergen
Noch dem Rechnerblick entfliehn;
Wo in langen, dichten Reihen
Zahlenregimenter stehn,
Und gehorsam, ohne Schreien—
Plus und minus wechselnd gehen.

Wo nach langem Subtrahiren
Kurz regirt die Addition,
Und auf schweres Dividiren
Folget Multiplikation;
Wo in maecht'gen Proportionen
Auch in Bruechen alles lebt,
Wo die Zahlengeister wohnen,
Der Gedanke daemmernd schwebt—

Da noch an die Freunde denken,
Merken, dass ein altes Jahr
Subtrahirt sich liess versenken
Und addirt ein neues war;
Da auch noch aus zartem Herzen
Senden frohen Morgengruss,
Der zum Trost fuer manche Schmerzen
Freundschaftszinsen bringen muss—

Nein, des deutet, recht verstanden,
Auf ein anderes Kapital,
Das in Buechern nicht vorhanden,
Auch nicht hinter Stein und Stahl;

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Das im warmen Herzen feste
Auf die Dau'r ist angelegt,
Und doch wahrlich ist das Beste,
Das der Baum des Lebens traegt.

Segne Gott Dich und die Deinen,
Strahle seine Sonne Dir!
Moege Alles sich vereinen,
Duftend Dir als Blumenzier!
Reich an Achtung, Treu und Liebe,
Froh in edler Thaetigkeit,
Folgend jedem heil'gen Triebe,
Ernte Zins der Ewigkeit!

Phila, Jan. 1st., 1891.

UNTER EIN BILD VON LUTHER

BEI SEINEM EINTRITT IN WORMS.

Geh, Moenchlein, muthig deinen Gang,
Kein Papst noch Teufel mach' dir bang!
Du ziehst aus finst'rem, schwerem Graus
In Licht und Freiheit trotzig aus,
Thust auf, Prophet der neuen Zeit,
Des Kerkers Pforten maechtig weit,
Und laesst die Feind in Mordbegier
Die Zaehne knirschen neber dir;
In dir flammt Gottes Feuergeist,
Der dich's Panier aufwerfen heist;
Du schlaegst mit Gottes Geistes Schwert
Die Geisterschlacht,—bleibst unversehrt;
Und sandest aus zu Deutschlands Ruhm
Der Welt das Evangelium.

1890.

CHRISTMAS RIDDLE.

Three syllables, thou know'st them well,
Two words, thou often hadst to spell;
As earth and sun, apart they stand,
One word holds them in mystic band.

My best part in the Heavens dwells,
Its boundless realms with glory swells;
Yet in the lowest booth below—
Yea, in thy heart, its light will show.

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My other part on mountains high
Is found, where storms and zephyrs sigh;
Yet this day, in the coziest room,
May it with fiery flowers bloom.

Behold my first from Heav'n descends,
And rays of light it earthward sends;
My second rises from the ground,
As if for heavenly regions bound.

My first mournfully ceased to live
On what my second had to give;
Yet, both united, brought me life
Out of the deadly, grievous strife.

My first to world gives all its light,
Brings joyous days out of the night;
My second brightly this day shines,
My first one's glory it enshrines.

My second many merry faces
With glorious beams of light embraces;
Yet all its glories, as they burst,
Can mirror naught but glorious first.

Let, both united, this day bring
Joys holy, of which angels sing;
My second's glory 's for to-day,
My first outshines eternity!

For the *Workman*, Christmas, 1884.

CHRISTMAS.

It was a dream. On angel's wings through space
I was, as in the twinkling of an eye,
Caught up to higher regions, infinite.
Far down, below, in silent orbits moved the stars;
There was no sun, no moon, yet there was light,
And in the light a throng of heavenly beings,
Of angels, bright and fair, I there beheld,
And holy men of venerable mien
And all aglow in Heaven's holy joy.

I stood in awe. A stranger to those sights,
Uneasy and embarrassed as I was,

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I thought to hide myself from heavenly gaze;
But there was no escape. I was addressed
By one of Heaven's ever blessed children,
Who, radiant in celestial majesty,
With loving kindness, dignified, and sweet,
Relieved my troubled mind and bade me welcome.
He pointed out to me a group of men
Most venerable, bespeaking in their bearing
The tale of ages, yet full of youth and bliss
Imperishable, and peaceful joy and light.
He asked me: Dost thou know those holy men?
To thee, indeed, no strangers ought they be;
Behold, that one, a noble man of God,
Of all the faithful he the Father called,
Rejoicing that he sees this day arise;
And there a hero great, His people's guide
Through waters deep and stony deserts drear,
A guide, indeed, for all the world beside,
Proclaiming God's eternal law;
And there Elijah, witness he for God,
A host against the raging powers of hell;
And here behold the Prophet, angel-voiced,
Whose eye enlightened pierced the mist of time,
And saw in ecstasy divine the world's Redeemer,
Slain for man and risen now in glory.
And many such I saw in that great throng.

I stood in humble reverence amazed.
At once a flood of light encompassed all;
From spheres still higher came a countless throng
Of beings, etherial, angelic hosts,
All floating on in the effulgent light.
A sight no human language can portray,
No ages from the memory efface:
Their guide led on, angel of angels he,
All brilliant, clothed about with lightning's light,
But mild and sweet in all his glory.
And, passing on, this heavenly army vast,
'Twixt countless stars e'en took their route sublime,
The path, from which, a pilgrim of the earth,
I came. There was no longer resting here;
Those holy men and the assembly great
Of Heaven's citizens all followed straight
The angels' chorus and their leader bright.

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There was this earth—O what a dreary place!
All dark and cold. But now the heavenly light
Illumining, broke through the darkness drear.
There was the Holy Land, and there 'twixt hills
Lay Bethlehem the City of the King,
All slumbering; but on the silent fields
Were shepherds, guarding flocks and watching stars.
And now that angel guide came nigh to them
And spoke the sweetest and the grandest words
That ever came from creature lips to the Creator's praise,
Destroying fear, proclaiming joy and love
In wait for all the world, announcing there
The greatest fact, of which all ages know,
Yes, earth and heaven can tell, that there
In Bethlehem was born, and in the manger lay
That Child of David's house, that King of kings,
The Saviour of the lost and sin-sick world.

And now a song from countless angel hosts
Broke forth, resounding through Heaven's endless halls
And swelling on in volumed melodies,
Filling the upper world with sweeter sounds,
Than ever God and angels heard before.
Now near and overwhelming like a wave,
Then sweetly, gently, mild and musical,
Resounding from heaven's furthermost recess;
And unseen angel hosts divine, enraptured now
With joy unspeakable, broke forth, the echo
Answering from the hills and walls of Bethlehem
That song of songs: Glory to God on High,
Peace be on earth and all good-will to men!

O, that those voices of celestial harmonies
Had never ceased to ring!
O, that my dream had lasted without end!
But I awoke. It was still night on earth,
The earthly bells from lofty towers began
With ringing sounds to wake the land, the town,
The sleepers all to joyous Christmas morn.
I saw the lights round many a Christmas tree,
The radiant faces of the children dear,
The parents, brothers, sisters, happy friends,
I felt that light was breaking on this world.

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Let there be light! And every ray of light
A message welcome from Almighty God—
Our every gift reflect the gift of gifts,
Each Christmas tree set forth the Tree of Life,
And every smile be glad with joy divine;
And all ye snow-flakes turn to rosy buds
Of greeting for the Child in lowly Bethl'm's stall!

Philadelphia, December 25, 1888.

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